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THOMAS HARDY, O.M.
MAX GATE

The Theatre.

FEBRUARY, 1882.

Our Symposium.

PLAYS, PLAGIARISMS, AND MR. PINERO.

WHO IS RIGHT AND WHO IS WRONG?

THE extraordinary resemblance of "The Squire" to "Far from the Madding Crowd" seems to be generally admitted. Mr. Pinero, while meeting with an emphatic denial the charge that his play is founded upon or in any way suggested by Mr. Hardy's novel, yet concedes that he has, as he says, "put his horse's head to the open country and taken the same hedges and ditches" as Mr. Hardy, albeit some differences may prevail in regard to the blood and muscle of the animals they bestride. In other words, the resemblance exists, but it is purely accidental. Mr. Pinero pleads indeed with Mr. Puff when he was found appropriating a line from Othello: "That's of no consequence; all that can be said is that two people happened to hit on the same thought, and Shakespeare made use of it first, that's all." It is Mr. Pinero's misfortune that he has been anticipated by Mr. Hardy.

But lest Mr. Pinero's horse-fleshy figure of speech should not be deemed wholly satisfactory as an argument—and it has not been accepted as absolutely convincing—he proceeds to affirm that he could not possibly have borrowed from Mr. Hardy's book. He had conceived and constructed

"The Squire" long before he ever read "Far from the Madding Crowd," for he admits that there came a day when he made himself acquainted with that work. And he quotes from his note-book a memorandum of the first idea of "The Squire," without, however, citing any date in connection with the entry: "The notion of a young couple secretly married—the girl about to become a mother—finding that a former wife is in existence. The heroine amongst those who respect and love her. The fury of a rejected lover who believes her to be a guilty woman. Two men face to face at night-time. Qy. Kill the first wife?" It is, I think, no part of the charge against Mr. Pinero that this notion presents any close correspondence with Mr. Hardy's plot. Clearly it might have been so dealt with as to preclude any comparison or connection of any kind between the two works. At the same time there is nothing essentially new in Mr. Pinero's notion. Twenty years since, I may state, I wrote a novel which had very much such a fable as Mr. Pinero has sketched. I, too, told of a young married couple disturbed by the reappearance of a former wife long supposed to be dead. I was obliged, with Mr. Pinero, to kill the first wife. I introduced no rejected lover of the heroine's, but I brought the two women face to face. I heightened the distress by allowing the infant to be born before the discovery of the bigamy, and at last I had to legitimise the baby by showing that the first marriage was null and void. I do not pretend that Mr. Pinero has any knowledge of my book, or stands indebted to it in the slightest degree. It has been long out of print and forgotten, and may be said altogether to have gone where the old novels go. I merely mention the fact to show that an author may fully and in good faith believe himself the discoverer of a new path when he is merely treading in old footprints.

Mr. Pinero says that he had "conceived and constructed" his play before he read the novel. I do not understand him, however, to mean that he had really committed much of "The Squire" to writing, but rather that he had formed a general idea of what he meant to do, and had decided as to the motives influencing his characters, the sequence of incidents, the dramatic effects to be derived from the subject, etc. I apprehend that his manuscript had assumed no very distinct form, or as he describes the matter, that the notion of "The Squire" was only "thoroughly 'in his head,'" when he chanced to read "Far from the Madding Crowd" upon the invitation, as it seems, of Mr. Carton, actor and manager, who, I presume, recommended the novel to the playwright with a view to its conversion to theatrical use; otherwise, why should Mr. Carton have troubled himself in the matter? For, as Mr. Pinero admits, he is a confirmed novel-reader. "I read," he says, "Mr. Hardy's two novels with many others of various authors, for no earthly reason but that if one reads only good fiction one must arrive at books written by Thomas Hardy." Clearly Mr. Pinero did not need Mr. Carton's intervention. And here it is important to notice a curious discrepancy in the evidence touching the origin of "The Squire." On the morning after the production of the play Mr. Hare writes to Mr. Carr: "When Pinero read me the play some few weeks ago in the presence of the Kendals, I

heard it for the first time and was struck by the resemblance between the tones of the play and the story, so much so that I point-blank asked Mr. Pinero if he had read 'Far from the Madding Crowd.' He said he had never read a line of it." This statement is confirmed in a letter from Messrs. Hare and Kendal to the editor of "The Daily News," 31st December: "Upon perceiving to our regret that there was some resemblance in the play of 'The Squire' to the general character of Mr. Hardy's novel, we at once asked Mr. Pinero if he was indebted to it. He strongly repudiated the idea, and assured us his work was original." Mr. Pinero's account is very different. Concerning Mr. Kendal he is silent; but he is induced to "fancy" that Mr. Hare has confused two occasions: "that of my detailing my scheme to him a long time ago before I had read the book, and the occasion of my reading the completed play to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Hare at Birmingham not long since. At Birmingham, I think, only Mrs. Kendal asked me if I had read Mr. Hardy's book, and my reply was, 'Yes, but not till long after I had conceived and constructed my play.'" Which version of the facts is to be accepted? Was it a long time ago, before Mr. Pinero had either read the book or written the play, that Mr. Hare's suspicions were roused as to the originality of the scheme detailed to him? Or was it after hearing the completed play read a few weeks since that his doubts arose? And when did Mr. Pinero protest that he had never read a line of the book, and strongly repudiate the idea of his indebtedness to Mr. Hardy? These matters are left in doubt.

But Mr. Pinero has more to urge in his defence. Notwithstanding his admission that he and Mr. Hardy have "put their horses' heads to the open country and taken the same hedges and ditches together," Mr. Pinero maintains that the motive, characterisation, and dialogue of "The Squire" differ wholly from Mr. Hardy's. He further alleges that in assigning the action of his play to a rural district, in trying "to get the scent of the hay over the footlights," he has but followed a plan he had already successfully adopted in his one-act comedy of "Hester's Mystery." The heroine of that work was a woman-farmer; the scene was a farm; Joel, the farm-labourer of "Hester's Mystery," underwent some elaboration and became Old Gunnion—owing his existence, as Mr. Pinero avers, to the author's rambles and studies in Kentish lanes. Mr. Carton, on Mr. Pinero's behalf, announces that Christiana, the gipsy-girl of "The Squire," had her prototype in Bella, a character in yet another of Mr. Pinero's plays called "Bygones." But when all this has been said, can it be pretended that the close resemblance existing between "The Squire" and "Far from the Madding Crowd" is satisfactorily accounted for? It must be borne in mind that this resemblance is so strong that, as a London manager has described the case to Mr. Carr, it would be madness now to produce the play which Mr. Hardy, with Mr. Carr's assistance, has legitimately and avowedly founded upon the novel; it has been absolutely forestalled by "The Squire" of Mr. Pinero.

I have stated the facts of the case, and fairly, I think. The dialogue of "The Squire" is admitted to be Mr. Pinero's; at any rate it is not

claimed by Mr. Carr, who is fighting Mr. Hardy's battle. But the structure and characterisation of "The Squire" have been, as Mr. Carr alleges, derived from the novel. Frankly, Mr. Carr charges Mr. Pinero with plagiarism. How otherwise, Mr. Carr demands, is an explanation to be found for the fact that Mr. Pinero's heroine is a young-woman farmer? Young-women farmers rarely exist in real life. Why do some half-dozen of Mr. Pinero's dramatis personæ so closely reflect Mr. Hardy's characters? Why is Miss Verity so like Bathsheba? Why does Thorndyke seem a reproduction of Troy? Why do Hythe and Felicity Gunnion remind everyone of Oak, or Boldwood, and Fanny Robin? Why are there scenes and situations in the drama, not to speak of its tone, atmosphere, and accessories, that seem bodily transplanted from the novel? "Mere chance," says Mr. Pinero. "Plagiarism," explains Mr. Carr; and his case is certainly very strong; the resemblances are so numerous that the probability that they are due to design rather than to accident gains force more and more, as upon a system of arithmetical progression.

But for Mr. Pinero's emphatic denial, who would acquit him of the charge of borrowing from the book? And, in virtue of his emphatic denial, is he to be absolutely acquitted? I must candidly own that, as far as I am concerned, I cannot bring myself to accept his denial so implicitly. I arrive at this decision with exceeding reluctance. But I think he must have read the book at an earlier date than he has stated; and I think that in writing his play he availed himself of the book to a greater extent than he seems conscious of, or than he is willing to admit. I think that he has fallen into an error common among dramatists: that he has overvalued his own inventiveness and underrated the sources of his inspiration. Possibly De Quincey's apologies for the plagiarisms of Coleridge may be held applicable to the plagiarisms of Mr. Pinero: "Many of his plagiarisms were probably unintentional, and arose from that confusion between things floating in the memory and things self-derived which happens at times to most of us that deal much with books on the one hand and composition on the other. An author can hardly have written much who does not sometimes detect himself, and perhaps, therefore, sometimes fail to detect himself in appropriating the thoughts, images, or striking expressions of others. It is enough for his conscientious self-justification that he is anxiously vigilant to guard himself from such unacknowledged obligations and forward to acknowledge them as soon as they are pointed out."

One word more. That Mr. Pinero ever saw the manuscript of Mr. Carr's dramatic version of Mr. Hardy's novel, or had any information from the managers of the St. James's Theatre concerning that production, I do not for a moment believe.—Dutton Cook.

It is a very easy thing not to write a tragedy. It is extremely difficult to write a successful original play of any kind. Only a few years ago, English adapters of French plays did not scruple to revendicate origi-

nality for the works they translated wholesale from the French, German, and other foreign sources. Some of these gentlemen of manubial propensities (as space is limited, I shall not give a list of their names) even had the cool effrontery to print the dramas thus purloined without any acknowledgment whatever of their indebtedness to the original authors. At French's theatrical library in the Strand may be purchased almost any play represented in London twenty or thirty years ago, and on its title-page will be found the name of some English dramatist of that period, gracefully surmounting a pyramid of plays, all "original" certainly, but not so in our language.

At the present time, owing to the more extended knowledge of foreign dramatic literature possessed by many of the gentlemen who fulfil the functions of critics, it is a hazardous experiment to palm upon the public "new and original" plays conveyed bodily from the repertory of the French stage. That convenient mode of spoliation is consequently at an end, except in the form of avowed adaptation. Plagiarists are driven to devices less liable to immediate discovery and exposure, in order to obtain for their dramas the proud cachet of originality.

There is, morally, no distinction whatever between borrowing the plot and characters of a foreign play, to make of them an English play, and borrowing the scenes and personages of an indigenous or a foreign novel, for a similar purpose. From an ethical point of view, suppression of the original source is equally reprehensible in both cases, and the plagiarism not less flagrant. It may be conceded that potent commercial reasons not infrequently induce adapters of foreign novels to ignore the authors whom they have placed under contribution, and this occurs usually when there is promise that the fraud may, haply, remain undetected. But the confidence of the plagiarist in the superficiality of the public is occasionally misplaced. He must then either make a confession humiliating to his pride and vanity, or take refuge in the plea of "coincidences." Generally, the latter alternative is chosen, and the delinquent protests that the identity of his work with the work of another is purely (though miraculously) accidental, and might easily occur to dozens of writers. These quillets are worthy of Fluellen:

"If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both." *

It would, perchance, require considerable stretching of this ingenious dialectic to make it cover coincidences carried too far, and in these cases the culprit would act wisely in making a virtue of necessity, and confessing that he has adapted the ideas of another. Adaptation is not regarded as a very elevated form of stage work, but it is not an offence against decency. Plagiarism is.—J. MORTIMER.

* King Henry V., Act iv., Scene 7.

The indictment contains two counts. The first, that I have adapted for the stage a novel written by Mr. Thomas Hardy, without the permission of the author or the merest acknowledgment of the source of my work. The second, that in dramatising this novel I surreptitiously availed myself of an existing dramatic version, prepared by Mr. Hardy and "modified" by his friend, Mr. Comyns Carr, in order to overcome "sundry difficulties" which the novel presents as a stage story.

My answer to the first charge appeared promptly. I have little to add to it; nothing to take away from it. I re-assert its strict truth. "My play originated, long before I had opened a book of Mr. Hardy's, in a memorandum which I have now before me in my note-book. This is the memorandum: 'The notion of a young couple secretly married, the girl about to become a mother, finding that a former wife is in existence. The heroine amongst those who respect and love her. The fury of a rejected lover, who believes her to be a guilty woman. Two men face to face at night-time. Qy. Kill the first wife?' When the opportunity came to me to follow this idea I beat about for a locality for my dramatic action. In attempting to illustrate rustic life I followed a plan which I had pursued some time previously in my little play called 'Hester's Mystery,' produced at the Folly Theatre, and which plan I had continued in a three-act play, a village love-story, never yet performed. In 'Hester's Mystery' my principal character was a woman-farmer, my scene a farm. 'The Squire' is simply the result of the encouragement I received at this time. I thought it was worth while still to try and get the scent of the hay over the footlights, and this induced me to again fix the action of a play in a rural district. Gunnion is an elaboration of Joel in 'Hester's Mystery,' and Joel owed his existence to some rambles in Kentish lanes. But it was not till long after 'Hester's Mystery' had been produced, and when the notion of 'The Squire' was thoroughly in my head, and after I had hinted the scheme to Mr. Hare, that I read Mr. Hardy's charming books, 'Far from the Madding Crowd' and 'The Trumpet Major.' Those readers of 'Far from the Madding Crowd' who witness my play will have no difficulty, I venture to think, in perceiving that my motive, characterisation, and dialogue differ wholly from Mr. Hardy's; I merely put my horse's head to the open country and take the same hedges and ditches with him, though, perhaps, my hack is a very sorry one and lacks the blood and muscle of my neighbour's animal."

Upon this Mr. Carr wrote: "Mr. Pinero tells us that the notion of his play was entirely original, and he naïvely produces a memorandum from his pocket-book, so that we may judge for ourselves how far the originality extended, that when he had settled this notion in his own mind he hinted the scheme to Mr. Hare, and that it was only when he had got so far that he read Mr. Hardy's novel. For what reason, or at whose suggestion he turned to the study of Mr. Hardy's work at this particular juncture, I do not pretend to say. . . . That Mr. Pinero does not appreciate the force of his own memorandum is at least perfectly clear; for so far as structure and characterisation go the memorandum, plus the novel, is 'The Squire.' Mr. Pinero's dialogue is, as far as I know, all his own,

and if he had made bold enough to borrow again from Mr. Hardy he would, I think, have vastly improved his play."

To which I replied: "Mr. Carr thinks my original notion, contained in my memorandum, tallies with the story of the novel. Not at all. My central idea—a loving couple believing themselves to be man and wife, the woman in the desperate condition of my Kate Verity, sundered through no absolute fault on either side, and turning from each other voluntarily, from a strict sense of duty—is like nothing in Mr. Hardy's book. Mr. Carr kindly makes me a present of my dialogue, etc." With regard to my "reason" for reading Mr. Hardy's novel, I stated that: "I read Mr. Hardy's two novels, with many others of various authors, for no earthly reason but that if one reads only good fiction one must arrive at books written by Thomas Hardy." And to this my friend and old companion Mr. Carton added: "I remember it was at my casual suggestion that Mr. Pinero read, amongst other books, Mr. Hardy's two novels, 'Far from the Madding Crowd' and 'The Trumpet Major;' and I remember most distinctly that this occurred long after Mr. Pinero had imparted to me his plans for the play which now occupies the stage of the St. James's Theatre."

I desire to add a few words to all this. I trust that nothing will ever induce me to employ any rough literary tact I may possess, or acquire hereafter, in the committal of a mean action; but surely both Mr. Hardy and Mr. Carr are singularly ignorant of the bad ways of the world if it has never struck them that were I really indebted to Mr. Hardy for the story of "The Squire," nothing would have been easier than for me to have concealed my obligation. For instance, create a mother, or father, or both for Kate Verity; turn Thorndyke into a sailor (it would have served my purpose equally well), and make Gilbert Hythe a village schoolmaster, of the type of Bradley Headstone, and away goes the faintest resemblance to Mr. Hardy's narrative. But when I read Mr. Hardy's book it in no way affected my preconceived plan. My story and characterisation were at that time firmly in my head, and I did not perceive such a resemblance between play and novel as would wrong Mr. Hardy and render me liable to an unjust charge. Of course I can understand very well that if I sow beans in my garden there is a strong probability of their coming up very like the beans of my next-door neighbour; but this similarity does not entitle my neighbour to bring my vegetables to his own table for the delectation of himself and friend.

With regard to this assumed likeness of play to novel I have, I need hardly say, received scores of communications from friends and strangers—an extract from one of these communications will show the drift of all of them. "I read 'Far from the Madding Crowd,'" says one man, "some years ago. When I saw your play I certainly experienced sensations similar to those I felt when reading the novel—the atmosphere was the same. Interested in this controversy I re-read Hardy's book, and I see now that the two works are alike only in their local colouring."

As to the second charge—that I have stolen "The Squire" from a manuscript play of "Far from the Madding Crowd" submitted by

Mr. Carr to Messrs. Hare and Kendal, and afterwards rejected by them—I shall always regret my weakness in condescending even to reply to such an accusation. As it was, Messrs. Hare and Kendal were the first to "give a most unqualified denial to this gross and unfounded charge," and to assure the public that, "so far as Mr. Carr is concerned, if his play had never been in existence, 'The Squire,' line for line, situation for situation would be now playing in its present form at the St. James's Theatre.'' On January 2nd, very briefly, I denied "with every indignant feeling, the wanton accusations made by Mr. Hardy and Mr. Carr." And I added, "not until the afternoon of Saturday last, the 31st December, did I hear of the existence of this adaptation by Mr. Carr of Mr. Hardy's novel, and at this moment I am entirely ignorant of the nature of that or of any other adaptation. Moreover, let me state here emphatically that my play originated from no suggestion made to me at any time by Mr. Hare or Mr. Kendal, but was solely the result of my own plan and purpose."

What, I ask now, are the probabilities in favour of my being guilty of so mean and despicable an act as that which Mr. Hardy and Mr. Carr attribute to me? Those who have met me in either of my avocations of author and actor, I am sure, can find none. And surely the public, and even the critics who have never been backward in allowing me a certain skill in the building of my plays, can hardly think it probable that at this stage of my career I am compelled to resort to dishonesty as a means of overcoming "sundry difficulties" in playwriting. If I were an entirely unknown workman, or one whose work had hitherto been remarkable only for clumsiness, there would be, perhaps, just one ray of probability in the accusation. But now, after some years of labour and study at my trade, it is simply preposterous that I am liable to the charge of pilfering from a novelist and an unskilled playwright the secret of what makes a play acceptable to an audience. If there existed any proof that this adaptation of "Far from the Madding Crowd" is really a good substantial piece of work, the matter would assume a slightly different complexion; but Mr. Carr has neglected to inform the public how many managers, and theatrical people of position and judgment, other than Messrs. Hare and Kendal, have read this adaptation and rejected it. And it is at least strange that the London manager who proposed to produce Messrs. Carr and Hardy's play next season, but who has now very promptly returned it to them on account of its strong likeness to "The Squire," wrote to me so recently as November last stating that he was much in want of a piece to produce at his theatre. At any rate, I repeat here what I stated on January 4th, that "I have no warmer wish than that Mr. Carr's play should see the light; its production (as it stood before the performance of my piece) will be my best defence."

Finally, in answer to those writers who have so eagerly and so venomously declared against me, I invoke "The Rambler" to speak on my behalf:

"Among the innumerable practices by which interest or envy have taught those who live upon literary fame to disturb each other a

their airy banquets, one of the most common is the charge of plagiarism. When the excellence of a new composition can no longer be contested, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applause, there is yet this one expedient to be tried, by which the author may be degraded, though his work is reverenced; and the excellence which we cannot obscure, may be set at such a distance as not to overpower our fainter lustre.

"This accusation is dangerous because, even when it is false, it may be sometimes urged with probability. Bruyère declares, that we are come into the world too late to produce anything new, that nature and life are preoccupied, and that description and sentiment have been long exhausted. It is indeed certain, that whoever attempts any common topic will find unexpected coincidences of his thoughts with those of other writers; nor can the nicest judgment always distinguish accidental similitude from artful imitation. There is likewise a common stock of images, a settled mode of arrangement, and a beaten track of transition, which all authors suppose themselves at liberty to use, and which produce the resemblance generally observable among cotemporaries. So that in books which best deserve the name of originals, there is little new beyond the disposition of materials already provided; the same ideas and combination of ideas have been long in the possession of other hands; and by restoring to every man his own, as the Romans must have returned to their cots from the possession of the world, so the most inventive and fertile genius would reduce his folios to a few pages. Yet the author who imitates his predecessors only by furnishing himself with thoughts and elegancies out of the same general magazine of literature, can with little more propriety be reproached as a plagiary, than the architect can be censured as a mean copier of Angelo or Wren, because he digs his marble from the same quarry, squares his stones by the same art, and unites them in columns of the same orders."

ARTHUR W. PINERO.

A DRAMATIC SCHOOL.

BY HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

IT is rather singular that, of all the arts, the one which is perhaps the most popular, judging by the crowds that flock nightly to an increasing number of theatres, is the only one for which, up to the present time, no school or organised system of education upon any considerable scale has been provided. There was a time when the want of such definite routine of instruction was supplied by means no longer at our command—the constant variety of practice in country theatres, and the stream of tradition unbroken for several generations, simultaneously training and

exercising the capacities of actors, and maintaining a standard whereby their efforts might be gauged. But the stream of tradition is dry, and country theatres have no longer stock companies. The system of long runs in London, and of importing the pieces which have enjoyed them into the provinces, is disastrous to the true interests of the Drama. That the performances must suffer after a time, and that the best artists in the world must unconsciously exaggerate or flag, after the weary iteration of months, is self-evident. What the audience is less likely to remember is, how this condition of things on the stage necessarily affects the beginners in the profession. A young man, let us say, of good appearance and manners, who has been sufficiently idle at school to preclude the possibility of his passing any examination, but who has acquitted himself fairly, once or twice, in country-house theatricals, elects to "go upon the stage." It is such nice easy work, involving no preliminary outlay or unnecessary "waste of time or labour." Thanks to his figure and address, he may be engaged at a guinea or thirty shillings a week, to walk on and say half-a-dozen words in a new piece, where "supers" of good appearance are wanted. If the piece prove a success, he will probably repeat those half-dozen words for two hundred nights consecutively in London, after which he will be condemned to wander through the provinces, his public utterances being limited to the same sentences. Should he be an observant young man, with a taste for mimicry, he will probably catch and reproduce the mannerisms of the chief actors whom he sees nightly, and at the end of a year or two this is the education for the stage which he will have received. As to the development of any latent talent, he would learn more by constantly varied practice with a set of strolling players in a booth. The difference is much the same as between looking on at a ballet and joining in a peasant's jig, to one who has never learnt to dance. In the latter exercise he will not, perhaps, acquire the art of moving his limbs gracefully; but he will at least learn to move them somehow.

It is with the view of raising the standard of education on the stage, and, by offering some obstacles to indolent incompetency, of clearing the ground for the more active and industrious, that an association has lately been formed in the hope of creating a School of Dramatic Art. Other schemes of a like character have in past years been projected; but, for some cause or another, they have all of them collapsed before they reached maturity. It is not surprising, therefore, that some of those who should be the first to encourage any effort in this direction, look doubtfully, if not despondingly, upon a fresh enterprise to create a nursery for the stage. The present association, however, is formed under exceptional conditions, and I venture to hope that by laying these before the public, not only the hearty co-operation of the theatrical profession, but the confidence and support of all who have the true interests of the Drama at heart, will be obtained.

The School of Dramatic Art has, then, for its object the technical education, on the most moderate terms, of all who desire to become players, at or after the age of fifteen. The range and direction of this

new faces. Amongst the former may be named Miss Lydia Thompson, who has made some Faust-like compact with Father Time, and who dances as if her audiences had no memories or note-books; Mr. W. J. Hill—far too good an actor even for such a burlesque as this; Miss Ella Chapman with the jingling heels; and Miss Wadman, a very charming and refined actress. The experiment of burlesque at the Royalty is so successful that I should not wonder if it were repeated. "Ixion" would well bear repeating, and what fun if Mr. W. J. Hill were to play Minerva! Miss Hilda Hilton and Mr. Charles Glenney worked earnestly to make "The Fisherman's Daughter" a success; and a charmingly unaffected bit of acting comes from Miss Evelyn in the same play.

But by far the most important dramatic production of the year 1881 was the best work yet written by that clever and workmanlike young dramatist, Mr. A. W. Pinero, called

"THE SQUIRE."

A Comedy, in Three Acts, by A. W. PINERO.

Produced at the St. James's Theatre, December 29th, 1881.

The Rev. Paul Dormer	MR. HOWE.	Robjohns, junior ...	MR. BRANDON.
Lieutenant Thorndyke	MR. KENDAL.	The Representative of the *Pagley Mercury* ...	MR. C. STEVENS.
Gilbert Hythe... ...	MR. T. N. WENMAN.		
Gunnion	MR. MACKINTOSH.	Kate Verity	MRS. KENDAL.
Izod Haggerstone ...	MR. T. W. ROBERTSON.	Christiana Haggerstone	MISS ADA MURRAY.
Fell	MR. MARTIN.	Felicity Gunnion ...	MISS BERRETON.

I had intended to have taken my place amongst the speakers who have this month contributed to "Our Symposium," and discussed the "coincidence" of the parallel between the play called "The Squire" and the novel by Mr. Thomas Hardy called "Far from the Madding Crowd," but in my humble opinion Mr. Dutton Cook has summed up the matter so admirably, and in such a judicial spirit, that really there is no more to be said. I agree with every word that Mr. Dutton Cook has written—and as in the Court of Appeal the assistant justices are permitted to say "ditto" to a delivered judgment—in different language I may perhaps be allowed to give, not exactly an opinion, but certain heads of evidence, that I consider justified me in "belling the cat" within a few hours of the production of the play. When I entered the St. James's Theatre to see "The Squire," I knew nothing about the play whatever, except that "The Squire" was a woman. That conveyed literally nothing to my mind; and Mr. Hardy's novel, with which I was familiar, was not even suggested to me by this circumstance. I did not know that Mr. Hardy's novel had ever been dramatised, that Mr. Carr had even submitted such a scheme to the management, or that it had ever been suggested to any manager. I did not know what Mr. Pinero had read or had not read, and forgot his daily intercourse with the man of marvellous memory, who should be advertised as the pet pupil of Mr. Stokes—a kind of self-appointed expert in mnemonics—who can be called up in law courts and newspaper discussions, to give the kind of evidence that is submitted on disputed handwriting by Mr. Netherclift or Mr. Chabot. Yes, I forgot the man with the memory: so accurate and so determined that it can recall a tone when uttered over a twelvemonth ago; a memory so

absolutely convincing, that no doubt it knows what is in Mr. Pinero's head as well as what comes out of his clever mouth. I wish I had a friend with a memory: he is a very useful friend at a pinch, and he is so sublimely positive, that he is a refreshing spectacle in these days of hesitation and doubt. But, before the first act of "The Squire" was over, Mr. Hardy's novel was immediately and directly called to my attention, and the words "Far from the Madding Crowd" kept buzzing in my ears. You will ask Why? Was it the setting forth of The Squire's character? Well, in part it was. Was it the talk of old Gunnion and the rustics? Well, in part it was, also. Was it the "scent of the hay over the footlights"? Well, the scent of the meadows, so cleverly conveyed by Mr. Pinero, may have recalled Mr. Hardy. But most of all, it was the concentrated essence of the novel, which to my mind is the concentrated essence of the play. And what is that? Why, the love interest, and the contrast of the lovers of the Squire. The love scheme of Mr. Hardy is, as it seems to me, to show how a woman, poetically disposed, bred and born in the country, prefers a material to an idyllic love. The Bathsheba of his novel ought to have loved the pure and gentle, the devoted and attached Gabriel Oak. She might have loved Mr. Bolderwood. But what did she do? She poured out her whole soul, and gave all her woman's gifts of passion, to Sergeant Troy, a material man, a deceiver and a scamp of a soldier. It is a beautiful novel written to show the marvellous inconsistency of woman. I don't say the scheme is new, but it is treated in a singularly original fashion. A woman left without a protector—protected by an unselfish man and loving a selfish one. It is no new thing to learn that the Queen Guineveres of this life like the Lancelots better than the Arthurs. The "low light gives the colour," they sigh and say to themselves. But their Arthurs are "high, self-contained, and passionless," not like him, not like my Lancelot! They seldom practise what they preach. It is no new thing to learn from worldly experience that women adore the brute who kicks her and ill-treats her, better than the gentle and submissive husband. Women like to be ruled more than loved. Did not Nancy love Bill Sikes, and the pale wife adore Rawdon Scudamore in Mr. Boucicault's "Hunted Down," so successfully played by Mr. Henry Irving many years ago? These thing are true to life; but Mr. Hardy treated women's extraordinary amenability to physical strength and dissipation in men in a new but perfectly true light when he painted that impressive trio, Bathsheba Everdene, Gabriel Oak, and Sergeant Troy. In these characters, I fearlessly ask, is there not contained the essence of the novel, its meaning, and its strength? Is there not, I as fearlessly ask, the same essence in The Squire, her bailiff Gilbert Hythe, and her lover Eric Thorndyke? The characters have been moved up one peg in the social scale, but still the essence of the novel is contained in the play. A dramatist has no time to elaborate as a novelist can, and so Gilbert Hythe is not such a beautiful character as Gabriel Oak; and I venture to think he does not suit Mr. Wenman, clever actor as he is; but this direct similarity of trio and trio in all their motives and movements,

the preference for the material to the idyllic, for the dissipated to the virtuous, the protection of a good man over a weak woman against herself, is more direct and immediate than any mere chance similarity of atmosphere or of smelling hay over the footlights. To my mind the coincidence was so marvellous, so direct and so potent, so strong and so irresistible, that, still without knowing one word of Mr. Hardy's play or Mr. Carr's play, and without having the faintest idea that any such play had ever been submitted to this management, I took up my pen that very night, without exchanging one word with my colleagues, and the next morning told the public that the play reminded me of the novel. And the very next morning I found that my colleagues had done precisely the same thing. This then is also a coincidence; but it shows that the similarity is more exact than has hitherto been represented. It is not a similarity of mere detail, but one of fundamental strength. I defy anyone to know, understand, and appreciate the novel without recalling it as the play proceeds.

But a previous acquaintance with the novel does not spoil our enjoyment of the play. I believe that it heightens it, and probably Mr. Pinero, with his knowledge of stagecraft, has done more with the subject than Mr. Hardy could ever have done. He has given us persons, not sketches: his characters are flesh and blood, and his dialogue is, from first to last, admirable, and the very thing that the stage requires. Disagreeing totally, as I do, with my friend Mr. Burnand on this point, I would venture to say, notwithstanding Mr. Pinero's work, that Mr. Mackintosh has "created" old Gunnion. It is an embodiment, a personation, of an abstract idea. He makes the man live before us, and it is emphatically the finest bit of character acting that has been seen on the stage for many years. Almost as good, in its way, is the grumpy old parson played by Mr. Hare, a character not sufficiently praised for subtlety and finish, the last in the long gallery of character portraits painted by this accomplished actor. Mrs. Kendal has no living rival in these strong emotional characters. She holds her audience and quickly touches their sympathies. Her Squire, however, is a part of exceptional difficulty, requiring all the finesse of the finished actress. The one great difficulty Mrs. Kendal got over with a taste, a discretion, and a nature that have not deserted her for an instant since she startled her admirers with "The Ladies' Battle." In Mr. Kendal she has a loyal assistant, and it is sometimes the misfortune of such loyalty to be compelled to play parts necessarily of the same pattern and without much variety. All plays must have love, and, consequently, lovers. Mr. Kendal seems to possess the gift of eternal youth, and so he must go on making love for ever. Miss Brereton, Miss Ada Murray, and Mr. Brandon specially distinguish themselves in the play, which does credit to all concerned. Mr. Frederic Clay has written some charming rustic music to help one of the village scenes, and it is altogether a dramatic treat that no one should miss, whether in London permanently or on a visit.

One would have thought that there could be no variety in melodrama

after the many successful examples of it that have been recently presented with success. And yet Mr. Henry Pettitt has managed to dicover a big diamond in

"TAKEN FROM LIFE."

A Drama, in Five Acts, by Henry Pettitt.
Produced at the Adelphi Theatre, December 31st, 1881.

Walter Lee ...	Mr. Charles Warner.	Jack	Miss Jenny Rogers.
Philip Radley ...	Mr. J. D. Beveridge.	Michael Darnford...	Mr. H. Cooper.
William Maguire ...	Mr. E. H. Brooke.	Sergeant Arnold ...	Mr. J. Anderson.
Titus Knott... ...	Mr. Fred Thorne.	Richard Bolton ...	Mr. M. Byrnes.
John Denby ...	Mr. Edward Price.	Kate Denby... ...	Miss Gerard.
Joe Gallon	Mr. Harry Proctor.	Bella Greystone ...	Miss F. Chalgrove.
Robert Channell ...	Mr. Otway Compton.	Mary Maguire ...	Miss Edith Bruce.

This is no direct imitation of any play that has gone before it, and it can be enjoyed, and heartily, by all who have become excited or tearful over "New Babylon," "The World," "Youth," "Never too Late to Mend," "The Lights o' London," or "Mankind." A simple story of love and persecution is told in a very direct and telling manner, and with language superior to that generally found in plays that do not come from authors like Charles Reade or Dion Boucicault. The great sensation scene is the explosion at Clerkenwell prison, where the hero, played by Mr. Charles Warner, is unjustly detained on a false accusation of murder, but the most popular effect, to judge by the posters on the walls, is the pantomimic, melodramatic rally where the heroic Warner, pursued by the police, leads them a chase in and out the stables and stalls of a training establishment, up into grain-lofts and round the pump; and having doubled up a policeman and thrust him helpless into a well, the heroic ex-convict mounts the next year's Derby favourite, and gallops to a city of refuge. The most artistic and cleverest scene in a dramatic sense is, however, that of the murder, in which most ingeniously the hard-worked artist is made to look like the murderer of his wife's brother. The great merit of the play is that it is direct, simple, and uninvolved. Vice and virtue are painted in bright and alluring colours, and the acting throughout is spirited and natural. It is an Adelphi drama of the old pattern carefully adapted to modern taste. There is no better actor at present on the stage to carry a play of this kind through than Mr. Charles Warner. He is a desperately hard worker; he never allows the attention of the audience to flag. He can be gay at one moment and pathetic the next, and he never dawdles over his business. The prevailing fault on our stage is slowness; actors elaborate their effects too much and waste time. But Mr. Warner always gets on, and keeps up the excitement. In this case Mr. Warner seems to be the pivot on which the whole thing works, and he has, to assist him in describing the cares of an honest woman and the love of a devoted wife, Miss Gerard, who is becoming as successful in melodrama as she is clever in comedy. Mr. E. Price and Mr. Beveridge share in the honours of the evening, and two strong dashes of colour put in by artists, are the parts taken by Mr. Proctor—an excellent and all too short sketch—and Mr. F. Thorne, brother of the popular manager of the Vaudeville.

C. S.

The Morning Leader,
Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.
(Published by Charles Henry Lewins.)
Cutting from issue dated May 2 189 4

VAGABOND REFLECTIONS.

By A. B. Walkley.

MINOR POINTS OF "THE MASQUERADERS."

With the central motive of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play "The Masqueraders" I have attempted to deal elsewhere—and you will please understand that when a contributor to *The Morning Leader* says "elsewhere" he means "in the *Star*"—what else could he mean?—but there is more in the play than could be conveniently disposed of in a single article; and I purpose now to return to some minor aspects of the subject. The first of these is a certain likeness which two of the capital incidents of the play bear to something already existing in literature. In the first act the heroine Dulcie's kisses are put up to auction, and are knocked down to the highest bidder. In the third act Dulcie and her child are made the stakes for which two gamblers cut the cards, the husband pitting them against the fortune of his wife's (platonic) lover; and the lover wins. Now, as I watched these two scenes—the scene of the auction and the scene of the gamble—I kept saying to myself, "I have seen, or read, something like that before." But where? At last I remembered. I found what I sought in the opening chapter of Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge." In that chapter Mr. Jones's two incidents are combined in one. A man puts his wife and child up to auction, and they are purchased by a stranger. In the book, as in the play, the woman stands passively by, only too glad to be quit of her brute of a husband, even though she be disposed of in this mercantile fashion as mere goods.

Mind, I am suggesting no plagiarism. It is only the very unsophisticated and inexpert students of literature who believe in plagiarism, in the deliberate filching of ideas. There is no such thing. There are only a very few ideas available for fiction, and, by the mere law of chance they are bound in time to occur, independently, to different men. Mr. Jones has imagined an incident in one way which Mr. Thomas Hardy happened to have imagined previously in a somewhat similar way. That is all. That the lover in Mr. Jones's play should be an astronomer, and that part of the action should pass in an observatory is also a—doubtless wholly fortuitous—coincidence with something else of Mr. Thomas Hardy's—namely, the astronomer-lover and the observatory of "Two on a Tower." The treatment of the play, let me repeat, is quite different from that of the novel. Whatever reservations one may make about Mr. Jones's talent—and I am not particularly anxious to make any just now—one must admit that it is always individual, always original. But it is always amusing—to me at least—to detect analogies, resemblances, parallels, in literature.

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which alone could justify the presentment of such a theme,—the purpose to arouse pity and terror, humanising to the heart and exalting to the mind,—is completely ignored. It is almost comic, indeed, to observe the ruthless precision with which theatrical conventionality of method, employed in the most clumsy manner, has herein marred a work of genius and power. In the novel, the principal scene is that of the explanation between Tess and her husband, together with the subsequent somnambulism, before their separation. In the play those situations are useless, and they would only be made ridiculous if they were used. The part that actually was introduced, so far from being either tragic or pathetic, produced only an impression of indelicacy, ill-breeding, and bad taste.

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Vaudeville.

AT A MUSIC-HALL

on a Saturday night, and that I thought was scarcely consistent with preparation for early service on Sunday morning."

His Lordship: Did you happen to be at the music hall yourself? (Laughter.)

Witness (horrified): I did not, my lord.

His Lordship: Do you know what songs they sang there?

Witness: No, my lord; but the gentlemen who were there may be able to tell your lordship what passed.

His Lordship: What music hall was it?

Witness: I believe it was the Empire; I am not sure.

His Lordship: The Empire? Have they an Empire at Caterham? (Laughter.)

Witness:—No, it was in London, my lord.

Rev. Mr. Greer then denied that he entertained hostile feelings towards the plaintiff, and said he was on as friendly terms with him as with the other parishioners. Witness then described the scene in the vicarage, and the attempt to eject the plaintiff because of his refusal to shake hands. He held himself entitled to do so because he had paid the rates and taxes of the vicarage, according to agreement with his father-in-law, the vicar, who handed him over the entire income of the living. In reply to his lordship, witness said this agreement was a verbal one. Witness, further examined in reference to the allegation that he visited a music hall, said he went to

THE PALACE THEATRE

upon one occasion. He had been to a theatre several times, and generally was accompanied by his wife. He emphatically denied being frivolous in his conduct towards lady members of the congregation. He had never heard of any such charge until that morning. Cross-examined by Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., witness said that in a letter he called the plaintiff "parish bully" only because he had heard the term used by other persons. He thought the conduct of the plaintiff in rejecting the overtures of the bishop and threatening legal proceedings justified it.

Ultimately, on the suggestion of his lordship, a juror was withdrawn, and the parties went to luncheon.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1897.

THE DRAMA—MUSIC.

"TESS" AT THE FIFTH AVENUE.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

Thoughtful readers, who observe the drift of contemporary fiction, are aware that Thomas Hardy is a novelist of extraordinary power,—one who sees clearly the facts of human life, and who writes of them with humor and pathos, and in a style remarkable for boldness, vigor, imagination, and grace. The novel that made him famous is "Far from the Madding Crowd," and perhaps that work, in originality of conception, depth of feeling, scope and variety of character, and beauty of language, is the best that has proceeded from his pen. In almost all of Mr. Hardy's books, and especially in "Tess," human life is portrayed in its painful aspects, and the drift is almost exclusively tragical. Many attributes of excellence in those writings might be specified. The humor, in some of them, is wonderfully rich. The English peasants are as true and as fine as those in Shakespeare. The knowledge of woman is comprehensive and accurate—the fidelity with which she is drawn, in many and diversified types, being so exact and coldly true as almost to seem cruel. But the pervading quality of Mr. Hardy's novels,—the attribute of them that transcends all others,—is their intimation of the terrible, inexorable sweep of fate. In this respect they affiliate with the great classics of literature, and bear onward, in a modern guise and a romantic attire, the tradition of Orestes and Lear. "Tess," in particular, is an exemplification of all the horrors of malignant destiny. By nature its heroine is incarnate goodness. Every fibre of her being is pure. Every impulse of her soul sets toward virtue. And yet, under the stress of circumstances, under the compulsion of force and the beguilement of fraud, partly through ignorance, partly through weakness of character, partly through physical derangement, and partly through delirium and desperation, she is harassed, degraded and despoiled, plunged into misery, goaded to the insane commission of homicide, and finally is hanged for murder. The story is in no way extravagant. It reads like truth. A spirit of passionate sincerity glows in every page of it, and its literary art is exceedingly beautiful. For a reader it seems to speak with the awful voice of that unseen power,—that nameless, dread angel of darkness and death,—with whom the predestined Œdipus kept the fatal tryst, and disappeared forever.

All this beauty and all this frightful significance vanish at once when the story of Tess is transplanted to the stage. The principal persons who are implicated in it, and, to some extent, their relations to each other, can be shown. The atmosphere, the subtlety, the complexity of motive, the variety of conduct, the dignity, the poetry, the feeling,—all those attributes which constitute the essential style and the essential soul of a great fabric of art,—are completely lost. The book is a tragedy. The play is the love-story of a female in distress. Tess is no longer Tess. She has become that old familiar figure, the woman with a past. She has been betrayed by a libertine; but, that episode being over, she is married to a gentleman, and when the betrayer reappears, she kills him; and thereafter she repairs to Stonehenge, toward sunrise, and there,—although this is left to conjecture,—she is supposed to die in a perpendicular attitude. The purpose of the novelist,—the artistic purpose which is as ancient as Æschylus, and which alone could justify the presentment of such a theme,—the purpose to arouse pity and terror, humanizing to the heart and exalting to the mind,—is completely ignored. It is almost comic, indeed, to observe the ruthless precision with which theatrical conventionality of method, employed in the most clumsy manner, has herein marred a work of genius and power. In the novel, the principal scene is that of the explanation between Tess and her husband, together with the subsequent somnambulism, before their separation. In the play those situations are useless, and they would only be made ridiculous if they were used. The part that actually was introduced, so far from being either tragic or pathetic, produced only an impression of indelicacy, ill-breeding, and bad taste.

ferocity of the thing were abated it would be a lamentable loss of veracity. It is in such points as this that the drama rises to the heights of duty, and the redemption of the stage, so long twaddled and muddled over, effects itself.

II.

Art and truth are forever bound up in each other, and the energy with which the art of this play enforces the truth is its fascination. It does justice. At last the superstition that there can be one morality for the woman and another morality for the man, which has so long insulted the reason, perishes before your eyes in the scene where Tess and her husband confess their past to each other. There is nothing of explicit application in text or action, which appeals from the forgiven husband's injustice toward his unforgiven wife, but that injustice appears in all its monstrous impudence and hatefulness.

I thought it a proof of the marvellous skill of the actress that she should have been able almost inarticulately to possess the spectator of the fact which Tess does not utter. That was surely a beautiful piece of art, and it was as if inspired by a most delicate reverence for the soul of womanhood itself, which when it came to that, could not put its ruin into words. But no one could have mistaken the meaning of that agonized reticence; the whole house was then Tess with the actress.

Another most poignant effect is that of Tess's bewilderment after the homicide, when she comes out of Alec's room with the wild instinct of flight, and half puts on the mantle which she leaves dragging from one shoulder, while she stands by the glass trying mechanically to fit on a pair of gloves, and obviously does not know what she is doing.

It is a cruel scene, and it is easily the supreme moment of a play which rather abounds in high moments. I do not think the close is one of these. It seems to me inconclusive and ineffective. A sunrise at Stonehenge, with a woman who has killed her paramour hiding from the law in the arms of her husband and tasting a few last moments of joy in his retarded and meaningless forgiveness, is so much of the nature of anticlimax that the author of a play so finely logical ought to look to it. His work is elsewhere so firm and unswerving in its advance that he must not suffer himself any missteps or lost steps here. The logic of Tess's act is her legal punishment for the homicide, and the dreadfulness of this should suffer no abatement through a pseudo-reconciliation and a crazy happiness.

Up to that point the texture of the piece is so strong, it is such an infrangible chain of causes and consequences, that I cannot regard it as less than one of the great modern tragedies, and I should put it with Ibsen's Ghosts, with Mr. Herne's Margaret Flemming, with Mr. Pinero's Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, for the force and depth of its significance. Mr. Stoddard, whether he has got much or little from Mr. Hardy's novel, has made a play of the sort which will give him the right to be considered hereafter in making up any judgment of the modern drama. He has taken a long step; he has touched a height. It would be as foolish to pretend that he reaches or keeps his place without some faltering as to deny that he has attained it; but we are not so rich in dramatists that we can afford to cheapen a good one, when we get him, because he is not yet a perfect one.

I have very much the same feeling in regard to the fine actress who made Tess live before me. Her art wrought this miracle in spite of some obvious disadvantages; but Garrick was not ten feet high nor a monument of personal impressiveness. What you feel in Mrs. Maddern Fiske's work is the unerring keenness of her perception and the nervous force which makes the spectator share it. In the high moments you forget the little, slender, inadequate presence of the actress; that becomes the *absence*, and it is the great sorrow and misery of the character which fills the stage.

It seemed to me that Miss Annie Irish, who was the milkmaid Marian, was very strongly and truly she, in both her goodness and her badness, and at all times she fully met the demand for the sort of passion and pathos which the part made upon her. She was fine in it; and I am going to say, in spite of the blame of some critics whom I respect, that Mr. Charles Coghlan was an Alec who imparted the curious fascination of that character: blunt to savagery, cynical to diabolism, earthy to animality, and yet with the suggestion of a godless *bonhomie* which did not leave the liking untouched. Mr. Coghlan made Alec's hold upon Tess intelligible, and his fate of necessary sequence. He did not do this by any approach to the weak side of the spectator; he attacked him rather through his very antipathy, and I think he achieved a triumph which no one but a thorough artist could have won.

W. D. Howells.

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St. Martin's Street, London, W.C. 2.

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RIMMED IN VALENCIENNES.

THE CORSET DECRIED.

MRS. S. H. WENTWORTH TELLS HOW TO BREATHE CORRECTLY—A GENERAL TALK ON HEALTH CULTURE.

A delightfully inspiring although informal talk was given yesterday morning at the residence of Mrs. Alexander Black, No. 25 Vernon-ave., Brooklyn, by Mrs. S. H. Wentworth.

"Health Culture" was the subject presented, and its best exponent was found in the fine physique, clear color, graceful carriage and gracious presence of the speaker.

While teaching the Swedish gymnastics, Mrs. Wentworth is not one who can see no good in any of the other systems of physical culture. "American women," she says, "need to know a good deal about Delsarte relaxation, but Swedish work is the only system that can be applied to special cases." In speaking of the great importance of correct posture on health, with special reference to children, Mrs. Wentworth said: "Better to have good posture without any special training than special exercises with bad posture. A bad posture in gymnastic work exaggerates all existing defects. This is the fault often in school work. A young teacher not understanding the subject thoroughly herself allows the children to go through their exercises

March 10. 1897

THE HOME JOURNAL

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Apart from its faults in construction, method, and motive, the new piece is remarkable in value. We desire to call particular attention to its opening scene as altogether the best first act that has been written for many a year. There is too much comedy in the second act, for in a story of so serious interest humor should be used sparingly and only to lighten the prevailing tone of tragedy. The spectators, awaiting anxiously the continuation of the heroine's history, become impatient at the lengthened mirth of the comedians, and would willingly pardon the departure of the lesser players in order to renew their study of the principals. The exact value of this act lies in its final scene, which is too brief and vague for a full exposition of the cause that leads to the separation of the young couple. By this present system *Tess* and *Angel* act too hurriedly, and they are completely estranged before we have had time to weigh the justice of their quarrel. The *Home Journal* would advise the author to eliminate one-half of the comedy of this act, bring the central characters on sooner, and allow them to explain very fully their grievances against each other, the revulsion of feeling produced by it, and the absolute, therefore dramatic, necessity of their separation. As matters are now, *Angel* has no sooner found out his wife's secret than he makes haste to run away from her, and by this flight he spoils what should be the great emotional episode of the play. Thus we lose sympathy for the young people in their misfortunes, and cannot excuse the husband for deserting in a moment the wife he had tried so long to win; nor have we had sufficient opportunity to consider those sufferings of the heroine which lead her back into a life of sin.

The third act is melodramatic, sketchy, and illogical. Its central point, the falsehood about *Angel's* death, is not led up to by dramatic sequence. This expedient is too quickly hit upon by *Alec*, too vaguely accepted by *Marian*, and too hastily believed by *Tess*. On that lie, and not on the poverty of the household, hangs the interest of the scene. *Tess* does not return to *Alec* because she is hungry, but because, her husband being dead, she has lost hope. Therefore all the elements of this act should point to the announcement and results of the death of *Angel Clare*. Her poverty and failure to secure honest employment are mere incidents of this period in the life of *Tess*, but the true motive of her lapse into evil is found in a greater woe than hunger. The dramatist would persuade us that she goes to the devil in search of a dinner, while the novelist very finely proved that *Tess*, unnerved by the tragedy of her desolation, fell weakly into the snare that she had no longer the resolution to flee from.

In this play Mr. Stoddard has so managed affairs that, however virtuous in impulse we may be, it is impossible to give sympathy to the heroine or withhold it from the villain. While wholly disapproving the conduct of *Alec D'Urberville* before the curtain rises, it must be said that during the course of the drama his air is more manly, generous, and engaging than that of the husband. It is beyond question that *Alec* loves *Tess*. When *Angel* deserts his wife, *Alec* rescues her from poverty, provides liberally for her family, educates and cares for her brother, supplies her with a luxurious home, and, so far as the play tells us, is the only genuine friend she has ever known. Here again the dramatist sends us to the original story for motives that are not made plain on the stage, for, while examining the play by itself, and without recourse to the novel, we find that the exact cause which led up to *Alec's* murder proceeded from his error in telling a lie and being cross at breakfast. This argument is put forth directly by the stage performance, and is, of course, foreign to that of Thomas Hardy. Leaving the novel wholly out of the question, and considering only the play,—as many folk who have not read the romance must do,—we discover that the villain's good conduct in saving *Tess* and her family from starvation is counterbalanced by his bad conduct at the breakfast-table and his invention of the falsehood of her husband's death. Yet some excuse is offered for the latter fault by the argument that *Clare*, having remained away for eighteen months without sign of life, might reasonably be considered dead, and, as Jove laughs at lovers' lies, we are not disposed to be very wrathful at *Alec* when, in the vehemence of his love for *Tess*, he invents a falsehood in order to win her. This may be bad argument to readers of the novel, but it is good argument to spectators of the play, because

ferocity of the thing were abated it would be a lamentable loss of veracity. It is in such politis as this that the drama rises to the heights of duty, and the redemption of the stage, so long twaddled and muddled over, effects itself.

II.

Art and truth are forever bound up in each other, and the energy with which the art of this play enforces the truth is its fascination. It does justice. At last the superstition that there can be one morality for the woman and another morality for the man, which has so long insulted the reason, perishes before your eyes in the scene where Tess and her husband confess their past to each other. There is nothing of explicit application in text or action, which appeals from the forgiven husband's injustice toward his unforgiven wife, but that injustice appears in all its monstrous impudence and hatefulness.

I thought it a proof of the marvellous skill of the actress that she should have been able almost inarticulately to possess the spectator of the fact which Tess does not utter. That was surely a beautiful piece of art, and it was as if inspired by a most delicate reverence for the soul of womanhood itself, which when it came to that, could not put its ruin into words. But no one could have mistaken the meaning of that agonized reticence; the whole house was then Tess with the actress.

Another most poignant effect is that of Tess's bewilderment after the homicide, when she comes out of Alec's room with the wild instinct of flight, and half puts on the mantle which she leaves dragging from one shoulder, while she stands by the glass trying mechanically to fit on a pair of gloves, and obviously does not know what she is doing.

It is a cruel scene, and it is easily the supreme moment of a play which rather abounds in high moments. I do not think the close is one of these. It seems to me inconclusive and ineffective. A sunrise at Stonehenge, with a woman who has killed her paramour hiding from the law in the arms of her husband and tasting a few last moments of joy in his retarded and meaningless forgiveness, is so much of the nature of anticlimax that the author of a play so finely logical ought to look to it. His work is elsewhere so firm and unswerving in its advance that he must not suffer himself any missteps or lost steps here. The logic of Tess's act is her legal punishment for the homicide, and the dreadfulness of this should suffer no abatement through a pseudo-reconciliation and a crazy happiness.

Up to that point the texture of the piece is so strong, it is such an infrangible chain of causes and consequences, that I cannot regard it as less than one of the great modern tragedies, and I should put it with Ibsen's Ghosts, with Mr. Herne's Margaret Flemming, with Mr. Pinero's Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, for the force and depth of its significance. Mr. Stoddard, whether he has got much or little from Mr. Hardy's novel, has made a play of the sort which will give him the right to be considered hereafter in making up any judgment of the modern drama. He has taken a long step; he has touched a height. It would be as foolish to pretend that he reaches or keeps his place without some faltering as to deny that he has attained it; but we are not so rich in dramatists that we can afford to cheapen a good one, when we get him, because he is not yet a perfect one.

I have very much the same feeling in regard to the fine actress who made Tess live before me. Her art wrought this miracle in spite of some obvious disadvantages; but Garrick was not ten feet high nor a monument of personal impressiveness. What you feel in Mrs. Maddern Fiske's work is the unerring keenness of her perception and the nervous force which makes the spectator share it. In the high moments you forget the little, slender, inadequate presence of the actress; that becomes the *absence*, and it is the great sorrow and misery of the character which fills the stage.

It seemed to me that Miss Annie Irish, who was the milkmaid Marian, was very strongly and truly she, in both her goodness and her badness, and at all times she fully met the demand for the sort of passion and pathos which the part made upon her. She was fine in it; and I am going to say, in spite of the blame of some critics whom I respect, that Mr. Charles Coghlan was an Alec who imparted the curious fascination of that character: blunt to savagery, cynical to diabolism, earthy to animality, and yet with the suggestion of a godless *bonhomie* which did not leave the liking untouched. Mr. Coghlan made Alec's hold upon Tess intelligible, and his fate of necessary sequence. He did not do this by any approach to the weak side of the spectator; he attacked him rather through his very antipathy, and I think he achieved a triumph which no one but a thorough artist could have won.

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the wedding, to the delight of her husband (Mr. Edward M. Bell).

APH BY J. BYRON, NEW YORK.

Tess (Tina Desana). Atto IV.

St. Martin's Street, London, W.C. 2.

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THE CORSET DECRIED.

MRS. S. H. WENTWORTH TELLS HOW TO BREATHE CORRECTLY—A GENERAL TALK ON HEALTH CULTURE.

A delightfully inspiring although informal talk was given yesterday morning at the residence of Mrs. Alexander Black, No. 25 Vernon-ave., Brooklyn, by Mrs. S. H. Wentworth.

"Health Culture" was the subject presented, and its best exponent was found in the fine physique, clear color, graceful carriage and gracious presence of the speaker.

While teaching the Swedish gymnastics, Mrs. Wentworth is not one who can see no good in any of the other systems of physical culture. "American women," she says, "need to know a good deal about Delsarte relaxation, but Swedish work is the only system that can be applied to special cases." In speaking of the great importance of correct posture on health, with special reference to children, Mrs. Wentworth said: "Better to have good posture without any special training than special exercises with bad posture. A bad posture in gymnastic work exaggerates all existing defects. This is the fault often in school work. A young teacher not understanding the subject thoroughly, hearing

study of the principals. The exact value of this act lies in its final scene, which is too brief and vague for a full exposition of the cause that leads to the separation of the young couple. By this present system *Tess* and *Angel* act too hurriedly, and they are completely estranged before we have had time to weigh the justice of their quarrel. The *Home Journal* would advise the author to eliminate one-half of the comedy of this act, bring the central characters on sooner, and allow them to explain very fully their grievances against each other, the revulsion of feeling produced by it, and the absolute, therefore dramatic, necessity of their separation. As matters are now, *Angel* has no sooner found out his wife's secret than he makes haste to run away from her, and by this flight he spoils what should be the great emotional episode of the play. Thus we lose sympathy for the young people in their misfortunes, and cannot excuse the husband for deserting in a moment the wife he had tried so long to win; nor have we had sufficient opportunity to consider those sufferings of the heroine which lead her back into a life of sin.

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In this play Mr. Stoddard has so managed affairs that, however virtuous in impulse we may be, it is impossible to give sympathy to the heroine or withhold it from the villain. While wholly disapproving the conduct of *Alec D'Urberville* before the curtain rises, it must be said that during the course of the drama his air is more manly, generous, and engaging than that of the husband. It is beyond question that *Alec* loves *Tess*. When *Angel* deserts his wife, *Alec* rescues her from poverty, provides liberally for her family, educates and cares for her brother, supplies her with a luxurious home, and, so far as the play tells us, is the only genuine friend she has ever known. Here again the dramatist sends us to the original story for motives that are not made plain on the stage, for, while examining the play by itself, and without recourse to the novel, we find that the exact cause which led up to *Alec's* murder proceeded from his error in telling a lie and being cross at breakfast. This argument is put forth directly by the stage performance, and is, of course, foreign to that of Thomas Hardy. Leaving the novel wholly out of the question, and considering only the play,—as many folk who have not read the romance must do,—we discover that the villain's good conduct in saving *Tess* and her family from starvation is counterbalanced by his bad conduct at the breakfast-table and his invention of the falsehood of her husband's death. Yet some excuse is offered for the latter fault by the argument that *Clare*, having remained away for eighteen months without sign of life, might reasonably be considered dead, and, as Jove laughs at lovers' lies, we are not disposed to be very wrathful at *Alec* when, in the vehemence of his love for *Tess*, he invents a falsehood in order to win her. This may be bad argument to readers of the novel, but it is good argument to spectators of the play, because Lorimer Stoddard's system of logic and deductions is his own, and has little or no relation to that of Thomas Hardy. Therefore, looking at the drama from a purely theatric standpoint, we observe that, forgetting his kindness to her and her family, *Tess* cuts *Alec's* throat because he told a lie and had ill manners at breakfast. This, it seems to us, is too heavy a punishment for faults which, however reprehensible, are not capital offences; for it is not set down in the law that a man is to be killed because he fibs and is fretful. Yet Mr. Stoddard argues in this way, and, after his heroine has slain her lover, the dramatist returns *Tess* to the embrace of her husband.

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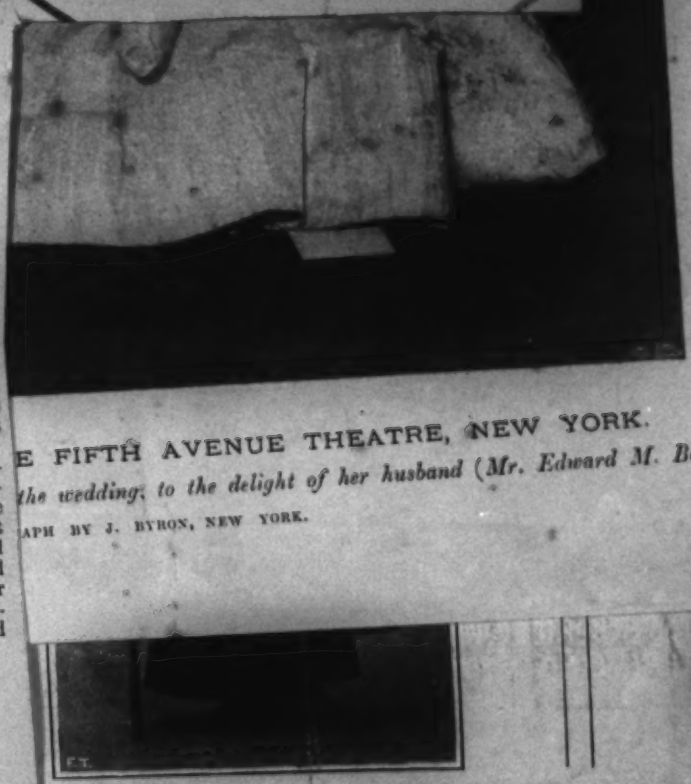

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back me up, doctor. That ought to induce you—the prospect of savin' a brand from the burnin'; an' if I ain't a brand, I dun'no' who is."

"I tell you, sir, I'll have nothing to do with it!" shouted Doctor Prescott. The minister at his side looked pale and scared as a woman.

"Then," said Simon Bassett, "it's settled. You an' me won't agree to no sech damn foolishness, because we both on us know that there's no sech Christian charity an' love as that in the world; an' if there should turn out to be, we're afraid we'd have to do likewise. I thought I was safe enough, proposin' sech a plan, doctor."

There was a great shout of laughter, in spite of the respect for Doctor Prescott. In the midst of it the doctor sprang to his feet, looking as none of them had ever seen him look before. "Get a paper and pen and ink," he cried, turning to Lawyer Means, "draw up the document that this man proposes, and I will sign it!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES is the only work of Mr. Thomas Hardy's which I have not read; and the other night, as I sat in the Fifth Avenue Theatre and witnessed Mr. Lorimer Stoddard's powerful stage version of the story, I was in pretty constant question whether I was the better or the worse judge of the play because of my ignorance of the book. I will say at least this for my ignorance, which still continues, that I was able by means of it to bring an opener mind to the enjoyment of the drama, and that I was not tempted to exact an allegiance to the novel which I could not feel the want of. I shall have this advantage, if it is an advantage, in writing of it, and I shall speak of it as if it were a play at first hand, and not a play at second hand, which the dramatization of a familiar story always seems.

I.

Of course so devoted, not to say so doting, a reader of Mr. Hardy as I gladly own myself must rejoice in the Hardy *quality* of the piece, which I was sensible of from the first moment. Whatever Mr. Stoddard had done with Mr. Hardy's story, he had given us Mr. Hardy's people, especially the most rustic of his people. Those three romps of girls who are all as much in love with Angel Clare as Tess is; the two or three hobbledehoys whom they let court and kiss them at the same time; Tess's deplorable father and mother, could nohow but by way of Mr. Hardy's fiction have come out of English country life. I found them vivid in their suggestion of a score of other rustic types in Far from the Madding Crowd, Under the Greenwood Tree, The Woodlanders, The Return of the Native, and all the rest; and I am very willing to share my gratitude for them between the dramatist and the players. The players were very good, and if I might choose without invidiousness I should say that the three young ladies who did the three romps were particularly true to their hoyden pathos. There was the sense of something naturally wholesome, something honestly *earthy*, in all this rusticity, which, if heathenish, would not have been bad if it could have been left to itself, as it is in the animals, and not trammelled up with conscience.

I suppose this is what makes the charm of Tess's nature, though the fine intellectual severity of Mrs. Maddern Fiske's treatment of the character renders it intellectually rather than sensuously perceptible in her impersonation. That impersonation seemed to me a very great one, a very high one, a very human one, in its best moments. It did not seem to me a perfect one; Mrs. Maddern Fiske is not the tragic muse, but she knows wonderfully well how the tragic muse feels, how sincere and noble she is, and she translates this feeling in terms that sometimes halt, but mostly do not halt. The feeling is pure and direct, as little mixed as possible with convention, and strives always to free itself from the adventitious and artificial. Her Tess does not rise above her origin and environment; she is bound to them, as we all are in our several cases, by ties that are ultimately insoluble, though they loose her for a while to the semblance of free will. In her life the inevitable rules; she is fated to fall, and she is fated to sink back into her ruin, and to end her guilt in murder; that is what this fine actress makes you believe, though she does it with no insistence upon a continuous destiny, and only by her almost invariable truth in the successive incidents and events. She does it so perfectly that even her betrayer seems under the same law of fate, and he plays his devil's part so clearly because he must, that you are obliged in honesty to keep your blame in your pocket since you do not really know where to bestow it.

You perceive that these sinners cannot be held primarily responsible for their sin, that the guilt of this must first be laid at the door of conditions. As long as there are men recklessly rich and women desperately poor, there must be such sin as theirs; it cannot be otherwise. The tempter is himself as much tempted by his power as the victim by her helplessness. The situation is the inevitable effect of the barbarism of our economy, which mars the will for good at every moment when life's need is confronted with its means. The question is merely arithmetical: how much can the seller bear, and how much will the buyer pay. The fact flouts our fine-spun theories of conduct with the actual infamy which we cannot ignore.

The sorrow and the shame of this strong fable, this pitiless homily, could not have been helped. But the immense sorrow and unfathomable shame are there all the same as if they could both have been helped; and the last scene between Tess and Alec is one of such spiritual squalor, that the lover going off to his drunken sleep and flinging his money on the floor, and Tess grovelling on her knees for the price of her soul and body remains an inextinguishable pang. Yet if one touch of the foulness and ferocity of the thing were abated it would be a lamentable loss of veracity. It is in such points as this that the drama rises to the heights of duty, and the redemption of the stage, so long twaddled and muddled over, effects itself.

II.

Art and truth are forever bound up in each other, and the energy with which the art of this play enforces the truth is its fascination. It does justice. At last the superstition that there can be one morality for the woman and another morality for the man, which has so long insulted the reason, perishes before your eyes in the scene where Tess and her husband confess their past to each other. There is nothing of explicit application in text or action, which appeals from the forgiven husband's injustice toward his unforgiven wife, but that injustice appears in all its monstrous impudence and hatefulness.

I thought it a proof of the marvellous skill of the actress that she should have been able almost inarticulately to possess the spectator of the fact which Tess does not utter. That was surely a beautiful piece of art, and it was as if inspired by a most delicate reverence for the soul of womanhood itself, which when it came to that, could not put its ruin into words. But no one could have mistaken the meaning of that agonized reticence; the whole house was then Tess with the actress.

Another most poignant effect is that of Tess's bewilderment after the homicide, when she comes out of Alec's room with the wild instinct of flight, and half puts on the mantle which she leaves dragging from one shoulder, while she stands by the glass trying mechanically to fit on a pair of gloves, and obviously does not know what she is doing.

It is a cruel scene, and it is easily the supreme moment of a play which rather abounds in high moments. I do not think the close is one of these. It seems to me inconclusive and ineffective. A sunrise at Stonehenge, with a woman who has killed her paramour hiding from the law in the arms of her husband and tasting a few last moments of joy in his retarded and meaningless forgiveness, is so much of the nature of anticlimax that the author of a play so finely logical ought to look to it. His work is elsewhere so firm and unswerving in its advance that he must not suffer himself any missteps or lost steps here. The logic of Tess's act is her legal punishment for the homicide, and the dreadfulness of this should suffer no abatement through a pseudo-reconciliation and a crazy happiness.

Up to that point the texture of the piece is so strong, it is such an infrangible chain of causes and consequences, that I cannot regard it as less than one of the great modern tragedies, and I should put it with Ibsen's Ghosts, with Mr. Herne's Margaret Flemming, with Mr. Pinero's Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, for the force and depth of its significance. Mr. Stoddard, whether he has got much or little from Mr. Hardy's novel, has made a play of the sort which will give him the right to be considered hereafter in making up any judgment of the modern drama. He has taken a long step; he has touched a height. It would be as foolish to pretend that he reaches or keeps his place without some faltering as to deny that he has attained it; but we are not so rich in dramatists that we can afford to cheapen a good one, when we get him, because he is not yet a perfect one.

I have very much the same feeling in regard to the fine actress who made Tess live before me. Her art wrought this miracle in spite of some obvious disadvantages; but Garrick was not ten feet high nor a monument of personal impressiveness. What you feel in Mrs. Maddern Fiske's work is the unerring keenness of her perception and the nervous force which makes the spectator share it. In the high moments you forget the little, slender, inadequate presence of the actress; that becomes the *absence*, and it is the great sorrow and misery of the character which fills the stage.

It seemed to me that Miss Annie Irish, who was the milkmaid Marian, was very strongly and truly she, in both her goodness and her badness, and at all times she fully met the demand for the sort of passion and pathos which the part made upon her. She was fine in it; and I am going to say, in spite of the blame of some critics whom I respect, that Mr. Charles Coghlan was an Alec who imparted the curious fascination of that character: blunt to savagery, cynical to diabolism, earthy to animality, and yet with the suggestion of a godless *bonhomie* which did not leave the liking untouched. Mr. Coghlan made Alec's hold upon Tess intelligible, and his fate of necessary sequence. He did not do this by any approach to the weak side of the spectator; he attacked him rather through his very antipathy, and I think he achieved a triumph which no one but a thorough artist could have won.

W. D. HOWELLS.

E FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

the wedding, to the delight of her husband (Mr. Edward M. Bell).

APH BY J. BYRON, NEW YORK.

TESS (Tina Desana). Atto IV.

ANGEL CLARE (Pietro Schiavoni).

St. Paul's Chapel. Western Union Building.

THE SKY-LINE OF BUILDINGS BELOW CHA

New York Times. Am. Tract Society. Park Row Building. St. Paul Building. Havemeyer Building. Casualty and Fidelity Building.

Jersey Central Building.

THE SKY-LINE OF BUILDINGS BELOW CHA

E CHANGE WROUGHT BY THESE BUIL

The Sketch

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.

No. 218.—Vol. XVII. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31 1897.

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Tess (Mrs. Fiske) writing the name "Mrs. Angel Clare" after the wedding, to the delight of her husband (Mr. Edward M. Bell).

FROM A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BYRON, NEW YORK.

arts of novel and play writing. And England, also, has furnished such men as Fielding and Goldsmith who could turn their

ment by Mr. William Kittridge, who must be congratulated on his power of representing love in the most chivalrous form, as well as in that shrinking form and in that form of false masculine superiority which are as characteristic of men as is the chivalry which true love seldom fails to more or less inspire.

hi for the played all and judg-

Tess (Tina Desana) Atto IV.

Angel Clare (Pietro Schiavazzi).

THE OMAR KHÁYYÁM CLUB.

The Omar dinner at Frascati's last week again illustrated the magnetic attraction of this club for every lion that may be roaring. Viscount Wolseley, Sir George Robertson, the hero of Chitral, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, Mr. Justice Barnes, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, Professor Michael Foster, Sir Brampton Gurdon, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Sir Harry Johnston, who, as Mr. Gosse happily remarked, rules an Empire about the size of Russia, and, when he leans back on the padded velvet of his vice-regal chair, opens a volume of verse; Professor Ray Lankester, Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A.—such an array of guests made a leonine uproar that was positively deafening. Moreover, the Club rejoiced in the acquisition of three new members, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Alfred East, R.I., and Dr. Conan Doyle. Mr. Alfred East designed the charming picture on the *menu*, and Mr Austin Dobson read a poem, which was heard with universal delight. Mr. Austin Dobson is no mumbling bard. He delivered his lines with a skilful modulation that any professional elocutionist might have envied. The poem will be published by-and-by. Meanwhile, here are some of its most felicitous lines—

'Twas Swift who said that people "view
In Homer more than Homer knew."
I can't pretend to claim the gift
Of playing Bentley upon Swift;
But I suspect the reading true
Is "Omar more than Omar knew,"—
Or why this large assembly met
Lest we this Omar should forget?
(In a parenthesis, I note
Our Rustum* here, without red coat;

Where Sohrab sits I'm not aware,
But that's Firdausi† in the Chair!)—
I say then that we now are met
Lest we this Omar should forget,
Who, ages back, remote, obscure,
Wrote verses once at Naishápúr,—
Verses which, as I understand,
Were merely copied out by hand,
And now, without etched plates, or aid
Of India paper, or handmade,
Bid fair Parnassus' top to climb,
And knock the Classics out of time.

. . . . . .

Well, Omar Khayyám wrote of Wine,
And all of us, sometimes, must dine;
And Omar Khayyám wrote of Roses,
And all of us, no doubt, have noses;
And Omar Khayyám wrote of Love,
Which some of us are not above.
Also he charms to this extent,
We don't know, always, what he meant.
Lastly, the man's so plainly dead
We can heap honours on his head.

Mr. Gosse, with great felicity, drew a distinction between the two Lord Wolseleys, the Commander-in-Chief and the biographer of Marlborough; and to this the literary Wolseley responded in a most modest and unaffected speech, exalting the poet above all men, and expressing the belief that, generations hence, there would be an Austin Dobson Club, the members of which would diligently read the verses that had delighted the Omarians that evening. The soldierly taste for poetry was further exemplified by Sir George Robertson, who remarked that men of action were really "dreamers and sentimentalists," and that his chief pleasure in the mountains of Chitral was the reading of Omar Khayyám. Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, by way of being "in the movement," told amusing anecdotes of Persian dignitaries. The late Shah drank a great deal at a banquet in Berlin, and the French Ambassador whispered to his English colleague, "His Majesty is drunk!" Lord Ampthill replied, "Ah! mais dans la nuit tous les *chats* sont gris!"

* Field-Marshal Right Hon. Viscount Wolseley. † Mr. Edmund Gosse.

This high Persian tone was not maintained by Mr. Augu... who expressed a wish that he might speak in rusty Latin ... quite unintelligible to the company. He had to propose ... of the Members," and he stood aghast at the distinction of t... How they had been induced to come he could not imag... was Mr. Barrie, whom Southron readers professed to ... There was Mr. Kenneth Grahame, who had made all fat... how charming their children were, and how great was the ... parents. More especially, there was "Dr. Conan Doyle's gue... name for some mysterious reason was not mentioned, and who w... a detective engaged in fathoming some hideous secret in M... life. There was Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, who had ... mistake of writing "a really good-natured book," a fa... Mr. Birrell hoped to see amended in a future edition. Let d... the Persian altitudes, the company laughed without re... Mr. Birrell's pleasantries.

Among the members of the Club present at the din... Mr. Edward Clodd, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Professor Thisel... Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Coulson K... Mr. Moncure Conway, Mr. William Sharp, and Mr. Frederic ... To Mr. Hudson, the secretary of the Club, Mr. Gosse paid a ve... tribute, the sentiment of which has been engrossed on vellum an... by the members. More than that, Mr. Hudson has received a ... plate from his brother Omarians on the occasion of his marriage.

A REMINISCENCE OF OMAR KHÁYYÁ...

I sometimes wonder, when I see the rose
Rest on Her bosom, where my head has lain,
Whether, when She is dust, that rose's seed,
Will find its nursery there, and bloom again.

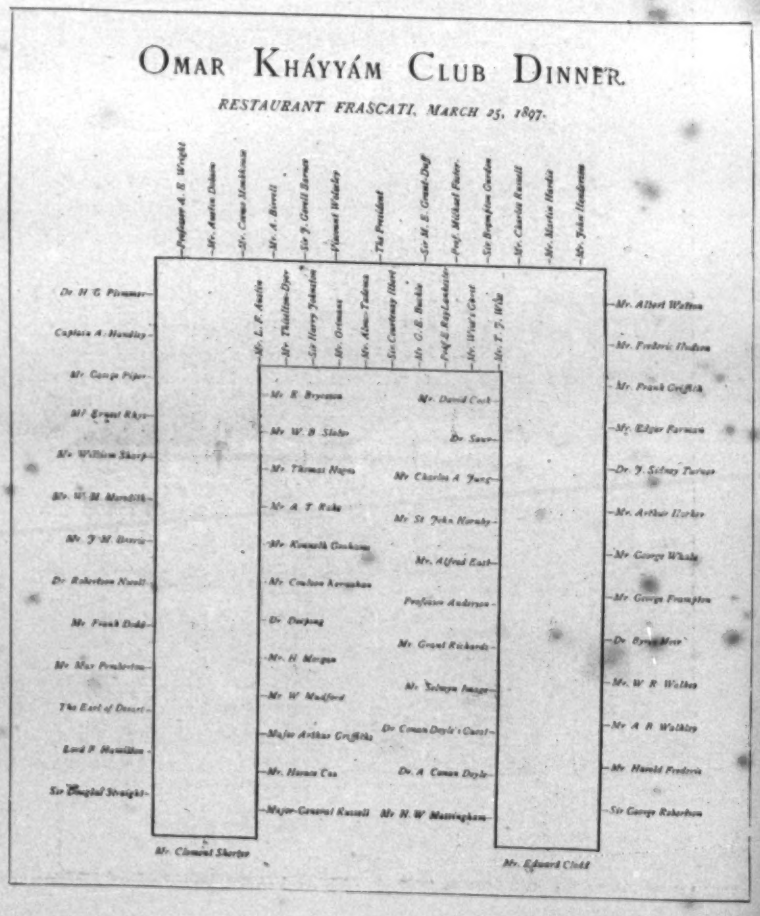
I sometimes wonder if the jessamine,
Which added fragrance to her fragrant hair,
Will with it later make a common cause
And bloom again to make another fair.

But most I wonder if the flower of love,
Which lay upon the soul I could not see,
Will find its fellows in Elysian fields
And bloom again to bless and welcome me.

. . . . . .

Ah, yes, methinks the God who loves the rose,
And loves the jessamine in my lady's hair,
Will love the love that decorates her soul,
And will not fail to make my heaven more fair.

GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.



"TESS" AS A PLAY.

Flashlight Photographs by J. Byron, New York.

The production of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on March 2 was a success from every point of view. Following so soon as it does upon the "Trilby" era in America, this new play shows once more the close union in literary and dramatic matters which exists between ourselves and our transatlantic cousins. "Trilby" owed its success very largely to early appreciation by the American public; it was published and dramatised for them, and to an American actor, Mr. Lorimer Stoddard, is due the dramatisation of "Tess." His task has been no easy one. "Tess" is by no means a novel of incident; it is more a subtle analysis of character, of the interaction of human souls, of the moulding of character by the world outside us, and much of the force of the book comes from little side comments, which Mr. Hardy's art has taught him to make so unobtrusive as to be doubly telling.

This has to be left out in the play, or compensated for by equivalent dramatic situations. The first act is very much compressed; by the end of it we have been introduced to the Durbeyfield family, and the life at Talbothays, where Tess is trying to forget her earlier misfortune. We have shown us, in brief, the courtship of Tess and Angel Clare. Tess writes the confession, and places it with a rose on a window-sill, telling Angel to take what he finds there, and, if he still loves her, to come to her and say nothing. Tess's mother abstracts the letter; the secret is unrevealed, and they are married. In the second act, Tess, newly wed, tries the effect of her married name on paper, which leads Angel to say, "How strange! I have never seen your handwriting before." By this simple stage-device the confession, which is a most striking scene, is naturally led up to, and the act closes with their separation.

Then we have a picture of Tess's fight against her destiny, while Angel is away in Brazil, and another divergence from the book is seen in the important part assigned to Marian, who is now the confederate of Alec in making Tess believe that Angel Clare is dead. Finally, Tess yields to Alec, partly deceived by him and partly for the sake of her little brother and sister. In the fourth act Tess and Alec are together; the latter's character is largely developed from that in the novel. He is more fascinating, less *bête*, and his hold on Tess is thereby rendered more excusable. In this act he is frankly brutal, and it is with a sense of relief that one greets the return of Angel Clare, the slaying of the debauchee, and Tess's flight with her husband. The play closes with a short tableau representing the weird scene at Stonehenge, where, as the dawn is breaking, the fugitives are surrounded by the sleuth-hounds of justice, and Tess stands like a statue confronting them, resigned to her fate.

The play, as will be seen, differs in several details from the novel. The incident of the letter is changed to a more dramatic form, but the change does no violence to the characters of the book, for the retention of the letter is quite in keeping with Mrs. Durbeyfield's desire that her daughter should marry "a gentleman." Perhaps the chief drawback of the play is that the third act does not make Tess's second fall sufficiently natural, a defect due to the fact that no play could bring out convincingly the strain of increasing hardships and the weariness of waiting, made so real in the novel. The cast is a very strong one, and several successes were achieved, notably by Mr Charles Coghlan as Alec D'Urberville and Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske in the title-rôle.

The three dairymaids—Retty (Miss Nellie Lingard), Marian (Miss Annie Irish), and Izz (Miss Dijou Fernandez)—listening to Angel Clare playing on the harp.

Alec D'Urberville (Mr. Charles Coghlan) visits the old Durbeyfields (Mr. John Jack and Mrs. Mary Barker).

Tess (Tina Desana), Atto IV.

Angel Clare (Pietro Schi

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," IN NEW YORK.

Flashlight Photographs by J. Byron, New York.

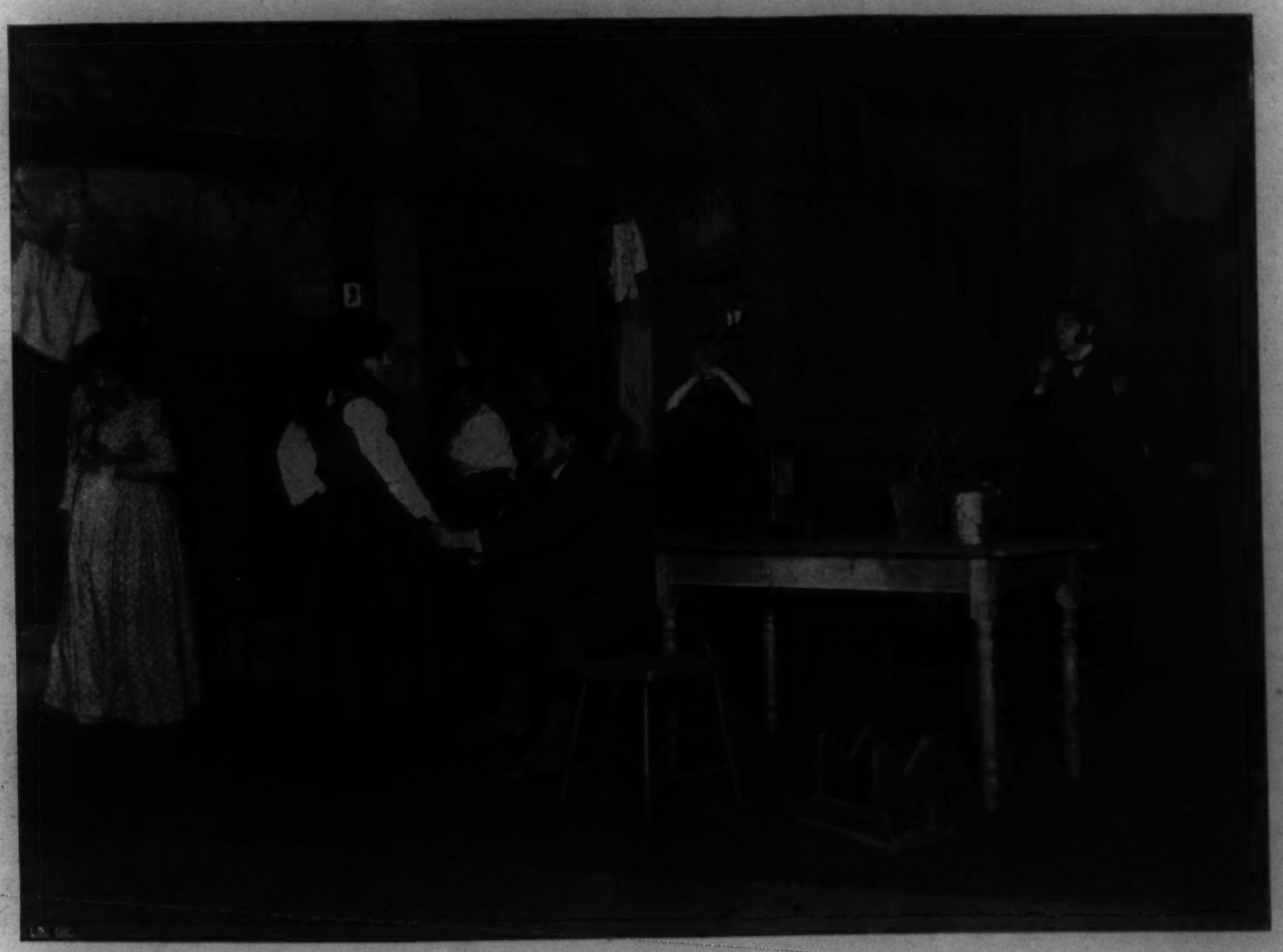
The rustics on Crick's dairy-farm.

Tess and the dairymaids before the wedding.

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," IN NEW YORK

Flashlight Photographs by J. Byron, New York.

The old Durbeyfields, 'Liza Lu (Miss Edith Wright), and Abraham Durbeyfield (Miss Alice Pierce) festive over Tess's wedding.



The Durbeyfields reduced to poverty after the death of Sir John. Alec D'Urberville, who has secured a writ of dispossession, offers Tess the chance of self-surrender to save her family.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

TWO FLATS.

BY S. MACNAUGHTAN.

He had a flat, and she had a flat. It was about flats they began to talk when first they met.

Said he, "Mine is the most convenient little place——"

"Oh, so is mine," said she.

"I have a charming sitting-room and a little dining-room; my own bedroom is quite a regal apartment, and I have a little den where I can always put a fellow up."

"I have three bedrooms," quoth she.

"But *not* a bath-room," he said firmly. "Now, I——"

"But I *have* a bath-room—a beauty. Heaps of hot water."

"Mine has a shower-bath."

"I can't say I care about a shower-bath."

"Ah!" said he. It was evident that he pitied her for her shower-bathless abode. He scored one.

"I have a lift," she said triumphantly.

"Noisy," said he.

"Mine is not noisy," she said, and unconsciously she rolled up a bread-pellet in her fingers and laid it beside her on the table. The scoring should be quite fair.

She became gracious. She said, "You must come and see my flat. I am always at home on Sundays."

"Thank you," he said, and he was brutal enough to add, "It is a *little* out of the way for me, of course." His hand wandered towards his dinner-roll.

"Of course it is," she rejoined sweetly, "but you must come into the regions of civilisation sometimes."

A second pellet was in course of construction, when the hostess bowed, and she sailed out of the room, her train a yard behind her and a splendid smile upon her lips.

"Good-night," she said, a little later; "I shall expect you some Sunday."

And he went.

The porter kept him waiting some minutes in the hall.

"Abominably managed place."

"Very draughty," he remarked, settling himself down into his coat as the lift bore him upwards.

"Faith it is, sorr," said the porter, being Irish.

He decided it would be objectionable to have a man with an accent like that about the house.

He groped with aggressive caution in the passage, when the maid had admitted him, and knocked over an umbrella loudly.

His smile was beautiful and bland as he entered her drawing-room.

"I am so sorry to enter in such a noisy fashion," he said; "but it 's so dark in your passage that I could see nothing, and I 'm afraid I have knocked over a lot of things."

"We have the electric-light," she replied sharply. "Why was it not turned on?"

"Perhaps something has gone wrong with it," he said kindly. "These electric-lights are not quite dependable. I always use old-fashioned lamps myself."

"Awfully niffy, aren't they?" she said, laughing, and holding her nose.

"Not if they are managed properly," he replied, with a somewhat superior air.

He liked her wall-paper—"Oh, yes, it is very nice. What a pity there are French windows—so very cold."

"But airy. I like air."

"I think I could give you a hint about your mantelpiece," he said presently. "If you saw mine; it 's——"

"But I haven't seen yours, you see, and at present I am quite pleased with my own." The atmosphere was charged with war.

He planned a little dinner, with the theatre afterwards. She must see his flat. Her aunt should chaperon her, and he would ask Heathcote—she knew Heathcote; he was at the dinner the other night—to make a fourth. "My dining-room is only a slip of a room——"

"Ah, you should see mine!" she cried ungratefully.

She took him along the passage (now lit), and flung open the dining-room door.

"Very hot in summer-time, I 'm afraid," he said doubtfully.

"And warm in winter."

She showed him her little dodge for summoning her parlour-maid without getting up from the table; her oak sideboard—picked up, a great bargain, at a country sale ("Some little bits of it really are genuine," he said); her new blinds, her book-shelves, her escritoire with the funny little drawers.

His whole air said, "Wait till Wednesday." Wednesday was the day she was to dine with him.

"Oh, I wish I could show him the bedrooms," she thought. "My own dressing-table and the spare-bedroom carpet would, *must* impress him. But perhaps he would think it odd."

"What I like about *my* flat," he said, walking down the passage again, and sniffing slightly, "is the little hall. I have a little hall with a sky-light, and it makes the whole place so light and airy."

"Rather a waste of room, isn't it?"

"Oh, no! I use it as a smoking-room."

"Every room must smell of tobacco," she said, bidding him good-bye. "So draughty, too!"

"But one doesn't bark one's shins in it," he said, smiling, and knocking over the umbrella again.

She said to herself, with religious fervour, "Oh, I *will* be nasty about his things on Wednesday!"

. . . . . .

But her aunt spoilt it all. Her aunt was prepared to be pleased with everything. Her aunt had no tact. She admired his room (where they left their cloaks), his hall, his lamps, even his horrid little dining-room; while her niece wrung her hands and writhed.

"I really believe," said the aunt good-naturedly, "I really believe I like this flat better than my niece's."

"I couldn't *live* in such a place!" cried her niece wildly, and Mr. Heathcote stared.

His triumph disposed him kindly towards her. He came often to her flat. He once admired her ceilings. He said the dining-room was sunny. He proposed. She accepted him. And they forgot all their quarrels, and became sentimental at once.

"The flat *has* felt a little lonely sometimes," she admitted. "But now!" She gave him a fond look.

"My sitting-room just wants a woman's touch," he said. And it was an enormous concession to make. "But now, sweetest, it will be perfect"

"You will be able to hang all my pictures," she went on. "I have always had an upholsterer to do it before."

"And you shall hold the nails, darling."

"You will be able to fuss about the hot-water pipes when they go wrong," she said. And, as she added up his occupations, she was delighted to find that even a man has his uses.

"My hot-water pipes do not go wrong," he said superbly.

"But mine do."

"When you come to my home, love——"

"When you come to mine."

"I do not think you can seriously suppose, dearest, that it would not be more fitting that my flat should now be our joint home."

"My dear boy, it would not hold us!"

"It will hold us admirably; the small bedroom shall be my dressing-room, and the hall—well, you know, the hall can be *anything*."

"My dining-room will dine ten people: what should we——"

"Mine is a cosy little place for two."

"But the extra bedroom, dear, and the electric-light."

"A woman must give up even the electric-light and cling to her husband."

"Oh, I won't!" she said—"I won't!"

Thus they parted.

. . . . . .

There are two charmingly furnished flats still occupied by two separate owners. One is on the Cadogan Estate, and one is near Portman Square. Neither of them is to be let. A house-agent who lived near one of them asked, with a smile, if he might put this one on his list. But he was told, with withering scorn, that, had it been to let, he would have been given notice in due form—so far, the flat suited its present owner admirably.

This is the story of the two flats, as far as it can be told at present.

DAY AND NIGHT.

The sun spread wide his molten wings that blind,
And blue and boundless was his living day,
The earth ran forth to greet the darling May,
And profuse flowers droop'd gently with the wind.

But love that was my sun, potent and kind,
Love that had burnt me with his noontide ray,
Love waned . . . And as the spent sun sank away,
The floating moon with fear smote all my mind.

From the far sun she borrowed her pale light,
The moon's pale light was water-wan and chill;
And if a cloud hid her humilities,
Love was twice veiled within the veil of night;
Of exile surely he has ta'en his fill,
Turn, O thou Earth, and bid the sun arise.

V. B.

DAILY MAIL,
Carmelite Street, Temple, London, E.C.
(John Hood Lingard, Publisher.)
om issue dated April 22 1897

AMERICAN BOOK NOTES.

(By JEANNETTE L. GILDER.)

One of the most successful plays that has been seen in New York in many a long day is Mr. Lorimer Stoddard's dramatisation of Mr. Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," made for Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. Mr. Hardy made the first dramatisation of the story, which I dare say had all the literary qualities, but was lacking in dramatic effect. No one was more surprised than Mr. Stoddard when Mrs. Fiske sent for him and told him of her difficulties, ending by asking him to make a new dramatisation for her. I don't think that Mr. Stoddard had read the book, though, of course, he knew other novels by Mr. Hardy. He set to work at once, and within a month—three weeks I believe it really was—he had the play finished. It is a remarkable performance. Nowhere does it show any evidences of haste. It is carefully thought out, and the author's spirit admirably preserved. He makes "Tess" more refined, more subtle, than does Mr. Hardy, and it is these characteristics that Mrs. Fiske accentuates. Mr. Hardy, I believe, made a point of the fact that Tess should show her good blood in the play, though she does not show it, to my thinking, in the book.

Mr. Lorimer Stoddard, the dramatist of "Tess," is the son of one of our most distinguished poets, Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, who was honoured with a dinner given by the Authors' Club at the Savoy Hotel on March 25. The gathering was quite a notable one. We are not given to dining our own authors. It is only the visiting British writer we honour in this way. We dined Dr. Edward Eggleston recently, and again Mr. Stoddard, but as a rule we do not waste dinners on home talent.

It is true that Hardy's creations—and especially his women—excite antipathy; that is, they arouse in the mind an opposition which would never come to the surface were they not approximately exact counterparts of living realities. They are truthful; therein lies their offence. They hold the mirror up to nature, and the critic, be he professional or amateur, who denounces them exhibits in himself a weakness which shows that he cannot understand or appreciate the faithful literary presentation of veritable humanity. The Ibsenophobist dislikes Ibsen not because that modern of moderns misapprehends or distorts life, but because he does not gild a rational, fallible human being with a shining coat of inconceivable saintliness. The exceptional evils of life demand exceptional treatment, and Ibsen seems the right man to portray them. That he does not deal with abnormalities none know better than his opponents, for then they would not think him worth the opposing. And Hardy's characters are likewise too close to nature as she actually exists to be wholly likable, simply as people. Yet few will deny that they are admirable in every way as remarkably artistic visualizations of perfectly comprehensible personalities. Whether ethically endurable or not, Bathsheba Everdene and all the rest are human. Is not that enough, even if Max Nordau does object?

Thomas Hardy is among the most dramatic of English novelists. Not in the crude, sensational, over-emphatic, pretentious manner in which Charles Reade sought to be dramatic, or rather theatrical, but in that broader way which mingles life and ideality in the right proportions to create illusion. His descriptions of scenery, his minute and searching studies of physical, mental and moral characteristics, his careful weaving of his plots so that his people seem swept along by the tide of fate, show just that strain of genius which, added to knowledge of stage-craft, would make him a master among play writers. The superstructure of his novels is frequently but the elaborated scenario of a drama, the scenic background against which his creations play their momentous game with the moralities and immoralities of existence. "Desperate Remedies" has for its plot the exact crude sensational crisis which is the foundation of the modern melodramatic style. "The Woodlanders," "The Return of the Native," and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," considered by many as his three greatest novels, unquestionably contain in solution the elements which go towards the making of a drama of much higher form than ever could be evolved from "Desperate Remedies." And that in itself shows a distinct and logical artistic growth.

We do not, however, wish to appear to be calling for a wholesale dramatisation of Thomas Hardy. His literary creations are best as they are, on the printed page. But we do think that, in devoting his art exclusively to the library, he is depriving our stage of the talent which it needs more than ever at the present moment, when without crying degeneration aloud from the housetops we are perfectly ready to recognise the reigning trivality. His novels should remain novels, but his art is now ripe for that test of genius, the ability of the great novelist to write a notable play. Victor Hugo was an adept at both, and French literature has developed many other men who have shown equal skill in the sister arts of novel and play writing. And England, also, has furnished such men as Fielding and Goldsmith who could turn their

ment by Mr. William Kittridge, who must be congratulated on his power of representing love in the most chivalrous form, as well as in that shrinking form and in that form of false masculine superiority which are as characteristic of men as is the chivalry which true love seldom fails to more or less inspire.

Hardy's book.

ITALIANA 513

...GER AL DAL VERME DI MILANO.

...ri e fot. Varischi e Artico).

Tess (Tina Desana). Atto III.

Angel a Tess. ....Tu non potrai mentire! (finale atto III).

Tess a Angel. Vuoi?... Vuoi?... Vuoi?... — Atto IV.

Tess (Tina Desana). Atto IV.

Angel Clare (Pietro Schiavazzi).

A NOVEL IN A

TWO FLATS.

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"I have three bedrooms," quoth she.

"But *not* a bath-room," he said firmly. "Now, I——"

"But I *have* a bath-room—a beauty. Heaps of hot water."

"Mine has a shower-bath."

"I can't say I care about a shower-bath."

"Ah!" said he. It was evident that he pitied her for her shower-bathless abode. He scored one.

"I have a lift," she said triumphantly.

"Noisy," said he.

"Mine is not noisy," she said, and unconsciously she rolled up a bread-pellet in her fingers and laid it beside her on the table. The scoring should be quite fair.

She became gracious. She said, "You must come and see my flat. I am always at home on Sundays."

"Thank you," he said, and he was brutal enough to add, "It is a *little* out of the way for me, of course." His hand wandered towards his dinner-roll.

"Of course it is," she rejoined sweetly, "but you must come into the regions of civilisation sometimes."

A second pellet was in course of construction, when the hostess bowed, and she sailed out of the room, her train a yard behind her and a splendid smile upon her lips.

"Good-night," she said, a little later; "I shall expect you some Sunday."

And he went.

The porter kept him waiting some minutes in the hall.

"Abominably managed place."

"Very draughty," he remarked, settling himself down into his coat as the lift bore him upwards.

"Faith it is, sorr," said the porter, being Irish.

He decided it would be objectionable to have a man with an accent like that about the house.

He groped with aggressive caution in the passage, when the maid had admitted him, and knocked over an umbrella loudly.

His smile was beautiful and bland as he entered her drawing-room.

"I am so sorry to enter in such a noisy fashion," he said; "but it 's so dark in your passage that I could see nothing, and I 'm afraid I have knocked over a lot of things."

"We have the electric-light," she replied sharply. "Why was it not turned on?"

"Perhaps something has gone wrong with it," he said kindly. "These electric-lights are not quite dependable. I always use old-fashioned lamps myself."

"Awfully niffy, aren't they?" she said, laughing, and holding her nose.

"Not if they are managed properly," he replied, with a somewhat superior air.

He liked her wall-paper—"Oh, yes, it is very nice. What a pity there are French windows—so very cold."

"But airy. I like air."

"I think I could give you a hint about your mantelpiece," he said presently. "If you saw mine; it 's——"

"But I haven't seen yours, you see, and at present I am quite pleased with my own." The atmosphere was charged with war.

He planned a little dinner, with the theatre afterwards. She must see his flat. Her aunt should chaperon her, and he would ask Heathcote—she knew Heathcote; he was at the dinner the other night—to make a fourth. "My dining-room is only a slip of a room——"

"Ah, you should see mine!" she cried ungratefully.

She took him along the passage (now lit), and flung open the dining-room door.

"Very hot in summer-time, I 'm afraid," he said doubtfully.

"And warm in winter."

She showed him her little dodge for summoning her parlour-maid without getting up from the table; her oak sideboard—picked up, a great bargain, at a country sale ("Some little bits of it really are genuine," he said); her new blinds, her book-shelves, her escritoire with the funny little drawers.

His whole air said, "Wait till Wednesday." Wednesday was the day she was to dine with him.

"Oh, I wish I could show him the bedrooms," she thought. "My own dressing-table and the spare-bedroom carpet would, *must* impress him. But perhaps he would think it odd."

"The flat *has* ... now!" She gave him ... ted 6d. parts.

The author is Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., P., who has had special facilities for his great k.

The countless illustration ... rivide a ...

"My sitting-room ... And it was an enormous co... it will be perfect."

"You will be able to hang all my pictures," he went ... "I have always had an upholsterer to do it before."

"And you shall hold the nails, darling."

"You will be able to fuss about the hot-water pipes when they go wrong," she said. And, as she added up his occupations, she was delighted to find that even a man has his uses.

"My hot-water pipes do not go wrong," he said superbly.

"But mine do."

"When you come to my home, love——"

"When you come to mine."

"I do not think you can seriously suppose, dearest, that it would not be more fitting that my flat should now be our joint home."

"My dear boy, it would not hold us!"

"It will hold us admirably; the small bedroom shall be my dressing-room, and the hall—well, you know, the hall can be *anything*."

"My dining-room will dine ten people: what should we——"

"Mine is a cosy little place for two."

"But the extra bedroom, dear, and the electric-light."

"A woman must give up even the electric-light and cling to her husband."

"Oh, I won't!" she said—"I won't!"

Thus they parted.

. . . . . .

There are two charmingly furnished flats still occupied by two separate owners. One is on the Cadogan Estate, and one is near Portman Square. Neither of them is to be let. A house-agent who lived near one of them asked, with a smile, if he might put this one on his list. But he was told, with withering scorn, that, had it been to let, he would have been given notice in due form—so far, the flat suited its present owner admirably.

This is the story of the two flats, as far as it can be told at present.

DAY AND NIGHT.

The sun spread wide his molten wings that blind,
And blue and boundless was his living day,
The earth ran forth to greet the darling May,
And profuse flowers droop'd gently with the wind.

But love that was my sun, potent and kind,
Love that had burnt me with his noontide ray,
Love waned . . . And as the spent sun sank away,
The floating moon with fear smote all my mind.

From the far sun she borrowed her pale light,
The moon's pale light was water-wan and chill;
And if a cloud hid her humilities,
Love was twice veiled within the veil of night;
Of exile surely he has ta'en his fill,
Turn, O thou Earth, and bid the sun arise.

V. B.

ON EVENING TRANSCRIPT.

A DRAMATIC POSSIBILITY.

The recent production of a dramatic version of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is only the third authorized attempt to prepare for the stage the works of a novelist whose writings teem with characters and situations worthy of dramatic treatment. "Far from the Madding Crowd" was tried in England some fifteen years ago by Mrs. Bernard-Beere and Miss Marion Terry, but for some unknown reason achieved only a mild popularity; "The Three Strangers," one of the short stories in the volume of Wessex Tales, has been performed under the title of "The Three Wayfarers;" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is just at the beginning of what, through Minnie Maddern Fiske's interpretative skill, ought surely to be a successful career. It is difficult to understand exactly why Thomas Hardy's novels, which began as long ago as 1869 with "Desperate Remedies," should in the course of almost thirty years have been so constantly neglected in an era when the vaguest sort of literary popularity is looked upon as a motive for an immediate transference to the stage. Surely Hardy has created a great many characters—in the best sense of that ill-used word—whose very presence would give our stage of today that distinction and dignity sought for it so ostentatiously by those who continuously wail about the degeneracy of the modern drama. If Eustacia Vye does not live—who in modern English fiction does? If Fancy Day is not the genuine embodiment of a real woman—where else shall we look for her? If Michael Henchard, or Clym Yeobright, or Gabriel Oak, or Angel Clare are not masterly expositions of fallible human charac[illegible] that kind.

It is true that Hardy's creations—and especially his women—excite antipathy; that is, they arouse in the mind an opposition which would never come to the surface were they not approximately exact counterparts of living realities. They are truthful; therein lies their offence. They hold the mirror up to nature, and the critic, be he professional or amateur, who denounces them exhibits in himself a weakness which shows that he cannot understand or appreciate the faithful literary presentation of veritable humanity. The Ibsenophobist dislikes Ibsen not because that modern of moderns misapprehends or distorts life, but because he does not gild a rational, fallible human being with a shining coat of inconceivable saintliness. The exceptional evils of life demand exceptional treatment, and Ibsen seems the right man to portray them. That he does not deal with abnormalities none know better than his opponents, for then they would not think him worth the opposing. And Hardy's characters are likewise too close to nature as she actually exists to be wholly likable, simply as people. Yet few will deny that they are admirable in every way as remarkably artistic visualizations of perfectly comprehensible personalities. Whether ethically endurable or not Bathsheba Everdene and all the rest are human. Is not that enough, even if Max Nordau does object?

Thomas Hardy is among the most dramatic of English novelists. Not in the crude, sensational, over-emphatic, pretentious manner in which Charles Reade sought to be dramatic, or rather theatrical, but in that broader way which mingles life and ideality in the right proportions to create illusion. His descriptions of scenery, his minute and searching studies of physical, mental and moral characteristics, his careful weaving of his plots so that his people seem swept along by the tide of fate, show just that strain of genius which, added to knowledge of stage-craft, would make him a master among play writers. The superstructure of his novels is frequently but the elaborated scenario of a drama, the scenic background against which his creations play their momentous game with the moralities and immoralities of existence. "Desperate Remedies" has for its plot the exact crude sensational crisis which is the foundation of the modern melodramatic style. "The Woodlanders," "The Return of the Native," and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," considered by many as his three greatest novels, unquestionably contain in solution the elements which go towards the making of a drama of much higher form than ever could be evolved from "Desperate Remedies." And that in itself shows a distinct and logical artistic growth.

We do not, however, wish to appear to be calling for a wholesale dramatization of Thomas Hardy. His literary creations are best as they are, on the printed page. But we do think that, in devoting his art exclusively to the library, he is depriving our stage of the talent which it needs more than ever at the present moment, when without crying degeneration aloud from the housetops we are perfectly ready to recognize the reigning rivality. His novels should remain novels, but his art is now ripe for that test of genius, the ability of the great novelist to write a notable play. Victor Hugo was an adept at both, and French literature has developed many other men who have shown equal skill in the sister arts of novel and play writing. And England, also, has furnished such men as Fielding and Goldsmith who could turn their skill with equal readiness to both. It is the truest of truisms that the novelist may fail with the stage, and should Hardy rely solely upon himself at the outset he would probably go astray. But associated with a master of the technique of the theatre he ought to produce plays equal at least to those of Arthur W. Pinero. Indeed, a collaboration by Pinero and Hardy might result in something masterly, for each contains an element in his talent which the other lacks. May we not hope that the success of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" will turn Mr. Hardy's attention to a field of literary labor which he, would distinguish, from which he himself would gain an added distinction, and which would certainly widen his fame not only with the populace, but with the serious [illegible] believers in the value of the drama as a [illegible] present literary [illegible]?

Hardy's book.

TESS A

might happen should the lower
take to drink, as do their Christ
of Europe.

"But withal the Turk does n
be happy, he does not seem to f
in Europe. . . . . It seems a
imagine that the Turks hate th
religion. I should say they rea
they do not even hate the Ch
Christians, but as Bulgarians,
Russians and the rest. In no ot
would unbelievers be appointed
est offices, as in Turkey, whe
Christians not only among th
but among the ambassadors, wi
must be trusted with the most
of state secrets. When a man is
it is difficult to say whether he
cred as a Bulgarian or a Chris
can say is that so far as I can
root of the hatred is national a
ligious."

Of the sultan she speaks in
terms. Personally, one can hard
a finer gentleman in Europe. S
lightly and regretfully on the
ties—perpetrated since the letters
ten home, and gives a hint of t
helplessness to avert a rebellion
own subjects. Indeed, the blame
on the European Powers more th
one else. The book is altogeth
and gives some very picturesque
ion. Published by Longmans, G
London, New York and Bombay

The Sign of the Wooden S

The central figures in "The Si
Wooden Shoon," a Lancashire s
the Scotch village Idylls of R
Maclaren are Elijah Holt and
Asenath, a couple well stricken in years,
whose "Samuel" comes to them with a
sense of astonishment, almost of shame.
The child meets with a run-a-way accident,
is sorely crippled and dies alone, with his
birdcage in his lap, from which he had just
enfranchised the little prisoner. "The bird
had winged its way into the ether, and lit-
tle Samuel's soul was beyond the sunset—
for kindly hands had set both free." So
Elijah, the maker of clogs, through his
bereavement, instead of being separated
from his kind is brought closer to it, and
becomes the consoler and adviser of the
village, and figures more or less in the tales
and groups of tales which make up Mar-
shall Mather's new volume. When he dies,
after having struggled with pain and mortal
illness to finish his last clog, the neighbors
cannot bear to take down the sign—but
as they hesitate to unhasp it, the March
wind mercifully dashes it to the ground.

"Old Yeb's Nemesis" is a group of tales
of a shiftless, drunken old rascal, whose
wife and elder daughter tremble before
him, and whom only his younger daughter
dares to gainsay. "Her Morning's Quest"
is a powerful bit of writing. "Sis,"
the rustic factory girl, goes out at sunrise
to meet her lover. Here is a Hardy-like
touch of description: "As the girl stepped
out of the cottage door, her features caught
the sunrise, and flamed transfigured in the
morning glow. There was within her, too,
that other flame—the flame of love—and her
awakening passions greeted the awaken-
ing day. Tall and lithely built, she walked
with the erectness of a queen. . . . A
heavy fringe hid the forehead, and rich

"The hat *has* left
now!" She gave him
"My sitting-room
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be perfect"
"You will be able to hang an
always had an upholsterer to do it
"And you shall hold the nails
"You will be able to fuss al
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"But mine do."
"When you come to my home,
"When you come to mine."
"I do not think you can seriou
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"It will hold us admirably
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anything."
"My dining-room will dine ten
"Mine is a cosy little place for
"But the extra bedroom, dear,
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Thus they parted.

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Boston Transcript Oct. - Nov 189?

AN IDEALIZED TESS.

When it was announced last season that Mrs. Fiske intended to attempt the character of Tess of the D'Urbervilles, undoubtedly the most famous and most widely discussed female creation of the past decade by an English novelist, a shriek of horror at the dreadful sacrilege arose from all quarters of the world which follows the usually inconsequential doings of the English-speaking stage. "She cannot realize the character," was the pervasive and penetrating wail which echoed and re-echoed from newspaper to newspaper, and from public to public. The meaning, ambiguous enough at first to those who consider acting something more than the embodiment of certain physical requisites, was merely that she could not look the character in conformance with Hardy's description of her. Nothing more than that. The production of the play was, therefore, an event of triple importance. First, in the prestige given to it by the name of one of the foremost of England's modern novelists; second, in the curiosity to see what sort of a play could be made of a story apparently ill-suited to the glare of the footlights; and third and most important, in the interest excited by Mrs. Fiske's undertaking of a character in the face of an immense popular prejudice over her physical unfitness for it. For some time she had been one of that visionary throng of players whose promise is written large, but whose present accomplishment, especially in the popular appreciation, is vague and transitory. She was born to the stage; she had been an infant prodigy; she had served a long and thorough apprenticeship in almost every phase of the drama; she had climbed slowly towards the top of the ladder and at last was within easy reach of the top. By some she was considered a woman of unquestionable genius and inspiration, but to many her acting was a mass of incongruities and originalities. There were not wanting a few people, however, who discerned a likeness in some phases of her art to Duse's and in others to Bernhardt's, and who were not backward in asserting that if she bore a foreign name, and came to us with a foreign tongue and a foreign reputation, she would have become the dramatic sensation, not of an hour, but of a decade. This praise may have been injudicious, but its truth found, and still finds, many upholders. At any rate it served to offset the influence of the detraction which did not fail to meet her from many whose standards were formed by the methods of a bygone generation, and which still remain inflexible and unchanged in the midst of universal transition and evolution. Mrs. Fiske's task was, therefore, almost inconceivably arduous.

The first performance of Tess of the D'Urbervilles passed into history, and the play resolved itself into a thing of shreds and patches, whose only excuse for existence was Mrs. Fiske's interpretation of its heroine. "A pure woman, faithfully presented"—to quote Hardy's bravely challenging phrase—is the best possible description of Mrs. Fiske's presentation of the character, and it is to be hoped that the New York theatre-going public realized this fact to the utmost.

Hardy's book.

TESS A ANGEL.

associated with her name, produces a very great dramatic climax. To some it will occur that Mrs. Waller has not an opportunity of [illegible] part of the farm-hand Jonathan. But it is to the fourth act that we now come, with its two scenes of remarkable power. The dramatist is to be congratulated on the expedients by which he has managed to tell—desirably modifying for stage purposes—the end of the story. The "bounder" squire and Tess are found living together, as might be expected. Tess is suddenly almost rendered a demon by learning that Clare is not dead. Clare returns. Always true to her love ideal of honesty and truth, in spite of the sordid straits into which she is brought, she sends her husband from her. When he has gone she is provoked by the squire's taunts and laughter. Seizing a knife she rushes into his bedroom and kills him. He dies—a good point—with scarcely a sound. The poor murderess emerges, and with wonderful convulsive movements begins to put on her things to go out. All this terrible passage is accompanied by natural by-play, never theatrical, always strong, actual life, not excelled by either of them. The poor husband returns. She by gesture makes him go in and see the body of the dead man. He returns. He tenderly wraps her in her cloak as she is struggling with her gloves, and they go—he in sad anxiety, she in scarce conscious frenzy, on the dreary road to doom.

The climax takes place at Stonehenge, and poor Tess escapes her sad fate in the novel by dying on the altar once used, as her husband remembers, for human sacrifice. She dies of exhaustion after a beautiful speech to Angel—once again dwelling on his name—just as the officer of the law comes through the mist to arrest her. It is a romantic and pathetic ending—just a little too melodramatic for Hardy, but quite right for the stage. The part of Angel Clare is played all through with truth and sympathy and judgment by Mr. William Kittridge, who must be congratulated on his power of representing love in the most chivalrous form, as well as in that shrinking form and in that form of false masculine superiority which are as characteristic of men as is the chivalry which true love seldom fails to more or less inspire.

ing condition of all countries under Turkish rule is the clearest disproof of all vague general assertions about the nobility and morality of the Turk.

In regard to the Armenians, Professor James Bryce says: "Among all those who dwell in western Asia they stand first, with a capacity for intellectual and moral progress, as well as with a natural tenacity of will and purpose, beyond that of all their neighbors—not merely of Turks, Tartars, Kurds and Persians, but also of Russians. They are a strong race, not only with vigorous nerves and sinews, physically active and energetic, but also of conspicuous brain power."

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who spent thirty-nine years in Turkey teaching among them, says: "The Armenians are a noble race." Lord Byron said: "It would perhaps be difficult to find in the annals of a nation less crime than in those of this people, whose virtues are those of peace and whose vices are the result of the oppression it has undergone."

Lamartine calls the Armenians "the Swiss of the East." Dulaurier compares them to the Dutch. Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the well-known English traveller, says: "It is not possible to deny that they are the most capable, energetic, enterprising and pushing race in Western Asia, physically superior and intellectually acute; and above all they are a race which can be raised in all respects to our own level, neither religion, color, customs, nor inferiority in intellect or force constituting any barrier between us. Their shrewdness and aptitude for business are remarkable, and whatever exists of commercial enterprise in Eastern Asia Minor is almost altogether in their hands."

Dr. Grace N. Kimball, after living for many years in the heart of Armenia, says: "In Turkey we have existing side by side two races and two religions, the Turks and the Armenians, Mohammedanism and Christianity. Mohammedanism is a dying and retrogressive religion and inevitably places its followers in opposition to progress. The Armenians, on the other hand, are a race full of enterprise and the spirit of advancement, much like ourselves in characteristics, and full of possibilities of every kind. Here we have existing side by side the retrogressive Turkish majority, and this small but plucky, independent and enterprising race, who are the bankers, merchants, artisans and laborers of Turkey."

Dr. James L. Barton of the American Board, ex-president of Euphrates College, writes: "I know the Armenians to be, by inheritance, religious, industrious and faithful. They are the Anglo-Saxons of Eastern Turkey. They are not inferior in mental ability to any race on earth. I say this after eight years' connection with Euphrates College, which has continually from 550 to 625 Armenians upon its list of students, and after superintending schools which have four thousand more of them."

Dr. Barton observed that those who

The Times,
Printing House Square, London, E.C.
(G. E. Wright, Publisher.)
...g from issue dated Feb 20 1900

MR. HARDY'S "TESS" ON THE STAGE.

If a play so terribly poignant as *Tess* ought ever to be acted, it should only be given before an audience who could receive it in the spirit in which the story was written. The most painful thing at the Coronet Theatre last night was not the painfulness of the drama, for that is lifted almost into the region of tragedy by Mr. Thomas Hardy's genius. It was the attitude of a large part of the audience—the regular suburban audience, out for the evening—punctuating serious scenes with unseasonable guffaws, hissing the villain, and behaving generally as such an audience might be expected, in the present state of our theatre, to behave in face of such a play. Some of the fault may have been the adaptor's, some the actors'; and yet, on the whole, both Mr. H. A. Kennedy and the company did well. The first act was curiously ineffective. So was the third. But these were, in the main, acts of explanation, serving to piece together the scenes taken more directly from the book. Tess's confession to Angel Clare on their wedding night was left almost in the novelist's own words—terse, nervous English, that gripped the attention and drove the sad, intensely human interest home to the listener's heart. The acting helped, too. Mrs. Lewis Waller in this scene first seemed to get a real hold upon the part. She was simple and pathetic; while Mr. William Kittredge, a young actor of decided promise, was natural in very difficult circumstances and brought out Angel Clare's characteristics with judgment and power. Mrs. Waller's performance all through was clever and well conceived. She showed that Tess really was, as Mr. Hardy claimed, "a pure woman." She made one understand the stress of circumstance that sent her back to Alec. If she did not convince us that Tess would have accepted so readily the news of Angel's death, that was more the adaptor's fault than hers.

The other great scene, the murder of Alec d'Urtridge, was acted with earnestness and some force, but it was scarcely intense enough to be tragic. The play ends with Tess's death at Stonehenge. It would, of course, be clearly impossible on the stage to leave her to pay the legal penalty of her crime, as Mr. Hardy did in the book. It is a question whether such a drama can be put effectively on the stage at all. The average audience prefers theatrical plays, not the truly dramatic situations that we get in the books of a great writer. *Tess* has the quality which our drama has lacked for so long—the quality of suggestiveness. It takes hold of the spectator's mind as well as his imagination. It makes him think. But it is not for intellectual exercise that most people go to the theatre. Therefore there is little room on the stage for plays which do not appeal directly and exclusively to the emotions.

It cannot be said that "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" does this, either as a novel or in its theatrical form. It suggests thoughts that lie too deep for tears. And they are depressing thoughts, for, in spite of the humours of the milkmaids and a comically-acted John Durbeyfield, the tone is gloomy all through. The play does not, as a whole, quite reach the level of tragedy. The sordid atmosphere is too marked, and the peculiar attempts at Dorset dialect give the whole performance an unreal air. Every kind of local speech seems to be given a part in turn—with the exception of genuine "Darset," which is never heard. There is also too much spinning-out of scenes which leaves the attention flagging. The version which has had a great success in America is probably more theatrically effective than Mr. Kennedy's. But this, on the other hand, would prevent it from representing so faithfully Mr. Hardy's work.

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Hardy's book.

AZIONE I
ANGER

TESS A ANGEL. V

follows :—

1. A General MAP of SOUTH AFRICA, THE TRANSVAAL, and ORANGE FREE STATE. Scale : 40 miles to 1 inch.
2. An Inset Map of the NATAL FRONTIER and LADYSMITH DISTRICT. Scale : 7½ miles to 1 inch.
3. An Inset Map of the KIMBERLEY DISTRICT. Scale : 12½ miles to 1 inch.
4. A Inset Map of the MAFEKING DISTRICT. Scale : 7½ miles to 1 inch.
5. An Inset Map of WITWATERSRAND and the JOHANNESBURG DISTRICT. Scale : 3 miles to 1 inch.

THE GENERAL MAP of SOUTH AFRICA, the TRANSVAAL and ORANGE FREE STATE Includes the whole of BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA, extending from CAPE TOWN North to BULAWAYO and GWELO and East to DELAGOA BAY, thus enabling the purchaser to follow the whole of the operations of the various forces in their forward movement towards BLOEMFONTEIN and PRETORIA.

This Map has been very carefully compiled from the most recent Government and Official sources, whilst all the leading authorities have been consulted for Railways, Telegraphs, &c.

A knowledge of the PHYSICAL FEATURES of the country being essential to a correct understanding of the campaign, special attention has been devoted to the DELINEATION OF THE HILLS, which are shown by means of HACHURE, the PRINCIPAL MOUNTAIN PASSES are indicated and named, IMPORTANT HEIGHTS being given in figures.

RAILWAYS, OCEAN ROUTES, TELEGRAPH LINES, and GOLDFIELDS are all shewn by means of different colours, ROADS and MISSION STATIONS being also distinguished.

THE INSET MAPS OF NATAL FRONTIER AND LADYSMITH,

KIMBERLEY and MAFEKING DISTRICTS form a most useful supplement to the General Map for the purpose of understanding the accounts of sorties and engagements in those districts where our forces are concentrated.

These maps have been prepared from large scale official and Intelligence Department Surveys wherever obtainable. In order to show with greater clearness the natural features of these important districts heights are shown by means of contours coloured in different tints up to 7,000 feet. All main

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present owner admirably.

This is the story of the two flats, as far as it can be told at present.

Westminster Gazette - March 22 - 1900

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

Mrs. Lewis Waller and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

The forthcoming production of Mr. H. A. Kennedy's version of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" at the Comedy Theatre on April 14 will be notable for the appearance of Mrs. Lewis Waller as the unhappy Tess, Mr. Fred Terry as Alec Trantridge, and Miss Annie Webster as Marian. Nothing has yet been definitely settled with regard to the part of Angel Clare, which Mr. Forbes-Robertson has been unable to undertake, and for which Mr. Martin Harvey is not available. It has been stated that Mr. Thomas Hardy "utterly repudiates" this stage-rendering of his novel. This he does so far as the authorship of the play is concerned, but he has been very pleasant with Mrs. Waller about it, and the rumours of legal pains and penalties are purely speculations of the imaginative reporter. The play is described as merely "founded" on Mr. Hardy's novel, and there the matter rests.

Three Versions of "Tess" for London.

Besides this adaptation, however, there are other two waiting production on the London stage. These are the authorised version, in which Mr. Hardy has interested himself for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and the American play shortly to be brought to this country with Miss Minnie Maddern Fiske in the title-rôle. Mrs. Campbell has had the 'script of "Tess" on her hands for quite a while, and has evidently been waiting the opportunity of producing it with Mr. Forbes-Robertson as Angel Clare. Now that Mrs. Waller has definitely arranged to test her version of the story at the Comedy, the others will speedily follow, and the revived interest in the novel already promises a big "boom" in Mr. Hardy's book.

"Christian" was played, much of the text seemed to be shouted at one so as to produce a certain irritation; but last night's experience at certain points of the play made one feel that it is a worse fault to be inaudible than to shout. All such things—all things treating the piece as a mere play—are as nothing to a lover of Mr. Hardy's masterpiece. To him the exciting question is that which we answered at the beginning of this paragraph. Full and true justice is done to those situations in the story which the playwright has employed; and he has employed, either without alteration or with sympathetical alterations, those episodes which are necessary to place the essence of the action on the stage.

No better security could be taken for the success of such a process than the installation of Mrs. Lewis Waller as the impersonator of the much-tried heroine. There is no more womanly, no subtler, no more thoughtful actress on our boards, nor one whose instinct is surer. Her mental vividness is phenomenal and always delightful. She understands always the mysteries, she enacts with quivering transparency the agonies, of any complex female nature which she undertakes to pourtray. And as a brilliant and natural mistress of technique, she can ensure the full strength of all illustrative action. In one case in the present "Tess" drama this power of hers, though it is not that which is most associated with her name, produces a very great dramatic climax. To some it will occur that Mrs. Waller has not an opportunity of [illegible] part of the farm-hand Jonathan. But it is to the fourth act that we now come, with its two scenes of remarkable power. The dramatist is to be congratulated on the expedients by which he has managed to tell—desirably modifying for stage purposes—the end of the story. The "bounder" squire and Tess are found living together, as might be expected. Tess is suddenly almost rendered a demon by learning that Clare is not dead. Clare returns. Always true to her love ideal of honesty and truth, in spite of the sordid straits into which she is brought, she sends her husband from her. When he has gone she is provoked by the squire's taunts and laughter. Seizing a knife she rushes into his bedroom and kills him. He dies—a good point—with scarcely a sound. The poor murderess emerges, and with wonderful convulsive movements begins to put on her things to go out. All this terrible passage is accompanied by natural by-play, never theatrical, always strong, actual life, worthy of Sarah Bernhardt or Rejane, and not excelled by either of them. The poor husband returns. She by gesture makes him go in and see the body of the dead man. He returns. He tenderly wraps her in her cloak as she is struggling with her gloves, and they go—he in sad anxiety, she in scarce conscious frenzy, on the dreary road to doom.

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TESS A ANGEL. V

A BOOM THAT ARRIVED.

THE SENSATIONAL ADVANCE IN IRON SHARES.

At the end of 1898, writing of "A Missing Boom," we commented on the comparatively small advance that had taken place in the shares of iron and steel companies, in view of the prosperity that was even then apparent in the industry. It is obvious that the public has since awakened to the merits of these investments, and the boom that was hanging fire has now come off with a vengeance. In order to exhibit clearly the advance that has taken place in the shares we have calculated their aggregate market value at the prices when we wrote as compared with the current quotations. There have been some few alterations of capital in the meantime, and one of the companies has gone into liquidation, so that its capital counts nothing in the present valuation. On the whole, however, the comparison may be taken to fairly represent the difference in market conditions then and now. It shows that the securities whose nominal amount was £20,173,135 were valued in November, 1898, at £31,460,712—equal to an average premium of 56 per cent. The value has since advanced to £43,740,344, or a premium of 117 per cent, while the increase in the fifteen months has amounted to £12,279,632, or fully 39 per cent. :

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"My dining-room
"Mine is a cosy lit
"But the extra bed
"A woman must
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THE GENERAL MAP of SOUTH AFRICA, the TRANSVAAL and ORANGE FREE STATE Includes the whole of BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA, extending from CAPE TOWN North to BULAWAYO and GWELO and East to DELAGOA BAY, thus enabling the purchaser to follow the whole of the operations of the various forces in their forward movement towards BLOEMFONTEIN and PRETORIA.

This Map has been very carefully compiled from the most recent Government and Official sources, whilst all the leading authorities have been consulted for Railways, Telegraphs, &c.

A knowledge of the PHYSICAL FEATURES of the country being essential to a correct understanding of the campaign, special attention has been devoted to the DELINEATION OF THE HILLS, which are shown by means of HACHURE, the PRINCIPAL MOUNTAIN PASSES are indicated and named, IMPORTANT HEIGHTS being given in figures.

RAILWAYS, OCEAN ROUTES, TELEGRAPH LINES, and GOLDFIELDS are all shown by means of different colours, ROADS and MISSION STATIONS being also distinguished.

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DAY AND NIGHT.

The sun spread wide his molten wings that blind,
And blue and boundless was his living day

The Daily Mail

Liverpool Daily Post. Apr. 3rd 1906

"TESS" AT THE SHAKESPEARE THEATRE.

Thomas Hardy's principal heroine has so many worshippers that her reputation is duly and abundantly protected. The book is so fine at all points that it can hardly be abbreviated or translated into action without considerable derogation from its manifold charms. Moreover there never was a great novel which could be adapted to the stage without sins of omission and commission being apparent to its admirers. We have lately laid down the canon that while the inception of a play founded on a novel must always be a matter of literary interest, the dramatic merit and value of any play, however originated, is independent of everything except its actual effect in representation. A good canon, but how difficult to apply and be faithful to! How to dissociate the mind from the impressions and emotions of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"? How to feel indifferent to the realisation or the non-realisation of situations which in reading have racked the sympathies and poignantly exercised the moral judgment?

Happily it may be said of the play by Mr. H. A. Kennedy which was performed at the Shakespeare Theatre last night that it is true throughout to the spirit of the novel, and to the spirit of such episodes of the novel as the dramatist has used. As a play appealing to an audience—if such audience there could be—not previously interested in Tess's story, it might perhaps be charged with a want of vivacity in some of its passages. And this fault was aggravated by a failure of some of the artistes to speak with sufficient volume and force of voice. When lately Hall Caine's "Christian" was played, much of the text seemed to be shouted at one so as to produce a certain irritation; but last night's experience at certain points of the play made one feel that it is a worse fault to be inaudible than to shout. All such things—all things treating the piece as a mere play—are as nothing to a lover of Mr. Hardy's masterpiece. To him the exciting question is that which we answered at the beginning of this paragraph. Is full and true justice is done to those situations of the story which the playwright has employed; and he has employed, either without alteration or with sympathetical alterations, those episodes which are necessary to place the essence of the action on the stage.

No better security could be taken for the success of such a process than the installation of Mrs. Lewis Waller as the impersonator of the much-tried heroine. There is no more womanly, no subtler, no more thoughtful actress on our boards, nor one whose instinct is surer. Her mental vividness is phenomenal and always delightful. She understands always the mysteries, she enacts with quivering transparency the agonies, of any complex female nature which she undertakes to pourtray. And as a brilliant and natural mistress of technique, she can ensure the full strength of all illustrative action. In one case in the present "Tess" drama this power of hers, though it is not that which is most associated with her name, produces a very great dramatic climax. To some it will occur that Mrs. Waller has not an opportunity of exhibiting that magnificent wealth of female attraction and command which the reader of the novel associates with Tess. It must be allowed, however, that any attempt to exhibit this phase of Tess's personality would have lacked the facilities which the pages of a story afford. Enough that Mrs. Lewis Waller, besides being gifted on the serious side, is beautiful and of the Tess temperament, and that nothing in her conflicts with anything we conceive Tess to have been. From first to last that strange and daring idea of the novelist is expressed—deep, true, honest, bold fidelity to a single love, and this fidelity on the part of a woman whom fate persists in overwhelming with equivocal embarrassment and reproach.

The audience is made to realise from the beginning the horror the poor girl has of her bygone "trouble" and her firm resolution not to marry Angel Clare without confessing to him. Her use of the name Angel when pressed by her lover to do so is all-revealing. Mrs. Waller's utterance of the word is wonderful in that quality. In all the business of the play which leads up to the wedding she is clear and tender. Then [illegible] did an audience do itself more justice than did that of last night as this event unfolded. The silence was dead. The suspence could be felt. First came the gentlemanly, calm though earnest confession of Clare. Then, in tremulous, bell-like accents the confession of Tess. Then the silent and afterwards hysterical wretchedness of the lover. Then the awful pause, during which the beholders, like the readers of the episode, realise rather mordantly that a fall is not the same thing for a man as for a woman. All this was wound up at the end of the second act by a tragical display of forlorn grief, in which Mrs. Waller displayed great power.

The third is occupied in the occurrences which lead up to the recourse of Tess to the protection of her original seducer, believing her husband to be dead and her whole family being starving: and here good abilities are shown by Mr. Whitworth Jones as the coarse and contriving voluptuary; by Miss Lillian Hingston, excellent all through in the difficult part of Tess's mother; by Miss Annie Webster as the free and easy mischievious milkmaid Marian, and others. While enumerating these actors, we ought to recur to Act II. in order to praise Mr. Cecil Brooking for a genial pourtrayal in the small part of the farm-hand Jonathan. [illegible] its two scenes of remarkable power. The dramatist is to be congratulated on the expedients by which he has managed to tell—desirably modifying for stage purposes—the end of the story. The "bounder" squire and Tess are found living together, as might be expected. Tess is suddenly almost rendered a demon by learning that Clare is [illegible] Clare returns. Always true to [illegible] and truth, in spite

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THE SENSATIONAL

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This is the story of the two fl

DAY A

The sun spread wide h
And blue and boun
The earth ran forth
And profuse flowers dr

But love that was my
Love that had burnt
Love waned . . . A
The floating moon with

From the far sun she b
The moon's pale light v
And if a cloud hid her
Love was twice veiled w
Of exile surely he has
Turn, O thou Earth, an

E CHANGE WR

British Ambassador presented an off
to the Austrian Government, embod
British Government's formal denial
accusation of the Transvaal Governm
the British troops in South Africa w
explosive rifle bullets. The note st
the British troops had been suppli
compact bullets only. The designatio
dum" bullets did not mean that th
explosive, but was merely the name
a compact projectile manufactured
Dum, a place near Calcutta.

THE REINFORCEMENT

FURTHER DRAFTS TO LE

Orders were issued at Dover head
last night for drafts of 100 each of
Buffs and the 3rd Sussex Regiment
for South Africa on the 12th inst.

THE TRANSPORTS.

ARRIVALS AT SOUTH AFRIC PORTS.

April 1. SUNDA (at Cape Town)—
Mounted Infantry Company of 2nd
Yorkshire Regiment, drafts for N
Lancashire Regiment, and Rifle Bri

TRANSPORTS EN ROUTE.

April 2. AMERICA (left St. Vincent)—
Yeomanry Companies, including part
Lord Lovat's Scouts, and remounts.

April 2. GOTH (from Queenstown)—
4th Gloucester Militia (for St. Hele
No. 6 Company Eastern Garrison Artil
lery, and drafts Royal Army Medical
Corps (for the Cape)..... 900

April 2. GLENGYLE (at St. Vincent)—
Lord Lovat's Scouts, Artillery drafts and
details for Cape Town, and detachments
of Army Service Corps and
neen for St

DEPARTUR
March 31. CYMRIC
4th New Zeal

The transport L
Fiume on Sunday.

Lloyd's telegraphs from Natal yesterday that the transports [illegible], from Bombay, arrived on Sunday; and the Antillian and Roslin Castle arrived yesterday; the Nubia, for London, and the Oriental, from London, sailed on Friday.

THE CANADA RE-ENGAGED.

The Canada, which is due at Southampton, has been re-engaged to take out Imperial Yeomanry to South Africa.

THE TRANSPORT MONTROSE AT LAS PALMAS.

MESSRS. ELDER, DEMPSTER, AND CO. ENTERTAIN THE TROOPS.

The Elder Dempster troopship Montrose, which left Liverpool for South Africa with a large number of Imperial Yeomanry on board, called at Las Palmas to coal en route to her port of destination. On the instructions of Mr. A. L. Jones, principal of Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co., the Yeomanry officers and men were entertained by the firm on Grand Canary Island. The following letter, received by Mr. Jones from the manager of the Hotel Metropole, Las Palmas, shows the nature of the proceedings:—

March 20, 1900.

I duly received your cable on the 15th—viz., "Montrose due Grand Canary 20th. Give officers banquet and troops plenty fruit.—Jones." The steamer arrived early this morning, and for some time there was considerable doubt as to whether she would coal, as they were ordered to proceed direct. However, the captain of H.M.S. Arrogant decided to allow her to coal. I at once interviewed Colonel Howard, and invited in your name the whole of the officers to a banquet. As time would not permit of this, it was agreed to give them an excursion up country, afterwards returning to the hotel, where an excellent luncheon was provided. The officers also partook of tea. A plentiful supply of fruit was provided by Mr. Seddon. Your health was proposed by Colonel Howard at the luncheon and drunk with great enthusiasm. The colonel and officers appreciated the hospitality extended to them very highly, and also expressed themselves very pleased with the ship and the great attention shown to them by Captain Evans and the officers.

THE ROYAL RESERVES.

It having been brought to the notice of the War Office that men of the Royal Reserve are being detained at depôts, and kept from joining the regiments to which they belong, owing to the non-supply of haversacks, mess-tins, [illegible] are not at present [illegible] commanding officers are [illegible] mess tins from the depôts [illegible]

A BRITISH STEAM LAUNCH CAPTURED.

[REUTER'S TELEGRAM.]

Hong Kong, Monday.—A British steam launch was captured by pirates yesterday near the Cher Heung Shan district. The pilot was killed, and the launch and the lighter which she had in tow were looted. The supercargo was taken prisoner by the pirates.

The British river gunboat Sandpiper, which went ashore in the West River, has been refloated, and has arrived here safely. She will go into dock, having sustained damage to her bottom.

SHIPPING DISASTERS.

FOUNDERING OF A GLASGOW STEAMER.

The Glasgow steamer Dunayre, coal laden from Neath to Cork, foundered on Sunday off Queenstown without any warning, her crew of seven hands narrowly escaping with their lives in the long boat, and landed at Roche's point, at the entrance to the harbour.

A MONTH'S CASUALTIES

The Daily Mail
London: Harmsworth Buildings

The Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette.
104, Shoe Lane, E.C.
(Published by Walter Edward Hobbs)

Cutting from issue dated ..... May 12 1906

The stage is omnivorous. The news comes first of Mme. Bovary dramatised in France, then of Colonel Newcome in England, and now of Mr. Hardy's "Tess" made into an Italian opera at Naples. I perceive that one ingenious critic already attributes the eruption of Vesuvius to this last achievement.

the pervading gloom is relieved by some comedy.

The opera opens at the rustic inn of John Durbeyfield, on a beautiful spring morning. Bad times have come to him, and on the suggestion of the usurer who has the father in his grip, Tess is with difficulty persuaded to take service at the house of the D'Urbervilles and seek to attract the heir, Alec.

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From the far sun she h
The moon's pale light
And if a cloud hid her
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ARRIVALS AT SOUTH AFRIC PORTS.

April 1. SUNDA (at Cape Town)—
Mounted Infantry Company of 2nd Yorkshire Regiment, drafts for N Lancashire Regiment, and Rifle Bri

TRANSPORTS EN ROUTE

April 2. AMERICA (left St. Vincent)—
Yeomanry Companies, including part Lord Lovat's Scouts, and remounts.

April 2. GOTH (from Queenstown)—
4th Gloucester Militia (for St. Hele No. 6 Company Eastern Garrison Artillery, and drafts Royal Army Medical Corps (for the Cape)..... 600

April 2. GLENGYLE (at St. Vincent)—
Lord Lovat's Scouts, Artillery drafts and details for Cape Town, and detachments of Army Service Corps and Troopers for St

DEPARTUR

March 31. CYMRIC
4th New Zeal

The transport L
Fiume on Sunday.

Lloyd's telegraphs from Natal yesterday that the transports ——, from Bombay, arrived on Sunday; and the Antillian and Roslin Castle arrived yesterday; the Nubia, for London, and the Oriental, from London, sailed on Friday.

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The Daily Mail
London: Harmsworth Buildings.
...g from issue dated 1904 1906

"TESS" AS AN OPERA.

HARDY'S FAMOUS NOVEL ADAPTED AT NAPLES.

Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, whose "Inez Mendo" was produced at Covent Garden eight or nine years ago, has tried his musical talents upon an English opera subject, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which has been in preparation for a short time for its first production at Naples.

The composer, in a chat with the representative of the "Daily Mail," gave a brief outline of the adaptation of Thomas Hardy's famous novel. The libretto is by Signor Illica. The distressing story of the Wessex maid is told in four acts, but the pervading gloom is relieved by some comedy.

The opera opens at the rustic inn of John Durbeyfield, on a beautiful spring morning. Bad times have come to him, and on the suggestion of the usurer who has the father in his grip, Tess is with difficulty persuaded to take service at the house of the D'Urbervilles and seek to attract the heir, Alec.

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ing from the Book Monthly

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Sunday Sun,

16, Sergeants Inn, Fleet Street, E.C.

Cutting from issue dated 15 Apr 1906

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on Egdon Heath, where John Whiting and Jems Purchess, the keepers of the beacon, represented cleverly by Messrs. Harry Tilley and C. R. Selley, are on the watch in their smock frocks and carrying their pikes. Private Cantle, of the Locals, and "Keziar" his wife (Mr. and Mrs. E. Stevens) enter, and Cantle gives a glowing account of the prowess of the "bang-up locals" at the review before the King. Suddenly a signal is observed on Blagdon Hill, and the firing of the beacon forms a vivid finale to the scene. The third and last scene, Act V., Scene VI., is on "Durnover" Green (i.e. Fordington), where a crowd has gathered to see the "mommet" or effigy of "Boney" burnt. A rustic (Mr. Harry Tilley) enters with coat off and staff in hand, having walked all the way from "Stourcastle" (Sturminster Newton) under the impression that it is Bonaparte in very truth who is going to be burnt. His simplicity and credulity excite roars of derision, and the Vicar of "Durnover" (Mr. R. N. Dawes), a soldier (Mr. C. R. Selley), and Private Cantle (Mr. Stevens), who reappear, expostulate with the incensed rustic. A blast of the horn announces the arrival of the coach from London, and the guard (Mr. Harraway) enters with the latest news. While the effigy is a-burning, Mrs. S. F. Walley sings very sweetly "My love's gone a-fighting," this song and the other having been set to music by Mr. Boyton Smith, who acted as accompanist. The three scenes, rendered with a ripe sense of humour, gave a delightful impression of the local colour, rustic and patriotic, in "The Dynasts." They did much credit to the ladies and gentlemen who had prepared them so effectively at very short notice; and the fashionable audience, which included Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Geo. Digby and Lady Muriel Digby, Mr. Albert Baukes, Mr. H. B. Middleton, &c., applauded heartily.

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e of Journal

The topical literary paragraph, as *Punch* has been showing, is open to sarcasm, but it was certainly an odd coincidence that an Italian opera, based on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," should have been produced at Naples the night Vesuvius erupted. The career of Tess is one of strife and tempest, entirely in accord with the convulsion that threatened Naples, as an earlier eruption destroyed Pompeii. Perhaps we may by and by make the acquaintance of this Italian opera, if only because the novel to which it refers already belongs to English literature.

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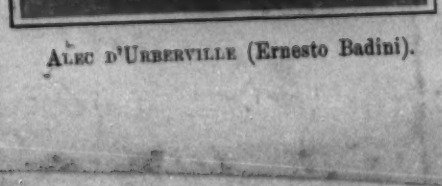
At a meeting of the Southwark Diocesan Conference, held at the Chapter House, St. Thomas-street, yesterday afternoon, Canon Horsley moved a resolution, the object of which was to destroy the measure was carried with enthusiasm.

A motion urging the House of Lords not



ALEC D'URBERVILLE (Ernesto Badini).

TESS A ANGEL. Vuoi

equal to an average p… advanced to £43,740,3… increase in the fifteen… fully 39 per cent. :

Company.

it was an enormous co… be perfect."

"You will be able to… always had an upholstere…

"And you shall hold …

"You will be able t… wrong," she said. An… delighted to find that …

"My hot-water pipes …

"But mine do."

"When you come to …

"When you come to …

"I do not think you … be more fitting that my …

"My dear boy, it w…

"It will hold us … dressing-room, and th… *anything*."

"My dining-room w…

"Mine is a cosy litt…

"But the extra bed…

"A woman must … husband."

"Oh, I won't!" sh…

Thus they parted.

* * *

There are two ch… separate owners. On… Portman Square. Neither of… lived near one of them asked… his list. But he was told, wi… he would have been given nc… present owner admirably.

This is the story of the tw…

DAY…

The sun spread w…
And blue and …
The earth ran …
And profuse flowe…

But love that wa…
Love that had …
Love waned …
The floating moo…

From the far su…
The moon's pale …
And if a cloud …
Love was twice …
Of exile surely …
Turn, O thou F…

ecided upon anything
he Duchess of Somer-
all dance last season
ce, Miss Murray, at
ccommodation at 35,
he question.

ough has never done
scale at Sunderland
s unfinished. The
re at the beginning
derry is sure to give
ers and other enter-
House, where a ball
Sunday; and the Antillian and Roslin Castle arrived yesterday; the Nubia, for London, and the Oriental, from London, sailed on Friday.

razes every voluntar… the earth, installs in… as like a board schoo… lack of definite religio… by a teacher into wh… part of an exalted Mi… And he sincerely beli… from the electorate t… how many more "… Bench have got up … fruits of the last g…

IDEALISM, FROM A S…

Hitherto the Cons… silent, but the sign… arrived

THE CANADA RE-ENGAGED.

The Canada, which is due at Southampton, has been re-engaged to take out Imperial Yeomanry to South Africa.

THE TRANSPORT MONTROSE AT LAS PALMAS.

MESSRS. ELDER, DEMPSTER, AND CO. ENTERTAIN THE TROOPS.

The Elder Dempster troopship Montrose, which left Liverpool for South Africa with a large number of Imperial Yeomanry on board, called at Las Palmas to coal en route to her port of destination. On the instructions of Mr. A. L. Jones, principal of Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co., the Yeomanry officers and men were entertained by the firm on Grand Canary Island. The following letter, received by Mr. Jones from the manager of the Hotel Metropole, Las Palmas, shows the nature of the proceedings:—

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A MONTH'S CASUALTIES.

DORSET COUNTY CHRONICLE

MAY 7, 1908.

"OLD DORCHESTER" AT THE CORN EXCHANGE.

"YE MERRIE MAIE FAYRE."

ENTERTAINMENTS IN THE TOWN HALL.—SCENES FROM "THE DYNASTS."

The Town Hall, where a stage with proscenium, drop curtain, and footlights had been fitted up by Mr. Harry Tilley, was the scene during the afternoon and evening of a succession of varied entertainments arranged with the objects of affording diversion to visitors to the "fayre" and thus increasing its attractiveness and helping to "raise the wind." It was felt by the promoters of the "fayre" that no representation of old Dorchester would be complete without some excerpts, dramatic and elocutionary, from the works of the author of "The Mayor of Casterbridge." At 3.30, by special leave of Mr. Hardy, three scenes were presented from his great drama of the Napoleonic era, "The Dynasts," those taking part in them being Mr. Harry Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. R. Stevens, Mrs. Walley, Messrs. H. O. Lock, C. R. Selley, Harraway, R. N. Dawes, Fussell, and Dick Dawes.

The first scene presented, Act V., Scene V., was the interior of the Old Rooms Inn, Budmouth, where two burgers (Messrs. Fussell and Harraway) and a boy (Master Dickie Dawes) are talking over the news of Trafalgar, and rise from their seats to cheer Bob Loveday of Overcombe and his brave comrades as they go by. A boatman (Mr. H. O. Lock) enters, and tells how the dead hero's body was brought home "pickled" in spirits, and how the sailors, being short of grog, "drank the Admiral dry!" Finally he sings the song "In the Wild October Night Time." After a brief interval the curtain rose upon Act II. Scene V.—Rainbarrow beacon on Egdon Heath, where John Whiting and Jems Purchess, the keepers of the beacon, represented cleverly by Messrs. Harry Tilley and C. R. Selley, are on the watch in their smock frocks and carrying their pikes. Private Cantle, of the Locals, and "Keziar" his wife (Mr. and Mrs. E. Stevens) enter, and Cantle gives a glowing account of the prowess of the "bang-up locals" at the review before the King. Suddenly a signal is observed on Blagdon Hill, and the firing of the beacon forms a vivid finale to the scene. The third and last scene, Act V., Scene VI., is on "Durnover" Green (i.e. Fordington), where a crowd has gathered to see the "mommet" or effigy of "Boney" burnt. A rustic (Mr. Harry Tilley) enters with coat off and staff in hand, having walked all the way from "Stourcastle" (Sturminster Newton) under the impression that it is Bonaparte in very truth who is going to be burnt. His simplicity and credulity excite roars of derision, and the Vicar of "Durnover" (Mr. R. N. Dawes), a soldier (Mr. C. R. Selley), and Private Cantle (Mr. Stevens), who reappear, expostulate with the incensed rustic. A blast of the horn announces the arrival of the coach from London, and the guard (Mr. Harraway) enters with the latest news. While the effigy is a-burning, Mrs. S. F. Walley sings very sweetly "My love's gone a-fighting," this song and the other having been set to music by Mr. Boyton Smith, who acted as accompanist. The three scenes, rendered with a ripe sense of humour, gave a delightful impression of the local colour, rustic and patriotic, in "The Dynasts." They did much credit to the ladies and gentlemen who had prepared them so effectively at very short notice; and the fashionable audience, which included Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Geo. Digby and Lady Muriel Digby, Mr. Albert Bankes, Mr. H. B. Middleton, &c., applauded heartily.

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The acting, as was to be expected, was not professional, but those characters especially who were not afraid of the local accent and colour, like the miller of Mr. Bawler, the Cripplestraw of Mr. Tilley, the Corporal Tullidge of Mr. T. Pouncy, were delightful, and the whole evening was much enjoyed by a large audience, who greeted loudly both the humours of the play and the spectacle of prominent citizens of the town in unusual garb and character.

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ILLUSTRAZIONE ITA

D'ERLANGER

(Fis. di R. Salvadori e fot. Varischi

TESS (Ti

TESS A ANGEL. W

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THE TIMES, THURS
DAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1908.

"THE TRUMPET-MAJOR" ON THE STAGE.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

DORCHFSTER, Nov. 18.

Early last summer I had the pleasure, almost by accident, of seeing one or two of the homely Dorset scenes out of Mr. Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts* acted very unpretentiously by amateurs in the town-hall of Casterbridge, which is Dorchester. They proved so amusing in the hands of performers full by inheritance of local colour and racy local characteristics as to rouse a regret that opportunities of seeing Mr. Hardy's work translated into flesh and blood on the stage were not more numerous. Unexpectedly soon, an opportunity has occurred. The Dorchester Debating, Literary, and Dramatic Society (which has played Shakespeare ere now), having recently produced with success a scene from "The Trumpet-Major," to illustrate a lecture on Napoleon's threatened invasion of England, decided to try its hand on a fuller dramatization from the same novel. The scheme was submitted to Mr. Hardy, who, we understand, sketched the course which the play should take, and *The Trumpet-Major*, written on those lines by Mr. A. H. Evans, a member of the society, was produced at the Corn Exchange in Dorchester to-night.

The interest of such a performance lies by no means entirely in the dramatic value of the play produced. Mr. Hardy's work is not dramatic, in the sense of being readily adaptable for the stage. True, "Tess of the d'Urbevilles" has been made into a successful opera, and, we believe, into a play as well; but we shall not live to see *The Dynasts* produced whole, and, generally speaking, it is not by the shock and concentration of the actable drama that he makes his effects. *The Trumpet-Major* is not one of his most "dramatic" novels. Still it was held in Dorchester that there was a play in it somewhere, and Dorchester has proved to be right. There is not, as Dorchester was careful to warn the public, a "well-made" play in it; but there is a succession of scenes full of historical and local interest, of character, of fun, and of picturesque scene and episode.

The local and historical interest, perhaps, comes first. We were in the actual neighbourhood in which these things—or the facts of which these things were the memory—took place. When Napoleon threatened England, he threatened Dorset, it was believed, more than any other county. Did not old Solomon Selby see Boney himself at Lulworth? The beacon-fires we read of in *The Dynasts* are prominent in "The Trumpet-Major"; and George III. in his annual visits to Budmouth Regis—which is Weymouth—kept a keen eye on the preparations for resisting attack. All these memories are kept alive in the novel and the play. The stage is gay with the uniforms of the troops who were encamped on the hill above Overcombe (Sutton Poyntz), whence Trumpet-Major John Loveday descended to his father's mill to lay his patient, manly siege to the heart of Anne Garland; the episode of Bob Loveday, his sailor brother, who won the girl after his characteristic adventures with Miss Matilda Johnson the actress, suggests at once the press-gang from which he so hardly escaped. We see the drilling of the local volunteers between churches on Sunday; and the actors are using in play the very pikes and firelocks that were used by their ancestors in earnest. Here is Festus Derriman swaggering in the uniform of the yeomanry, and here his miserly uncle trembling in his beautiful old house at Oxwell (Poxwell). Corporal Tullidge with the silver plate in his head is a memory of a real man with a real silver-plate. Fiction and fact are woven into one, and all that takes place before our eyes took place within a mile or two from where we sit, just over a century ago.

Such being the interest of the play, we could look nowhere better than in Dorchester for the players. There are occasions when we demand something else than histrionic finish, the accomplishment of the professional actor. He might indeed surpass these Dorchester players in some points; but there is one quality which he would inevitably lose—the home-bred quality, the rightness which comes of belonging to the place and the people, and being the repository of a tradition which has descended unbroken. It is more than a matter of the correct Dorset accent, and more even than the true flavour, so to speak, of Dorset character and humour. The ancestors of the players were among the actors in the very real events which the scenes commemorate; they have a right to the performance of them.

In the production all was Dorset work. The costumes were all specially made on the spot; and, though the uniforms differed in some cases from those mentioned in the novel (the trumpet-major himself, for instance, was put into a local regiment), all were historically accurate down to the buttons. The scenes (all save that of Miller Loveday's kitchen) were designed from the original places by local artists, and all were painted in Dorchester by Mr. T. Tilley, who is not only the Anthony Cripplestraw of the cast, but the Mayor of Dorchester.

The first act showed the miller's kitchen with his party, the return of Bob, and the episode of Miss Matilda Johnson. The second showed the humours of Festus Derriman and his uncle at Oxwell. The third introduced us to Budmouth esplanade, where Bob suffered a harder fate than in the novel, and was collared by the press gang. Next we passed to the village street of Overcombe, where we saw in the distance the very figure of George III. which the Trumpet Major and Anne Garland watched being cut in the hillside, and here too we were present at a drill of the Volunteers. Meanwhile the story progressed in a manner that might certainly be a little difficult to follow without a knowledge of the book, and the last scene brought us back to the miller's kitchen.

The acting, as we have said, was not that of the professional, but those characters especially who were not afraid of the local accent and colour, like the miller of Mr. Bawler, the Cripplestraw of Mr. Tilley, the Corporal Tullidge of Mr. T. Pouncy, were delightful, and the whole evening was much enjoyed by a large audience, who greeted loudly both the humours of the play and the spectacle of prominent citizens of the town in unusual garb and character.

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"But

"A

husband."

"Oh,

Thus they parte

There are two

separate owners. One

Portman Square. Neither,

ived near one of them asl

is list. But he was told,

would have been given

esent owner admirably.

This is the story of the

DA

The sun spread

And blue and

The earth ran

And profuse flow

But love that wi

Love that ha

Love waned

The floating mo

From the far sv

The moon's palc

And if a cloud

Love was twice

Of exile surely

Turn. O thou

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THE TIMES, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1908.

"THE TRUMPET-MAJOR" ON THE STAGE.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

DORCHESTER, Nov. 18.

Early last summer I had the pleasure, almost by accident, of seeing one or two of the homely Dorset scenes out of Mr. Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts* acted very unpretentiously by amateurs in the town-hall of Casterbridge, which is Dorchester. They proved so amusing in the hands of performers full by inheritance of local colour and racy local characteristics as to rouse a regret that opportunities of seeing Mr. Hardy's work translated into flesh and blood on the stage were not more numerous. Unexpectedly soon, an opportunity has occurred. The Dorchester Debating, Literary, and Dramatic Society (which has played Shakespeare ere now), having recently produced with success a scene from "The Trumpet-Major," to illustrate a lecture on Napoleon's threatened invasion of England, decided to try its hand on a fuller dramatization from the same novel. The scheme was submitted to Mr. Hardy, who, we understand, sketched the course which the play should take, and *The Trumpet-Major*, written on those lines by Mr. A. H. Evans, a member of the society, was produced at the Corn Exchange in Dorchester to-night.

The interest of such a performance lies by no means entirely in the dramatic value of the play produced. Mr. Hardy's work is not dramatic, in the sense of being readily adaptable for the stage. True, "Tess of the d'Urbevilles" has been made into a successful opera, and, we believe, into a play as well; but we shall not live to see *The Dynasts* produced whole, and, generally speaking, it is not by the shock and concentration of the actable drama that he makes his effects. *The Trumpet-Major* is not one of his most "dramatic" novels. Still, it was held in Dorchester that there was a play in it somewhere, and Dorchester has proved to be right. There is not, as Dorchester was careful to warn the public, a "well-made" play in it; but there is a succession of scenes full of historical and local interest, of character, of fun, and of picturesque scene and episode.

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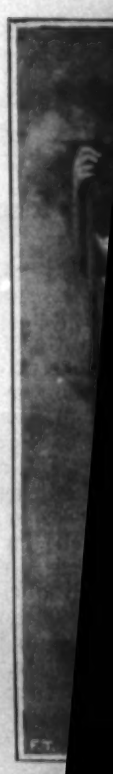

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The Ideal University .. .. .
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The Times Book Club Loan Exhibitio
The Motor Exhibition at Olympia .
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The Ocean Gem.. .. .. .
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The King at Eton.

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THE DAILY NEWS.
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DORSET DRAMA.

PRODUCTION OF MR. HARDY'S "THE TRUMPET MAJOR."

AMATEUR SUCCESS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DORCHESTER, Wednesday Night.

All Dorchester, or as much of it as could be crowded into the Corn Exchange, turned out to-night to see Mr. A. H. Evans's version of Mr. Hardy's "The Trumpet Major." Though Dorchester is a county town, it is not so large, or so sophisticated, that it cannot produce, in its native drama, something akin to the spirit of its folk.

It is not only that Mr. Hardy is a local author, that Mr. Evans, too, is a citizen of Dorchester, that the players are drawn, all of them, from the locality, and that the subject, dealing with the ancestors of living Dorset people, is Dorset through and through. In addition to that, the players put into their performance a certain naïveté and simplicity which suited the spirit of the piece admirably.

The adaptor has most assuredly presented something which is very different from the novel of Mr. Hardy. The romance of the novelist has been turned into light comedy, with not a little broad, rollicking farce in it. The note of the play, from beginning to end, is merriment—laughable, delightful merriment. The scene, it will be remembered, is laid in Budmouth, which is the Hardy name for Weymouth, and the plot turns upon the matrimonial probabilities of the fair Anne Garland, the suitors being the rollicking, boastful nephew of the squire and the two sons of the miller. The visage of Overcombe is at the time in the hands of the military, who have been assembled there in full to resist the threatened invasion by Bonaparte. The martial spirit rules the air. Fine uniformed soldiers from the Yeomanry, the Volunteers, and regiments of the Line march up and down, and gorgeous "Tommies" make love to the ladies.

In the novel Anne's mother first urges the girl to marry the boisterous son of the squire, and Anne is waylaid on every possible occasion by this gallant and assiduous fellow. She prefers John, the trumpet-major, if only as a way of escape from the others, though she has a weak place in her heart for his soldier brother, Bob Loveday, about to return home.

Mr. Evans brings Bob home in the very first scene, and with him the lady he intends to marry after a fortnight's courtship, and anticipates the love complications by shutting down Bob's false love affair and making Anne's mother declare that he will be the miller so as not to waste the "weddin' vittels." But though the romantic and the pathetic elements give way to the farce of the situations, it is excellent, spirited farce. We had scarcely realised that there was so much of the pure spirit of comedy in Mr. Hardy till we saw Mr. Evans's rollicking interpretation of Fergus Derriman. There was no halting, no failure in Mr. Evans's acting.

His father, too, the miser, could not have been rendered with more vigour than it was by Mr. Stevens. Mr H. O. Locke was dignified in the part of the trumpet-major, and certainly he looked a very gallant fellow. The best acting of all, perhaps, after that of Mr. Evans, was given us by Mr. H. A. Martin, who was an inimitable Bob Loveday, mate in the merchant service. Nor must we fail to mention Miss Tilley, Bob's young lady, who was most suitably coquettish, and Miss Lock, who made a very demure heroine.

The whole play served to show how much talent there is to be found among amateurs, and how readily they can enter into parts which, from knowledge of scene and persons, they are fitted of themselves to play. The charm and the naïveté made up for lack of technical skill. It was not easy to realise that this was a play by Mr Hardy. On the whole, we are inclined to say it was not Mr. Hardy's play. It was a local play, with a local spirit and local colours, as well as local acting.

PAUPERS ON STRIKE.

DISAPPEARED WHEN THEIR

At a meeting of the Southwark Diocesan Conference, held at the Chapter House, St. Thomas-street, yesterday afternoon, Canon Horsley moved a resolution supporting the Bill, the principle of which was the old one of ceasing to do evil and learning to do well. The Rev. W. J. Bommerville moved an amendment declaring that Mr. Balfour's Act of 1904 was working well, and might, with modifications, be allowed to continue. Canon Horsley took part, the amendment was lost by 36 votes to 42, and the original motion was defeated by 43 to 40.

After further discussion, in which Canon

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MAESTRO D'
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ale atto II).

ALEC D'URBERVILLE (Ernesto Badini).

OVEMBER 19,
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LONDON ELECTRIC

UNANIMOUSLY REJECTI
SELECT COMMITTE

LOBBY OPINION.

After fifteen days' hearing the Se
mittee of the House of Commons,
over by Sir Luke White, rejected th
and District Electric Supply Bill ye

Under this Bill it was proposed
electricity in bulk for power over a
more than 400 square miles from s
tributing stations.

Before the decision the Hon
Fitzgerald, K.C., closed his speech
of the promoters. He alluded to
that manufacturers were leaving L
cause of the high cost of land and
high rates, and said that one way of
them to remain was to give the
electricity such as they would be al
if the Bill passed. The Bill was
by a number of gentlemen of pos
most of them of considerable mea
had told the Committee that they
responsible for finding £600,000.

Sir Luke White: I am fully sati
the guarantee that the £600,000 will
coming if the Bill passes in somet
its present shape, but that is a small item
when you come to the question of the Bill
being presented to the general public and the
general public being invited to subscribe.

After a brief consultation Sir Luke White
announced to the large number of counsel
and others interested in the Bill: "We have
had a long inquiry, and the Committee has
fully considered the evidence which has been
given from day to day and the arguments and
speeches of counsel, and now at the end we
have come to the decision—the unanimous
decision—that we shall be obliged to report
to the House that the preamble of the Bill
has not been proved."

The Committee has two other Bills to con-
sider—one promoted by a group of eight
supply companies east of Charing-cross, and
another by four West End companies, both of
which are "linking-up" Bills.

Our Lobby Correspondent obtained mem-
bers' views on the rejection of the Elec-
tricity Bill as follows:

Sir John Benn (Devonport): I am glad
the Bill secured the hearing which the House
of Commons never refuses to any bona fide
scheme, and I am not surprised at its fate.
The same set of people who attacked it were
the same opponents of those beneficent
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It having been brought to the notice of the
War Office that men of the Royal Reserve are
being detained at depôts, and kept from join-
ing the regiments to which they belong, owing
to the non-supply of haversacks, mess-tins,
sack aprns, and kit bags, it is notified that
these articles are not at present available, and
commanding officers are informed that the
men must not be detained at the depôts for
them.

A BRITISH STEAM LAUNCH CAPTURED.

[REUTER'S TELEGRAM.]

Hong Kong, Monday.—A British steam
launch was captured by pirates yesterday near
the Cher Heung Shan district. The pilot was
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A MONTH'S CASUALTIES.

DAILY NEWS.
VEMBER 20, 1908

A DORSET PLAY.

And a Plea for Folk Drama.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

DORCHESTER, Thursday.

It is only three hours' journey here from London, but the gentle, bustling sounds that come up from the thoroughfare of Cornhill have nothing in common with the roar of the city or the strident activity of the familiar, motor-infested provincial towns. Dorchester has its own independent borough life. True, it has stretched not a little beyond its old boundaries, and in some of the outlying parts it has been touched by the hand of the "improver." In the High-street and in Cornhill there are a few large stores which are bringing the keen pressure of competition upon the small trader. But the main character of the place is still that of an old market town, the point of convergence of roads which wind amid heathland and pasturage and woods, carrying still every Wednesday and Saturday tranters and market carts and flocks of sheep from the downs. Georgian houses rise cleanly and modestly on all sides of me, and scattered here and there among them are buildings of much older date. I have just been looking at the house where Judge Jeffreys stayed when he opened the "Bloody Assize"; at the thatched cottage at the bottom of the hill by the river, where, as Mr. Hardy once told me, he used to watch fearfully a certain window from which a local hangman would sometimes show his head; at the bleak, square stone building with its windows built in, the home of Lucetta, which Mr. Hardy transferred to the centre of the town in "The Mayor of Casterbridge"; and at the china shop, the back precincts of which are all that remains of the theatre where Edmund Kean made his début. At the end of High West-street is the pleasant house where dwell the present representatives of the D'Urbervilles.

Rural Players.

We are in the very centre and heart of the Wessex country which Mr. Hardy has reinvested with its old rural and oppidan life, the life of two, sometimes three, generations ago. In most of his novels he has seized that psychological moment when the old order was about to merge in the new, when the men of Wessex still retained their primitive beliefs and customs, their mummeries, merriments, and superstitions, but were just beginning to put the sophistries and the practicality which are modern and ruthless. And now it has come, that "modernism" which Tess experienced with pain, which has swept over Dorset as it has swept over Europe up to the very confines of Asia. But here it has at least dealt lightly with the surface of nature. The Primary School has come, and under its incipient influence most of the mummeries and the folk-drama have vanished. But the downs are the same, the pursuits of the peasants are the same, and we cannot suppose that the store of racial experience which has accumulated since Romans contended at Maumbury Rings has been obliterated.

I think Mr. A. H. Evans has proved that it has not. Mr. Evans was born in Dorchester, he has lived all his life there, and there he still follows his calling as a chemist. I had an interesting talk this morning with this keen, active, intelligent organiser, who has so shrewd an eye for the possibilities of dramatic material. The people whom he has brought together are all, like himself, residents in the town, and imbued with its spirit. They called themselves the Dorchester Debating, Literary, and Dramatic Society, but as time went on they devoted themselves more particularly to drama. They gave public readings from Shakespeare, Sheridan, and Goldsmith, and performed "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," and "Much Ado About Nothing." Their attention was drawn to a genius nearer home when a local journalist, Mr. Pouncy, gave a series of lectures on Mr. Hardy's work; and at a lecture given by Mr. A. M. Broadley on "Napoleon and the Invasion of England" they performed a dramatic interlude prepared by Mr. Evans from the opening passages of "The Trumpet Major."

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At length, after much preparation of manuscript, caste, and scenery, the play has been performed by Dorset men and women, and will be performed for a second time to-night. Let it be quite clear, this is not Mr. Hardy's work. The story of "The Trumpet Major" has been taken and freely, very freely, adapted. The first thing that struck me when I saw it was that not one atom of tragic meaning, hardly even a trace of romance, was left in the play. All that Mr. Evans had taken from the novelist, apart from some general advice and some revision afterwards, were the outlines of the story, the story of that little group of people who lived at the mill in the village between Dorchester and Weymouth just over a century ago; of the miserly Squire and his nephew who lived up at the Hall; and of the soldiers and sailors who went to and fro between "Overcombe and "Budmouth" in days fraught with the fear of a French invasion.

It was comedy of the broadest. It was made so intentionally and rightly. The burghers of Dorchester are not people brought up on the palatable romance and the garish sentiment of the London theatre; nor have they, on the other hand, gathered that experience which would enable them to portray the deeper artistic sentiments with success. But farce is the natural form of imitation. Mr. Hardy's "Trumpet Major" is very weak in plot, and the plot is thin enough in the play; but the fun of the thing was unending. Each situation had its full value. Bonaparte was only Boney the bugbear; the Miser lost his terrors and became a first-rate clown; Festus Derriman was

L' ILLUSTRA
MAESTRO D'ERL
(Dis. di R. Salva
le atto II).

its present shape, but that is a small item when you come to the question of the Bill being presented to the general public and the general public being invited to subscribe.

After a brief consultation Sir Luke White announced to the large number of counsel and others interested in the Bill: "We have had a long inquiry, and the Committee has fully considered the evidence which has been given from day to day and the arguments and speeches of counsel, and now at the end we have come to the decision—the unanimous decision—that we shall be obliged to report to the House that the preamble of the Bill has not been proved."

The Committee has two other Bills to consider—one promoted by a group of eight supply companies east of Charing cross, and another by four West End companies, both of which are "linking-up" Bills.

Our Lobby Correspondent obtained members' views on the rejection of the Electricity Bill as follows:

Sir John Benn (Devonport): I am glad the Bill secured the hearing which the House of Commons never refuses to any bona fide scheme, and I am not surprised at its fate. The same set of people who attacked it were the same opponents of those beneficent attempts to solve this great question on municipal lines. One useful purpose may be served by the appearance of this threatened competition. It has opened the eyes of London to the vast electrical monopoly which already holds our city in its grip and the prices paid for its electrical energy. We shall now see whether those who were so keen to destroy this competitive proposal, even before the case for it was heard, will be equally keen to set about regulating and placing under proper purchase conditions the companies which already hold the field. This will be the test of their sincerity.

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* * * *

I have just been up westwards from the High-street of the town, beyond the avenue of trees which leads to the summit of the hill. From there I could see the vast panorama of the Dorset county; to the south the great bleak line of downs which hide the sea; to the north and north-west jagged waves of country studded with woods and meadows, there the home of the "Woodlanders," and there Blackmoor Vale, where Tess of the D'Urbervilles stayed; and east, across the heathery slopes of Egdon Heath; and close down there, on the wooded ridge which parts the broad valley, the fir enclosure within which the great Wessex novelist lives. Surely in all this, as in every other county of England, there are living and historic themes dear to the inhabitants, themes which might gain their full, collective intensity in the revival of folk-drama.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES.

THE DAILY

BISHOPS SUPPORT LICENSING B

APPEAL AND WARNING THE PEERS.

NEW ARCHBISHOP'S MESS

In support of the Government's Li Bill a National Citizens' Conventi held at St. James's Hall, Great Po street, yesterday afternoon. No meeti held for the purpose has provided a proof of the extent to which religio party barriers have been broken down enthusiasm inspired by the measure. men, Nonconformists, and Freeth Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialis tended to the number of 1,600, and temperance society of importance was ented.

In his opening speech the Hon. Holland-Hibbert, who presided, arous of "Shame" by his reference to Lor downe's hint that the Bill is to be k the House of Lords. "The utteran great men are sometimes repudiated nation," was his caustic comment. H phesied that if the Bill is destroyed by the Lords many Conservatives will realise that their political allegiance must in future be given to the party which put the good of the nation before the demands of a powerful trade.

Equally vigorous was the declaration by the Bishop of Croydon, chairman of the Church of England Temperance Society. He declared his willingness to approve, of concessions in detail, even beyond what is fair and right and generous, so long as the central principles of the measure remain intact. As to those principles, however, there could be no compromise. He appealed to the Lords "as patriots and Christians" to give the nation power to diminish its great national degradation.

"If this Bill falls to the ground," the Bishop of Kensington declared, "it will mean a serious set-back to the temperance cause in this country, and it will be many a long day before any political party touches it even with the tips of its fingers.

Futility of Threats.

"I don't believe in vague threats directed against the House of Lords," he went on. "I don't believe in the power of threats, because I have had so much experience of them. Some of us during the past few months have had our letter-boxes crammed with threats, and our waste-paper baskets proportionately crammed. (Laughter.) But if the House of Lords thinks it right not to amend but to reject a Bill touching the interests of the people, passed by huge majorities in the House of the representatives of the people, and the main principles of which were clearly before the people at the last General Election, then I venture to think—without touching upon any results to the House of Lords, which it would be improper to anticipate—that they will be doing a bad day's work for the nation, and much to widen that gulf between the classes which it must be the desire of every patriotic man to narrow down."

Many messages from prominent public men were framed on similar lines. Following are extracts:

New Archbishop's View.

Dr. Lang (Archbishop-Designate of York): "In its main principles it (the Bill) affords an opportunity which may never be regained, if lost now, of enabling the people of this country to restrict the temptations, to resume their full control of the liquor traffic, and to be free to consider in what ways it can be regulated for the best interests of the community."

Bishop of Peterborough: "The present Bill, to my mind, is a great step in temperance reform, in so far as it provides: (1) A gradual lessening of the present excessive facilities for drinking; (2) an increased control of the trade by the State; (3) the right of localities to regulate the granting of licences; (4) the shortening of the hours of sale on Sunday; (5) the greater power given to magistrates in regard to hours of closing; (6) some regulation with respect to children. I think that we must all admire the courage of the present Government in thus approaching a question which, however greatly it is needed, cannot engender popularity."

Dean of Manchester: "The Licensing Bill in its main provisions follows wise and patriotic lines. I am clear in my support, but it is not my wish to do injustice to anybody, and so long as the main provisions of the Bill are not abandoned, I am ready and anxious to treat 'the Trade' not only with equity, but with generosity."

Lord Kinnaird: "It seems to me a question as to who is to rule. Those interested in the licensed trade, or those interested in the welfare of the people."

Lord Lytton: "I am anxious to see the Bill become law, and it will be a very great disappointment to all temperance workers if this opportunity of securing a real reform in our licensing system is lost in consequence of the atmosphere of prejudice and misunderstanding which has been created by the opponents of the Bill."

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A MONTH'S CASUALTIES.

Il gen. Yanko Vukotitich,
inviato del Montenegro a Costantinopoli.

Lettera da Costantinopoli.

Costantinopoli, 18 novembre.

Neve ed elezioni.

Ha nevicato tre giorni; stamattina alle otto il termometro segnava cinque sotto zero. Il vento caldo del sud è stato fugato da una tramontana agghiacciante che scendendo giù dai Balcani ha avvolto d'una tormenta implacabile il Corno d'Oro e il Bosforo. I mutamenti temuti della carta geografica dell'Oriente avvengono, almeno per ora, per virtù di una conflagrazione degli elementi. Il vento diaccio però non raffredda gli ardori dei giovani turchi e in questi giorni appunto ferve l'agitazione elettorale. Ma il furore è apparente, è invisibile, al contrario di quel che avviene fra noi, o negli Stati Uniti, dove ogni cosa dice del periodo nervoso, febbricitante della lotta politica. Qua non si vedono muri tappezzati di avvisi coi nomi dei candidati a caratteri lapidari, non vi sono sezioni elettorali, non vi sono galoppini e staffette e mancano del tutto le biciclette, grazie ad Allah! I voti vengono raccolti di casa in casa.

I conciliaboli elettorali si fanno sotto alle fontane o all'ombra delle moschee, ma le raffiche di neve li hanno presto impediti, ed è stata una perdita pei giornali illustrati. Però Selim Serri Bey e il dottor Riza Bey, i due capi del Comitato giovane-turco non si fanno sopraffare dalla tormenta, essi accorrono dappertutto, da Pera a Galata, da Stambul a Scutari per rinsaldare, pregare e imporre. Selim Serri è anche uno spadaccino famoso, baldo ed audace; il San Malato, il Masaniello Parise della Turchia.

Il sole ritornerà perchè quaggiù un sistema meteorico senza sole non regge; il sole prenderà presto la sua rivincita ed allora sarà illuminata dai raggi rutilanti l'opera del Comitato, tamburi, bandiere e musiche son pronti, l'effetto scaturirà smagliante e clamoroso dalle dimostrazioni vermiglie, nelle folle dense, nel brulichìo dei fez che prendono l'aspetto di campi sconfinati di papaveri.

Ora però Costantinopoli può essere scambiata per Londra nella sua più affumicata espressione.

Il gen. montenegrino Yanco Vukotitich.

Con tal povera luce ho tentato un'istantanea che è poi un ritratto; quello del Sirdar generale Yanco Vukotitich inviato a Costantinopoli da S. A. R. il principe Nicola del Montenegro. Il Sirdar sarà sorpreso di veder riuscita l'istantanea poichè posò in ambiente buio come in un pozzo, ma non del tutto contento poichè egli avrebbe voluto aspettare un altro giorno, anche per poter vestire il suo costume nazionale, ma io perdevo una settimana se perdevo la posta d'oggi.

Per virtù della nostra conoscenza personale a Cettigne, che data da dodici anni, cioè dall'epoca del matrimonio dei nostri sovrani, ho potuto facilmente avvicinarlo. Egli evita i giornalisti e le conseguenti interviste. Ha ricevuto qualche giornalista italiano per deferenza speciale al nostro paese; ma alle domande che gli vengono rivolte fa seguire un lungo silenzio, che è seguito a sua volta da una risposta a doppio significato, o vaga.

Non volevo accontentarmi del trattamento comune e girai larga la conversazione.

Il Sirdar è arrivato ieri mattina alle 6 sul *Romania* della Navigazione Generale Italiana. Si vanta di aver fatto i suoi studii militari in Italia. Passato per tutti i gradi dell'armata montenegrina egli è ora arrivato al grado più elevato, a quello di generale di brigata. Nel 1905 quando il principe Nicola diede una costituzione al suo popolo, egli fu nominato ministro della guerra. L'anno scorso al momento della scoperta della triste e famosa faccenda delle bombe fu chiamato al posto di governatore civile e militare del distretto di Kutunska nel quale è compresa Cettigne, la capitale del principato.

— Lei ha tutta la voglia di saper da me lo scopo della mia gita a Costantinopoli! — mi disse a un tratto sorridendo.

— I giornali l'han detto, — risposi.

— I giornali ne han detto di tutte le specie, ma invece è questa mia una missione nella quale devo impormi il più grande riserbo per motivi che lei può facilmente comprendere. Non le nascondo però che venni a Costantinopoli col proposito di rendere più saldi i vincoli di amicizia che uniscono la Turchia al Montenegro. Da trent'anni le relazioni fra i due paesi sono sempre state cordiali e l'accoglienza che ho qui ricevuta da Sua Altezza il gran Visir e da tutti i ministri è una prova palmare di questa cordialità.... Noi dobbiamo regolare qualche punto controverso circa la linea di frontiera, ma non si tratta affatto di una *entente formelle*.

— Delle voci di guerra, fra l'Austria e il Montenegro, han circolato qua in questi giorni e con insistenza... Quale importanza si deve dare ad esse?

— Non le nascondo che gli animi sono eccitatissimi nel nostro paese. Per cinque secoli noi abbiamo combattuto per la nostra indipendenza nazionale. Vedendoci oggi sotto la minaccia di esser soffocati, accerchiati, ci ribelliamo davanti a questa triste prospettiva. Gli altri stati balcanici dispongono di una certa larghezza di territorio, essi possono vivere respirando. In Bulgaria, in Grecia in Rumenia avvi una popolazione relativamente numerosa e possono bastare a se stessi. Noi siamo un piccolo paese; se noi siamo separati dai nostri fratelli, i Serbi, non ci resta che morire, e noi preferiamo morire piuttosto che vivere una vita di consunzione.

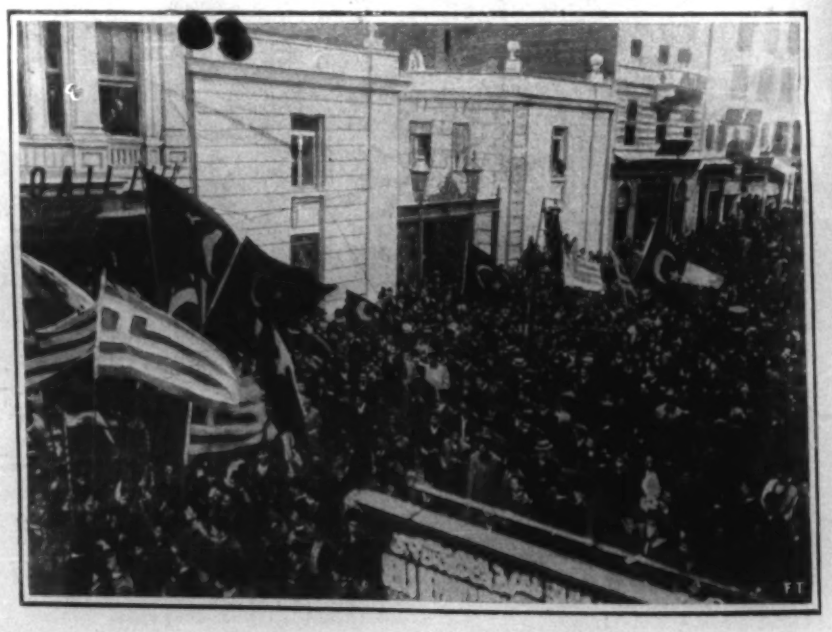
— Allora è la guerra che volete?

— No, noi contiamo fermamente sulla benevolenza e sulla giustizia dell'Europa, e sopratutto contiamo sulla giustizia che saprà renderci l'Italia. La vostra storia, la storia del vostro mirabile risorgimento, i legami recenti che ci uniscono, ci fanno sperare assai nel vostro aiuto efficace. Se l'Italia non saprà farci rendere giustizia potrà un giorno pentirsene.... essa non se ne avvantaggerà moralmente e forse potrà subire delle perdite materiali.

A questo punto il generale, accorgendosi della

Selim Serri Bey — Dott. Riza Bey
I due capi del Comitato dei "Giovani Turchi".

Il boicottaggio del magazzino austriaco Stein.



Dimostrazione antiaustriaca davanti all'ambasciata di Russia.

LIQUORESTREGA
TONICO DIGESTIVO
SPECIALITÀ DELLA DITTA
GIUS ALBERTI
BENEVENTO
FORNITRICE RR. CASA

Se volete che i vostri figli siano sani e vigorosi, date loro la "Phosphatine Falières,, questo alimento apprezzatissimo dai fanciulli, e sopratutto indispensabile al momento dello slattamento e durante il periodo dello sviluppo.

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON OPENS TO-DAY.

Miss Destinn as "Carmen."
(Photographed by Lundt, Berlin.)

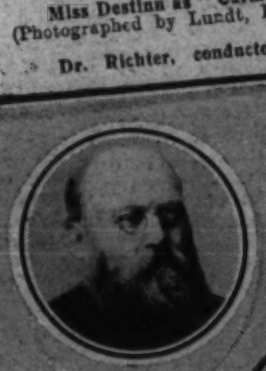
Dr. Richter, conductor.

Miss Tina Destana as "Tess."
(Photographed by Varischi and Artico, Milan.)

Madame Tetrazzini.

Madame Kirkby Lunn.

Signor Panizza, conductor.
(Photographed by W. and D. Downey, Ebury St.)



Mlle. Aida Boni, Première Danseuse, in "Samson et Dalila."

Mr LIONEL PHILLIPS	Mr A de ROTHSCHILD Mrs C·S·HENRY Mrs HARTFORD PLATT
Lady BEATRICE PRETYMAN	SIR·SAMUEL SCOTT
Lord ESHER	Mrs BRADLEY MARTIN
THE DUKE of FIFE	OMNIBUS BOX
H·M THE QUEEN	OMNIBUS BOX
H·M THE KING	Lady ANNALY Lady HARRINGTON Mrs WILBERFORCE Mrs A·G VANDERBILT
	Lady ILCHESTER Mrs MASON Lady ANNALY Mrs H·STAFFORD Mrs H·BEDDINGTON
DUKE of BEDFORD	Mr ALF DE ROTHSCHILD

Mr J PIERPONT MORGAN	SIR·BASIL MONTGOMERY
Mr S·HOFFNUNG GOLDSMID Mr M·ABECASSIS Lady NORTHCOTE	Mr W·K D'ARCY
SIR E·STERN Mrs NELKE Mr A RAGET Mrs GASSIOT	Mrs H·SAMUELSON Mrs WYNTHES Mr E·H·CUNARD Mrs SAXTON NOBLE
Lady DICKSON POYNDER SIR·J HARRINGTON Lady MOUNT STEPHEN Mr ALF BETHELL	Miss DOVE Mrs G·HALG Mr B·ASPINALL Mr G·FARQUHAR Mr H·H·ANDERSON
Mr L·BREITMEYER Mr ARTHUR WAGG Mrs D·M·GRANT	Mr R·FLEMING HELEN COUNTESS of RADNOR

Mr C·RUBE Mr F·ECKSTEIN Mr H·MICHAELIS	Mr O'BEIRNE HON H·L·WILSON Mrs PATTISON Mr H·KENT Mrs WANDSWORTH Mr W·H·KENYON-SLANEY Mrs H·PEYTON-COOPER Mrs S·GASSIOT
	Mr H·W·SINGER Lady NOTHCLIFFE Mr F·MACMILLAN
	Mrs JOHN GORDON
	Mr PARIS SINGER
	Mr G·D FABER
	Mr L·CURRIE EARL PLYMOUTH Mr C·D·RUDD
	Mr R·GARDINER THE DUCHESS WESTMINSTER
	Mrs HALLWARD Mrs LATHAM Mrs HOWARD LEWIS
	Sir J·WENTWORTH Mr R·CLAUDET Mr H·KOCH
	Mrs ATTILSON COUNTESS of LONSDALE Mrs L·ALBU
	Sir G·COOPER Mrs MOSS COHEN Mr KENNEDY
	Mrs TUBERVILLE GOODBODY Mrs MOFFITT Mrs J·MYERS Mrs H·LOW
	Mrs COATS PETTE HALL Mrs CAMPBELL
	SEWALPOLE GREENWELL Mrs R·HILL Mrs CAMPBELL Mrs MITCHELL
	Mrs STARKIE
	Mrs PALMER Mrs QUINTON DICK Lady DEWAR
	SMIT
	Mrs MITCHE Mrs HOGG Lady GARVAG Mrs GLASGO Mrs S·HOLLA
	Lady LEIGH Mrs H·GATL
	Mrs POULTE Lady ABERDARE Mrs TENNYSON Mrs MILNE
	THE COUNTESS DE GREY

Mr J PIERPONT MORGAN	SIR·BASIL MONTGOMERY
Mr S·HOFFNUNG GOLDSMID Mr M·ABECASSIS Lady NORTHCOTE	Mr W·K D'ARCY
SIR E·STERN Mrs NELKE Mr A RAGET Mrs GASSIOT	Mrs H·SAMUELSON Mrs WYNTHES Mr E·H·CUNARD Mrs SAXTON NOBLE
Lady DICKSON POYNDER SIR·J HARRINGTON Lady MOUNT STEPHEN Mr ALF BETHELL	Miss DOVE Mrs G·HALG Mr B·ASPINALL Mr G·FARQUHAR Mr H·H·ANDERSON
Mr L·BREITMEYER Mr ARTHUR WAGG Mrs D·M·GRANT	Mr R·FLEMING HELEN COUNTESS of RADNOR

M. Fontaine, who makes his London debut in "Samson."
(Photographed by Biolatto, Lyons.)

Signor Sammarco in "Pagliacci."
(Photographed by Mishkin, New York.)

Mr. Walter Hyde.

M. Laiye.
(Photographed by Varischi and Artico, M

A PLAN OF THE BOXES SHOWING THE POSITIONS SECURED BY SEATHOLDERS, AND PORTRAITS OF SOME OF THE SINGERS AND CONDUCTORS.

CIVIL WAR IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

ARMY OF YOUNG TURKS ENTERS THE CITY.

STREET FIGHTING.

VICTORY OF THE SALONIKAN FORCES.

THE SULTAN'S FATE.

Constantinople was captured on Saturday by the Constitutional Army. The city was won by a series of short, sharp battles, chiefly against troops in the various barracks.

Yildiz Kiosk was reported to have fallen after practically no resistance.

The number of killed and wounded is not yet definitely known, but it appears to be considerably over 1,000.

Perfect order prevailed after the fighting, some of which was actually watched by some ladies.

Reuter's Agency learns that the Foreign Office has received despatches from the British Embassy in Constantinople confirming the news of the attack upon the garrison by the Salonika army and the surrendor of the former after a certain amount of resistance. The Ambassador says nothing tending to confirm the St. Petersburg report that the Sultan had taken refuge on the German guardship.

THE SULTAN.

PARIS, Sunday.

A telegram to the "Matin," sent off from Constantinople at 6.50 yesterday evening, says:—"A fatwa has been presented to Abdul Hamid declaring that he is perjured and cannot reign, and that if he is found he will have to be put to death, but that he is found to be suffering from nervous trouble he will be deposed and cared for. Abdul Hamid has consented and has been granted a few hours for reflection."

Another telegram from Constantinople despatched at the same time says:—"It is declared that the bombardment will not begin till ten o'clock this evening. The Salonikan troops have arranged their artillery in residences to bombard Yildiz Kiosk. Several hundred soldiers from the Tashkisla barracks have refused to surrender, and are hiding in the basements of houses."

According to a rather later telegram the Sultan has agreed to abdicate, but asks first of all to have an interview with his successor, Rechad Effendi.

SALONIKA, Sunday.

According to the latest telegrams from Constantinople, the Sultan was still holding out against the Salonika troops, notwithstanding the surrender of the two Yildiz barracks. The telegrams add that the Sultan was detaining Tewfik Pashs, the Grand Vizier, and the Minister of War, Edhem Pasha, as hostages, and that the bombardment of Yildiz was probable. The date of despatch of these telegrams cannot be ascertained.—Reuter.

THE FIGHTING.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Saturday.

The fighting began at 5.30 in the morning. The Imperial guards in the Matchka barracks offered a stubborn resistance to the advance of the troops. Their guards were deployed outside the barracks, and refused to obey the summons of a Constitutional officer to surrender. A battery of field artillery, with a detachment of quickfirers, with several companies of infantry, were brought up, and siege guns were placed in the barracks, which soon surrendered. Immediately afterwards the Tashkishla barracks, which command the Salonika barracks on the opposite hill, opened fire on the Salonika troops, occupying the Harbea military barracks, and a stubborn fight began. Presently the Salonika troops, reinforced on the advancing Constitutional troops, received reinforcements from the Yildiz barracks joined the garrison at Tashkishla. The artillery fire of the besiegers was concentrated upon the Tashkishla barracks, but stray shells occasionally fell within the walls of Yildiz Kiosk itself. Although many shells were killed, the defenders in the barracks responded with their rifles to the combined artillery and infantry fire of the Constitutionalists. At one stage they were assisted by the artillerists in the barracks at Scutari, who dropped a number of shells across the Bosphorus. Finally a number of the garrison surrendered.

While this attack was proceeding, the Salonika infantry encountered an attack from the artillerymen in the Taxim barracks, and Mukhtar Bey, the commander of the Salonikans, was killed on the spot. Artillery and Hotchkiss guns were brought up, and worked havoc among the troops in the barracks, who eventually surrendered.

The garrison at Yildiz Kiosk was then holding out. In the course of the fighting a detachment of troops were quartered at the Tophaneh Barracks offered a short resistance, barricading themselves in a room, but they were finally overpowered. The grounds of the Belgian Legation were occupied by a detachment of troops from the local garrison, who took up a position to oppose the advance of the Salonika troops. As a consequence the Legation was fired with bullets. The inmates, however, were not hurt.

WHITE FLAG INCIDENT.

The artillerists at the Taxim barracks behaved treacherously. Having hoisted the white flag, and thus enticed the Salonika infantry, which was approaching the barracks across open ground to receive their surrender, fired upon them and compelled them to retreat. Thereupon artillery shelled the barracks, doing much damage, and subsequently the barracks were rushed by the invading troops. Desperate hand-to-hand fighting ensued in the courtyard of the barracks and the cemetery at the back.

There was also fighting in Stamboul at the Porte, the garrison of which refused to surrender, but after a sharp fusillade it was obliged to hoist the white flag.

YILDIZ SURRENDERS.

Sunday, 1.40 p.m.

The entire garrison of Yildiz Kiosk has capitulated and laid down its arms. Some detachments had fled to Scutari, making for the Selimieh Barracks, which is being held by loyalists. The garrison of Yildiz Kiosk surrendered without offering resistance.

The Selimieh Barracks at Scutari surrendered this evening. Martial law will be proclaimed in Constantinople.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Saturday, 10.50 p.m.

The total casualties in to-day's fighting will probably never be known with certainty, but it is estimated that in the attack on the Taxim barracks alone one thousand men were killed or wounded.

JOURNALISTS WOUNDED.

BERLIN, Saturday.

A telegram from Constantinople to the "Lokalanzeiger" reports that the sisters at the French Hospital in that city were at matins in their chapel when the firing began in the Taxim Gardens. All rushed to a corridor, the windows of which looked into the street. They could not remain there, however, for the French Hospital was in the line of fire, and at the first volley all the windows were broken.

While the fierce fighting proceeded the first wounded were carried into the hospital, a soldier and a boy. Later Mr. Moore, newspaper correspondent, who was shot in the neck while taking photographs, was conveyed thither. Mr. Booth, another journalist, was also wounded.—Reuter.

Reuter's Agency learns that the following private message from Constantinople was received in London on Saturday afternoon:—"The town is completely occupied, and all resistance has been overcome. Complete calm prevails. There is no precise information as to what is going on at the Palace. The attitude of the Constitutional troops is perfect, and is inspiring confidence in all quarters."

Halil Halid Boy, the well-known Young Turk leader, has made a statement in which he declares: "As regards the position of the Sultan Abdul Hamid, we are all extremely anxious that no personal injury shall be caused; but I think it will be impossible, after recent events, to expect a continuance of respect, sympathy, and loyalty to the present Sovereign. . . . I have reason to believe that before long a new Sovereign will ascend the Throne."

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the disturbances was the number of people of all nationalities, including even European ladies, who thronged the streets immediately outside the zone of fire. The Embassies, the European quarter, and the hotels are protected by the troops.

Several Europeans were wounded, including Mr. J. L. C. Booth, the well-known litterateur and artist. He went to Constantinople only last week as special artist-correspondent to the "Graphic." Mr. Frederick Moore, also wounded, is well known to readers of the DAILY GRAPHIC. He toured the Balkans quite recently, and his vivid letters to the DAILY GRAPHIC on the situation there attracted wide-spread attention.

BRITISH ARTISTS ABROAD.

SUCCESSFUL ACTORS AND PAINTERS IN BERLIN AND VENICE.

It is pleasant to know of the success of English art —whether of the studio or the stage—among such connoisseurs as the Germans and the Italians. The honours won on Saturday by Mr. Fred Wright and Miss Madge Lessing in Berlin in a new musical comedy, "The Upper Ten," by the author of "The Belle of New York"—Gustave Kerker—coincides with the opening of the International Art Exhibition at Venice, in which British art is strongly represented, on the same day. In Berlin both Miss Lessing and Mr. Wright, says Reuter, acted in German, and all their songs and dances were encored, and the principals were recalled several times on the fall of the curtain.

The Venetian Art Exhibition in the shady gardens by the lagoon was opened by the Prince of Udine, who viewed the exhibits from England, Belgium, Hungary, and Bavaria, and, of course, Italy. The British Gallery, elegantly classic in style, is in the most prominent position in the garden, and consists of five rooms and a verandah overlooking the water. Among the English and Scottish exhibitors are such well-known men as Brangwin, Brown, East, Frampton, Guthrie, Lavery, Nicholson, Paterson, Peppercorn, Priestman, Grosvenor, Thomas, Shannon, and Walton, and the work of some interesting young British artists hitherto unknown to Italy is to be seen. The British exhibits are oil and water-colour paintings, engravings, sculpture, and objects of decorative art. Lord Plymouth is president of the committee.

MR. BARNES'S SECRETARYSHIP.

There was a large gathering of members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge, on Saturday evening to do honour to Mr. George N. Barnes, M.P., in recognition of his twelve years' general secretaryship of the society, which post he resigned last year. About 400 persons were present, delegates attending from Brighton, Swindon, Nottingham, Crewe, Bolton, Portsmouth, Doncaster, Manchester, Liverpool, Barrow, Bury, and Birmingham. Mr. Barnes was presented with an illuminated address, a gold watch, and a cheque.

Zojoji, the famous Buddhist temple situated in Shiba Park, Tokio, has been completely destroyed by fire, says Reuter. This temple, next to the great temples at Nikko, was probably the most famous and popular as a show temple in Japan.

HOME FLEETS INQUIRY.

MINISTERS WHO WILL FORM THE SUB-COMMITTEE.

OFFICIAL LIST.

The following announcement was issued from 10, Downing Street, last night:—

The Prime Minister, Sir Edward Grey, Lord Crewe, Mr. Haldane, and Lord Morley will constitute the sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence which will investigate the question of the disposition and organisation of the Home Fleets.

AN ADMIRAL'S VIEW.

Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B., has written to a correspondent as follows:—"I certainly agree with those who think that our Navy ought to be strengthened in order to raise it above the two-Power standard. At the same time, I consider it is a mistake to suppose that only Dreadnoughts are of any use, and that all the splendid battleships prior to that ship are only fit for the scrap-heap. . . . I do not believe in any great harm being done by aeroplanes or dirigible balloons. Experience proves that bombarding cities does comparatively little harm, but at the same time it would not be safe to ignore them, as we don't want an enemy sailing over our cities and dropping bombs, and, therefore, we must be prepared to meet them with like weapons. As to shooting at them, that is all nonsense, as every shot or shell fired at them would come down again and do more harm to friends than foes." . . .

SOVEREIGNS AT NAPLES.

THE KING AND QUEEN TO MEET ITALY'S RULERS.

CATANIA, Sicily, Sunday.

The Royal yacht, with King Edward and Queen Alexandra on board, arrived here from Malta this evening. Although the Royal visit is of a strictly private character the people gave their Majesties an enthusiastic reception. Their Majesties will, it is anticipated, make an excursion to Etna on Monday.

MALTA, Saturday.

The King and Queen will, it is arranged, arrive at Baia, near Naples, on the 29th inst., where they will meet the Italian Sovereigns. They will stay only one day there, during which they will go on board the Italian Royal yacht for lunch with the Italian Sovereigns. It is officially stated that the King is expected to return to England about the 1st of May, leaving Queen Alexandra, the Empress Marie, and the Princess Victoria on board the Victoria and Albert.

In the evening all the members of the Royal Family dined together en famille at the Palace. Afterwards there was a small dance. When dinner was over their Majesties appeared on a balcony overlooking the square, which was packed by hundreds of people. Civic bands played the National Anthem and the crowd cheered enthusiastically, the Queen acknowledging the greetings by waving her hand. The King has given £100 to local charities. Their Majesties are in excellent health.—Reuter.

BOOK THROWN AT A KING.

LITERARY ADVERTISING BY THE FEEBLE-MINDED.

While the German Crown Prince was driving in an automobile with King Charles of Roumania during his visit at Bukharest a man in the crowd hurled something at the Royal occupants. The King was alarmed, but the Crown Prince skilfully caught the missile in his right hand and showed it to the King. It proved to be a book, which had been thrown into the motor-car by a German writer who wished to draw attention to his work. The man, says Reuter, was arrested, and found to be feeble-minded.

QUEEN WILHELMINA.

THE HAGUE, Saturday.

According to information derived from trustworthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and the Prince Consort have decided on the names to be given to the expected heir. The names will be historical names of the House of Orange. The sponsors will be chosen from among near relations.

The audiences of Ministers by Queen Wilhelmina, which had been temporarily suspended, have been resumed. Her Majesty this morning received the Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER MISSING.

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged twenty-four, brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passenger from New York by the Cleveland, was missed from the ship on Saturday evening. He was seen at five o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at the farewell ball, and the ship was searched. When his cabin was visited it was found that he had left a letter.

THE SOCIAL WEE

SOME NOTABLE EVENTS IN LONDON SEASON.

MAY'S MANY FIXTURES

The opening of the opera season at Covent Garden to-night marks the beginning of the [illegible] season. Though their Majesties will be notable absentees a full house is expected in view of the [illegible] performance in England of Saint-Saëns's "[illegible] et Dalila," with Mme. Kirkby Lunn and M. [illegible] taine in the title rôles and M. Frigara conducting.

This week's social events include the Punchestown Meeting, which will take a number of well-known people to Ireland. The Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Aberdeen are entertaining a house party for the races at the Vicercgal Lodge, and will attend two days this week in state. At Parkleigh Viscount and Viscountess Iveagh have a house party which includes the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marquess and Marchioness of Waterford, the Earl and Countess of Arran, the Countess of Fingall, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Hugh Cecil, Countess Fritz Hochberg, and Mr. Victor Corkran. Sir Neville and Lady Lyttelton have guests with them at the Royal Hospital, Dublin, where a ball takes place on Wednesday evening in aid of military charities. On Thursday Lady Ivcagh gives a ball, at which Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein will be present, as well as at the Viceregal party; and for Friday evening Lady Trimlestown has organised a charity ball.

On this side of St. George's Channel there is the Newmarket Meeting, with the Two Thousand Guineas race on Wednesday and the Thousand Guineas on Friday. The Earl of Durham and Sir Ernest Cassel are among the numerous hosts.

Two notable weddings will be solemnised—that of Earl Clanwilliam and Mrs. Oliver Howard to-morrow at St. Peter's, Eaton Square; and on Thursday, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the marriage of Lord Brooke (eldest son of the Earl of Warwick) and Miss Marjorie Eden, daughter of Sir William and Lady Eden. The Prime Minister's house, 10, Cavendish Square, has been rented for the reception by Lady Eden. On Wednesday night the Hon. Mrs. Ivor Guest gives her first big political party of the season at Wimborne House to meet the Prime Minister.

THE KING'S ELDEST GRANDCHILD.

One of the most interesting events in May will be the début of Princess Alexandra, the eldest daughter of the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife, and eldest grandchild of the King and Queen. Numerous big dances will be given in honour of the young Princess, who will be eighteen on May 17th.

In aid of Queen Alexandra's Sanatorium at Davos a great theatrical matinée has been organised for May 11th at Drury Lane Theatre. The Queen intends to be present.

A review by the King of the troops of the Aldershot command, and an inspection of the Royal Marines by the Prince of Wales during his visit to Walmer, also take place in May.

The Princess of Wales on May 7th presents the St. John Ambulance Association Railway Shield and prizes awarded after the National Inter-Railway Competition. A fortnight later the Princess will visit the Exhibition of Welsh Industries at Hyde Park House.

Charity festivals will be very numerous during May. The Prince of Wales presides at that of the Printers' Pension, Almshouses, and Orphan Asylum (May 21st). The Duke of Teck, accompanied by the Duchess, presides at the banquet of the Horse Amenities Fund of Our Dumb Friends' League on May 3rd, and on the same day Mrs. Asquith is to distribute prizes at the festival of the Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society. Madame Patti is to sing on May 22nd at the Mansion House at the Lady Mayoress's concert in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain, which is urgently in need of funds, has its 171st anniversary festival dinner on May 3rd, Sir Edgar Speyer presiding.

The Prince and Princess of Wales depart at Whitsuntide on their ten days' motor tour through Devon and Cornwall. Previous to this the Prince will have opened on May 27th the seventh International Congress of Applied Chemistry at the Albert Hall.

Among other events in what promises to be a merry month of May are the opening on Saturday next of the polo season at Hurlingham, and about May 18th the opening by the Duke of Argyll of the Imperial International Exhibition at the "White City."

STARVING TABRIZ.

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE TO RELIEVE THE CITY.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.

The following telegram, dated to-day, has been received from Julfa:—"The two sotnias of Cossacks stationed here, and one company of the frontier guard, have crossed the Persian frontier. The Cossacks have advanced in the direction of Tabriz, while the frontier guard occupied the Persian town of Julfa. On the 26th and 27th inst. the troops despatched from Tiflis for the relief of Tabriz will reach here. They will immediately proceed across the frontier to their destination."

TEHERAN, Saturday.

The troops number 2,000 men, with two batteries and supplies for six days, which are needed by the inhabitants.—Reuter.

The bakeries at Tabriz are entirely closed, says a Reuter's telegram from there, and there have been many deaths from starvation.

"TESS" IN OPERA.

Covent Garden Production on Hardy's Great Novel.

COMPOSER INTERVIEWED.

Many readers of Mr. Thomas Hardy's great novel "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" have recognised its dramatic possibilities, but since its publication in 1891 only one adaptation, Mr. H. A. Kennedy's, has been performed in this country, and this it will be remembered was played at the Comedy Theatre in 1900. But that the powerful story should be suitable for an opera libretto only occurred to one person, Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, whose composition is about to be produced at Covent Garden.

"Six years ago," said this distinguished musician to a "Daily Chronicle" representative, "I was travelling to Lake Maggiore and bought Hardy's novel in London to read on the journey. The story fascinated me, and believing that it would make a good libretto I telegraphed from Como to Paris for a French version, and this I forwarded to Signor Luigi Illica, asking him to prepare me an adaptation for operatic purposes. That is the genesis of 'Tess,' now in rehearsal at Covent Garden.

"The principal parts have been allotted to the following artists:—

Tess	Emmy Destinn
Jack, her father	Charles Gilibert
Abv, her brother	Edith de Lys
Alec D'Urberville	Mario Sammarco
Angel Clare	Giovanni Zenatello

"'Tess' was first produced at the San Carlo, Naples, in April 1906, but the premiere unfortunately coincided with the great eruption of Vesuvius, which caused such a panic in Naples and led to the closing of the theatre. At this performance the part of the heroine was sustained by Signora Rina Ghachetti, Signor Amadeo Bassi was the Angel Clare, and Signor Sammarco was the Alec, the role in which he appears at Covent Garden. In November of last year the opera was revised at the Teatro dal Verme, Milan, when Signora Tina Desana represented Tess."

Discussing the construction and character of the opera, Baron Frederic d'Erlanger said:

"I have substituted for the formal opening the 'overture' a short introduction. There is, however, an important prelude to the third act, a symphonic piece, the purpose of which is to indicate the awakening of Nature in springtime and its renewal after the devastation of winter. At the same time, my intention is to suggest the development of the love for Angel which has sprung up in the heart of Tess, and by its influence repaired the ravages worked upon her nature by the tragedy of her betrayal. With the growth of this love the whole character of Tess expands and develops to a new and deeper conception of life. It is the springtide of her life, full of hopes and aspirations.

"I have rarely employed 'leading themes' in the sense so frequently accepted, of the 'identification' of the various characters on their appearance during the development of the story. Such use as I have made of this system of musical treatment is for the most part confined to an attempt to recall to the listener what has taken place in order to create a suitable musical atmosphere. As an example, I may cite the 'Tess theme,' which is used to indicate her simple home life and maidenhood in the Vale of Blackmore, and again the 'Angel theme,' which is more properly the theme of 'love.'

"The orchestration may be termed a blend of the modern French and Italian styles. The vocal parts are never subordinated to orchestral effects, nor is the orchestration diminished to a mere accompaniment to the singers. While allotting to the voice and the orchestra the fullest importance compatible with the harmonious 'balance' of the two, I venture to hope

demand in foreign countries. Here people have not got the 'habit' of going to the opera, whereas abroad where opera flourishes it is almost part of ordinary education to be conversant with operatic works.

"It may be objected that the prices of seats are too high in London to permit opera to become popular. But my experience is that in this city, at any rate, performances at cheap rates, which naturally preclude the engagement of the great artists, meet with scanty support. The inference is that the public goes to hear the 'singer,' and not the 'work.'

"It is a remarkable fact that England, where opera finds such slender support, is the country where 'oratorio' has the greatest following.

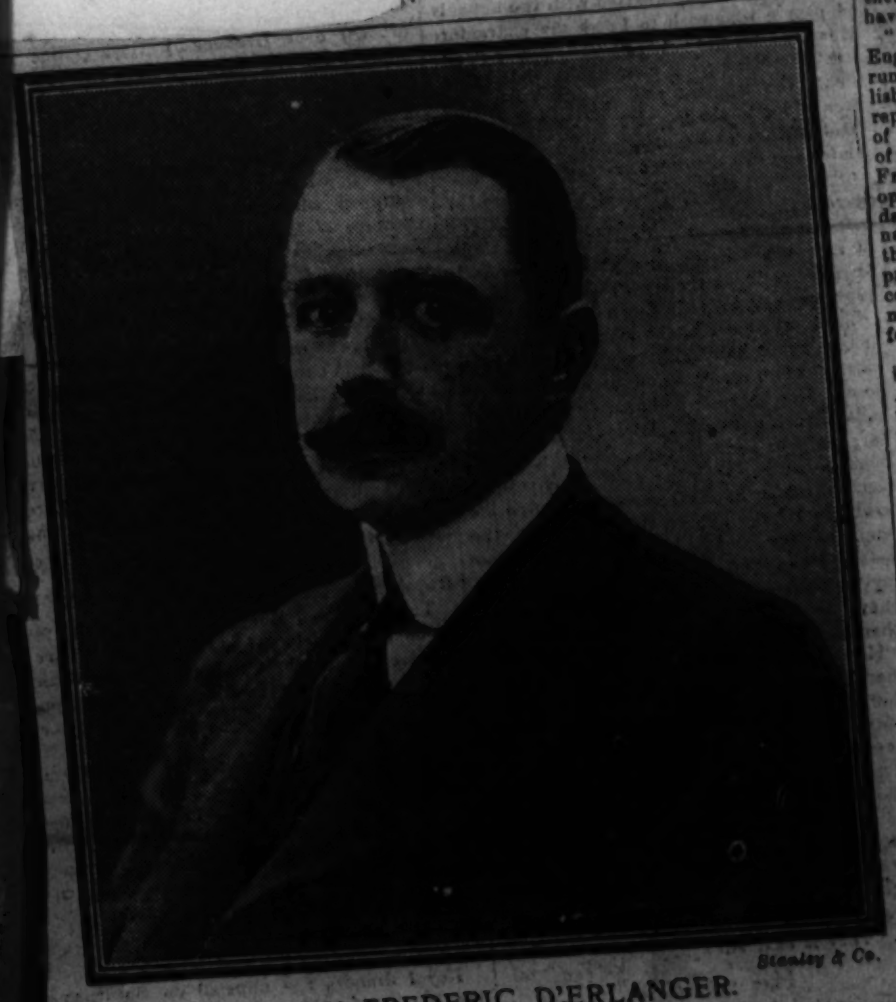
"I have heard it suggested—and I give the explanation for what it is worth—that the taste for oratorio is a relic of Puritan times, and that the distaste for opera arises from the repugnance of the general public in those days to this form of music.

"What are the chances of an English composer? Well, it may be said that no composer has much chance of success here unless his opera has established a reputation on the Continent, and when an unknown work is produced here it is performed to an almost empty house. In this connection I may say that I did not venture to get my work produced here for the first time.

"To revert to the question of the demand for English opera, it is difficult to believe there can be a demand for what we so far have not got.

"What is lacking is the 'repertoire' of English operas. No opera house can be run without a large number of well established favourite works. In Germany the repertoire of the leading houses is made up of German operas sung in German, varied, of course, by foreign works. So it is in France and in Italy. Where are our British operas with which one could start the foundation of English opera? One might easily name a dozen works, but the majority of these would fail to satisfy the taste of the present-day public. Why, even the touring companies that present opera in English make their money out of translations of foreign works!"

Baron d'Erlanger, who was born in Paris in 1868, the son of a German father and an American mother, is a naturalised Englishman, and has lived in this country for twenty years. "Tess" is his third opera. His first was "Jehan de Saintré," which was produced at Hamburg in 1894, and three years later his "Inez Mendo" was brought out at Covent Garden. His latest opera, "Noel," has been accepted for early production at the Opera Comique, Paris. Among his instrumental works are a string quartet, a pianoforte quintet, a "Suite symphonique" first played at the Promenade Concerts in 1895, and a violin concerto, which was introduced by Herr Fritz Kreisler at a Philharmonic Society's concert at Queen's Hall in 1903, and has since been frequently heard in London.



Stanley & Co.

BARON FREDERIC D'ERLANGER.

THOR'S TOWNSFOLK.

ARERS," PRODUCED AT DORCHESTER YESTERDAY BY THE DORCHESTER
T: MR. THOMAS HARDY, O.M., THE AUTHOR.

(Mr. H. O. Lock), discovers that "Mrs. Newberry" (Miss E. Hawker) is a smuggler,
T. H. Tilley), drinking with the Hangman (Mr. W. H. Jamesone) in the Shepherd's cottage.

"The principal parts have been assigned to the following artists:—

Tess	Emmy Destinn
Angel	Caruso (Giuseppe)
Alec D'Urberville	Maria de Lys
Angel Clare	Mario Sammarco
	Giovanni Rossi

"'Tess' was first produced at the San Carlo, Naples, in April 1906, but the première unfortunately coincided with the great eruption of Vesuvius, which caused such a panic in Naples and led to the closing of the theatre. At this performance the part of the heroine was sustained by Signora Rina Giachetti, Signor Amadeo Bassi was the Angel Clare, and Signor Sammarco was the Alec, the role in which he appears at Covent Garden. In November of last year the opera was revived at the Teatro dal Verme, Milan, when Signora Tina Demna represented Tess."

Discussing the construction and character of the opera, Baron Frederic d'Erlanger said:—

"I have substituted for the formal opening the 'overture' a short introduction. There is, however, an important prelude to the third act, a symphonic piece, the purpose of which is to indicate the awakening of Nature in springtime and its renewal after the devastation of winter. At the same time, my intention is to express the development of the love for Angel which has sprung up in the heart of Tess, and by its influence repaired the ravages worked upon her nature by the tragedy of her betrayal. With the growth of this love the whole character of Tess expands and develops to a new and deeper conception of life. It is the springtide of her life, full of hopes and aspirations.

"I have rarely employed 'leading themes' in the sense, so frequently accepted, of the 'identification' of the various characters on their appearance during the development of the story. Such use as I have made of this system of musical treatment is for the most part confined to an attempt to recall to the listener what has taken place in order to create a suitable musical atmosphere. As an example, I may cite the 'Tess theme,' which is used to indicate her simple home life and maidenhood in the Vale of Blackmore, and again the 'Angel theme,' which is more properly the theme of "love."

"The orchestration may be termed a blend of the modern French and Italian styles. The vocal parts are never subordinated to orchestral effects, nor is the orchestration diminished to a mere accompaniment to the singers. While allotting to the voice and the orchestra the fullest importance compatible with the harmonious 'balance' of the two, I venture to hope that, if I am fortunate enough to satisfy the demands of the public, I shall at the same time excite the interest of those members of it who possess more technical knowledge of musical composition.

STORY OF THE OPERA.

"The story, as far as it goes, follows Hardy's novel as closely as the exigencies of an opera permit.

"The action of the first act takes place at Durbeyfield's cottage, where Tess has lived with her parents the simple existence of a country maiden, insensible so far to the affection which Angel already bears her. Here we learn of the ruin of this poor Wessex family, which leads to the departure of Tess from home to enter the service of her 'cousins' the D'Urbervilles, as a companion.

"The second act, which takes place in the garden of D'Urberville's house, culminates in a dramatic scene between Alec and Tess, where the latter yields to the schemes of her cynical lover.

"An interval of over a year is supposed to elapse between this and the third act, which I regard as the strongest from the musical point of view. We now see Tess at work in Talbothay's dairy, where Angel meets her and declares his love for her. She is now struggling against her desire to yield to the love which Angel has inspired in her nature, for the recollection of the past and the voice of her conscience combine to make her fear a surrender which must be preceded by a confession. Finally she obtains a promise from her father that he will tell her lover the story of her misfortune. Her conscience is satisfied, and she herself is spared the agony of a personal avowal. She now consents to marry Angel.

"The fourth act brings us to the climax, when on her wedding night Tess, in an outburst of love and gratitude, thanks her husband for his generous forgiveness. But old Durbeyfield has not fulfilled his promise, and from the impassioned gratitude of his wife Angel first learns her unhappy secret, and vents upon the despairing Tess the full measure of his terrible anger. Love, and with it the reason for living, are, as Tess realises, taken from her for ever. Slowly she turns and leaves the house, passing down the lane to the river, which glitters in the moonlight, to seek the peace that death alone can give her. Angel, alone in the silent house, realises the desolation of his life and home. A cry escapes him—a cry straight from his heart. But no voice answers his.

SINGERS AND THE PUBLIC.

"I wrote the music to the Italian words."

This remark afforded an opportunity for asking Baron d'Erlanger, who is a director of the syndicate controlling Covent Garden, his opinion of the future of English opera.

"People talk a good deal," he said, "of English opera, but do they mean opera in English or opera by English composers? Now take opera in English. Is there a big demand for it by the public? I think not. The demand for opera is generally speaking very limited in England compared to the

CIVIL WAR IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

ARMY OF YOUNG TURKS ENTERS THE CITY.

STREET FIGHTING.

VICTORY OF THE SALONIKAN FORCES.

THE SULTAN'S FATE.

Constantinople was captured on Saturday by the Constitutional Army. The city was won by a series of short, sharp battles, chiefly against troops in the various barracks.

Yildiz Kiosk was reported to have fallen after practically no resistance.

The number of killed and wounded is not yet definitely known, but it appears to be considerably over 1,000.

Perfect order prevailed after the fighting, some of which was actually watched by some ladies.

Reuter's Agency learns that the Foreign Office has received despatches from the British Embassy in Constantinople confirming the news of the attack upon the garrison by the Salonika army and the surrender of the former after a certain amount of resistance. The Ambassador says nothing tending to confirm the St. Petersburg report that the Sultan has taken refuge on the German guardship.

THE SULTAN.

PARIS, Sunday.

A telegram to the "Matin," sent off from Constantinople at 6.50 yesterday evening, says:—"A letter has been presented to Abdul Hamid declaring that he is perjured and cannot reign, and that if he is he will have to be put to death, but that he is found to be suffering from nervous trouble he will be deposed and cured for. Abdul Hamid has asked for and has been granted a few hours for reflection."

A telegram from Constantinople despatched at the same time says:—"It is declared that the Sultan will be given till ten o'clock this evening to decide whether he will submit to the Young Turkish demands or not. Turkish troops have arrived in readiness to bombard Yildiz Kiosk. Several hundred soldiers from the Tashkisla barracks have refused to surrender, and are hiding in the basements of houses."

According to a rather later telegram the Sultan has agreed to abdicate, but asks first of all to have an interview with his successor, Rechad Effendi.

SALONIKA, Sunday.

According to the latest telegrams from Constantinople the Sultan was still holding out against the Salonika troops, notwithstanding the surrender of the two Yildiz barracks. The telegrams add that the Sultan was detaining Tewfik Pasha, the Grand Vizier, and the Minister of War, Edhem Pasha, as hostages, and that the bombardment of Yildiz was probably commenced yesterday. The date of despatch of these telegrams cannot be ascertained.—Reuter.

THE FIGHTING.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Saturday.

The fighting began at 5.30 in the morning. The Young Turk guards in the Matchka barracks offered a stubborn resistance to the advance of the troops. Troops were deployed outside the barracks, and refused to obey the summons of a Constitutional officer to surrender. A battery of field artillery, with several companies of infantry, were brought up, and siege guns opened fire on the barracks. The barracks then surrendered.

The barracks at Scutari, which soon surrendered. The Tashkisla barracks, which soon surrendered. The barracks, which soon surrendered. The Tashkisla barracks, on the opposite hill, opened fire on the Salonika troops, occupying the Harbour military barracks, and a stubborn fight began. Presently the Salonika artillery, occupying the Harbour military barracks, and a stubborn fight began. Presently the artillery on the advancing Constitutional troops joined in, and the barracks joined in, and the barracks were shelled. The artillery fire of the Constitutionalists was concentrated upon the Tashkisla barracks. Many stray shells occasionally fell within the grounds of Yildiz Kiosk itself. Although many soldiers were killed, the defenders in the barracks continued with their rifles to the combined artillery and infantry fire of the Constitutionalists. Even after they were assisted by the artillerists from the barracks at Scutari, who dropped a number of shells across the Bosphorus. Finally a number of Hotchkiss guns were trained on the barracks and the garrison surrendered.

While this attack was proceeding, the Salonika troops encountered an attack from the artillery-men in the Taxim barracks, and Mukhtar Bey, the Commander of the Salonikans, was killed on the spot. Artillery and Hotchkiss guns were brought up, and worked havoc among the troops in the barracks, who eventually surrendered.

Fighting then set in active resistance, and only one man fell as and to active resistance, and only one man fell as and to active resistance, and only one man fell as and to

e Morning Advertiser,
137 Fleet Street, London, E.C.
(Robert J. Aylward, Publisher)
15 July 9
from issue dated 190

THE ROYAL OPERA.

"TESS."

The season, which began with a semi-novelty, maintains its interest till the very end. For last night Baron D'Erlanger's "Tess" was given its first performance in England, and a repetition has been arranged for next week.

The story, as all the musical world knows, is taken from Thomas Hardy's novel "Tess, of the D'Urbervilles." Illica's libretto, however, differs somewhat from the original; for Hardy's John becomes Jack, while Aby is a few years older than he was when the book made its appearance. Operatic conventions and requirements also have been studied, with the result that several memorable situations and noteworthy incidents are omitted. Despite these unavoidable "cuts," the librettist follows the tale with tolerable exactness. The scene opens at Blackmoor, outside Jack Durbeyfield's cottage—Tess's home. The Durbeyfields, learning that they are distantly connected with the great family of D'Urberville, propose to Tess that she should call upon the head of the house with a view to claiming relationship, and, incidentally, obtaining the pecuniary assistance of which her parents are so urgently in need. Tess, however, is loth to leave her admirer, Angel Clare, and at first refuses. But when Prince, the old horse, who acts as breadwinner to the little party, suddenly dies, her objections are overruled, and she takes service with the rich D'Urbervilles. In the second act we find Tess installed at D'Urberville House, with amorous Alec D'Urberville at her feet. The attitude adopted by the son of the house makes the other servants furiously jealous, and correspondingly spiteful and cruel. Indeed, the situation is rendered almost unbearable for Tess, who only remains on that she may earn money for her father and mother. At this juncture Dark Car locks her out one night, and Alec takes advantage of the opportunity to overcome her resistance. Some months pass, during which a child is born to poor Tess. Its death leaves the girl free to begin a new life at Talbothay's Dairy, where, in the intervals of dairying, she finds solace in Angel's love. Leaving her father to enlighten Angel as to her unfortunate past, she consents to marry. Eventually Tess recognises that her father has shirked the task, and the bright dream changes to a stern awakening. The husband refuses to pardon his newly-wedded wife, who goes out silently into the night—to seek oblivion in a watery grave.

Appropriate Music.

On the whole, the composer has given us music which, if a little wanting in variety, is appropriate to the subject, while the scoring decidedly is musicianly. Appropriate and musicianly music, however, is not everything; the attention of a Covent Garden audience only can be held by means of sympathetic phrases, characteristic atmosphere, concerted pieces, choruses, and a certain amount of melody. Fortunately, Baron d'Erlanger's opera has for its basis a vein of tunefulness which, if not quite as obvious as popular taste demands, at least is allowed to assert itself with judicious frequency. And when in melodic mood the composer, as befits a musician of his gifts, is fairly successful in avoiding all that is commonplace and uninspired in music. As to the set form, which embraces an *aria* a-piece for the soprano, mezzo-soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone, and bass, and the stereotyped *duo d'amore*, in which allusions are touchingly made to a "crudel' genitor" and to an "angiol divin'," the Baron does little more than touch the fringe of custom. He strikes the balance between the old and the new schools—indeed, his discretion in having steered a course between the Scylla of early Victorian conventionality and the Charybdis of ultra-modern musical development is a matter for congratulation. Thus, in place of a long—and sometimes boring—overture, "Tess" opens with a gracefully written prelude of moderate length in which the strings afford agreeable support to the haunting and appealing melody given out by the wood-wind instruments. A short unaccompanied chorus, which is sung off, and the May-day chorus have a charming old English flavour; Angel's impassioned and sympathetic air (which is rendered with true Italian fervour by Signor Zenatello), is just sufficiently exuberant to illustrate the text, and the tempestuous strains with which Tess is won by Alec, who woos as the lion woos, unlike so much of the meaningless music of the new school, are forceful without being disagreeably forcible.

Satisfactory, too, is the third act. For though there is a little too much repetition of the same phrases in the introduction, the love duet is a fine piece of work, while the next act contains some effective choral writing which is followed by the dramatic pages in which Angel drives the unhappy, disillusioned Tess from the bridal chamber. Taking everything into consideration, "Tess" affords genuine pleasure to the lover of music, and, therefore, is a welcome addition to the repertoire.

The Performance.

The leading rôles were undertaken by Mlle. Destinn, Signor Zenatello, Signor Sammarco, M. Gilibert, and Madame Gilibert-Lejeune, the smaller parts being allotted to Madame Bourgeois, Signor Zucchi, and other capable members of the Covent Garden forces. Vocally, the Czech soprano, who sang with her wonted skill, afforded satisfaction to her admirers; and if she was occasionally over-weighted, she at least achieved some entrancing pianissimo effects in all. Her acting was remarkable for the intelligence which she brought to the part. Very successful in portraying Tess, as Hardy has drawn the character, probably is owing to a lack of familiarity with this particular type of sturdy, steadfast, rustic womanliness, and to physical reserve. Destinn's Tess is spontaneity and dramatic support, but at times the reading lacks the [illegible] of Hardy's heroine—while in

ED BY THE AUTHOR'S TOWNSFOLK.

WAYFARERS," PRODUCED AT DORCHESTER YESTERDAY BY THE DORCHESTER
INSET: MR. THOMAS HARDY, O.M., THE AUTHOR.

Minister (Mr. H. O. Lack), discovers that "Mrs. Newbery" (Miss E. Hawtrey) is a smuggler.
ner (Mr. T. H. Tilley), drinking with the Hangman (Mr. W. H. Jamieson) in the Shepherd's

The lawns were gay with bright [illegible] ladies. The Duchess of Westminster in black, with large black hats; Lady Alastair Innes-Ker (whose husband played for the Blues on the old ground), Lady Blanche Conyngham, Lady Knaresborough, Mrs. Alfred Emmott, Mrs. Rubé, and Lord Shrewsbury were a few to be seen in the immense crowds.

Royal Guests at Hartham.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to be the guests of Lady Dickson-Poynder at Hartham Park, Corsham, for the Bath Pageant, and will remain for several days. Princess Patricia will accompany her parents for the visit.

The house party invited to meet their Royal Highnesses includes Lord Altherp and Miss Delia Spencer, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby, Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. Evan Charteris, Mrs John Leslie, and Miss Polly and Mr. Myles Ponsonby in attendance on their Royal Highnesses.

[illegible]dy Cheylesmore's Royal Dinner.

[illegible]oyal dinners are unusual on Saturday [illegible]s, even in the full season, but Prince [illegible] Princess Christian chose that evening [illegible] with Lord and Lady Cheylesmore [illegible] May Zena at the Empress House [illegible]layoress's concert in aid of the [illegible] for the Prevention of Cruelty to [illegible]oyal Society of Musicians of Great [illegible] urgently in need of funds, has [illegible]ary festival dinner on May 3rd, [illegible] presiding.

[illegible] Princess of Wales depart at [illegible]eir ten days' motor tour through [illegible]all. Previous to this the Prince [illegible] on May 27th the seventh Inter- [illegible] of Applied Chemistry at the [illegible]

[illegible]events in what promises to be a [illegible] May are the opening on Saturday [illegible] season at Hurlingham, and about [illegible]pening by the Duke of Argyll of [illegible]International Exhibition at the

QUEEN WILHELMINA.

THE HAGUE, Saturday.

According to information derived from trustworthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and the Prince Consort have decided on the names to be given to the expected heir. The names will be historical names of the House of Orange. The sponsors will be chosen from among near relations.

STARVING TABRIZ.

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE TO RELIEVE THE CITY.

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The opera, which was conducted by Signor Panizza, was received with hearty applause by an overflowing house, each fall of the curtain being followed by several calls, including an ovation for the composer. The scenery, as usual, was a triumph for everybody concerned, that of the third act, which takes place in Talbothay's dairy, making a charming picture. Indeed, Mr. Harry Brooke positively has surpassed himself.

We may add that the vocal score is published by Messrs. Ricordi.

THE DAILY CHRO

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

THE BUDGET BATTLE.

Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase, without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; those owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with complete idleness on their own part. In such a case there would be no violation of the principle on which private property is founded if the State should appropriate the whole of wealth or part of it. . . . would not properly . . . from anybody; it . . . ing an accession . . . cumstance, to . . . instead of . . . earned ap . . . ticular . . . ciples . . . Ch . . .

Lo . . . spoke . . . himself . . . do they . . . case, have o . . . ago for such . . . kings; and have . . . creased, while their . . . the levy of an unearn . . . other men have done . . . to add to the general . . . sperity of the country of wh . . . part.—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain . . . 30, 1903.

The battle of the Budget, after a . . . nothing appears, is to be resumed . . . the House of Commons. Progress . . . essarily slow, but it is sure, and . . . tinuous. Mr. Lloyd George shows . . . e instinct in giving the land duties . . . foremost place in the Finance Bill . . . re is thus a better opportunity for . . . se of Commons and the country . . . me familiar with the character and . . . ffect of the new proposals. By their . . . nature the land taxes excite furious . . . lity among the privileged classes . . . from their position in the forefront . . .

The Daily Chronicle.
Fleet Street, London, E.C.
(Edward Lloyd, Ltd., Publishers).
From issue dated 15 July 1907

"TESS" IN OPERA.

A Striking Success at Covent Garden.

MELODIOUS MUSIC.

It was in 1891 that Mr. Thomas Hardy completed "Tess," a novel which, like the other masterpieces of this great Victorian writer, was received with general acclamation. The work, as stated in yesterday's "Daily Chronicle," has now been adapted to opera, the composer being Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, and it was produced at Covent Garden last night with emphatic success. The representation in every respect was an artistic triumph for all concerned, and at the close of each act there was enthusiastic applause. The Queen, Princess Victoria, and Prince Charles of Denmark occupied the Royal box, and among other notabilities present were the Duchess of Rutland, Lord and Lady Londesborough, Lord and Lady Innes Kerr, Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck, Lord Esher, Baron and Baroness de Meyer, Mr. Frederick Macmillan, Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, and Signora Tetrazzini. And in the stalls, unrecognised by the visitors, sat Mr. Thomas Hardy, who was most spirited in his appreciation of the labours of the singers.

The leading features of Mr. Hardy's novel are dealt with in four acts by Signor Luigi Illica, who may be complimented on the poetic manner in which he has utilised Mr. Hardy's beautiful language.

Baron d'Erlanger's music combines tunefulness with dramatic effect; there is not a dull bar in the whole score. If at times the melodies and orchestration are somewhat reminiscent of modern Italy, as represented by Puccini, it must be remembered that the composer has gone out of his way to provide the opera-loving public with something they can readily enjoy and immediately appreciate.

"Tess," in its operatic guise, is an entertainment just as the book was intended to be, and the music of the opera is not a whit inferior in its fascinating charm to the literature of the novel. Particularly graceful is the exquisite prelude to the third act, which is likely to become as popular as the Mascagni intermezzo—at least, this was the opinion of the listeners last evening, who enthusiastically applauded this number.

Last night's performance went smoothly from start to finish under the efficient direction of Signor Ettore Panizza. With Mlle. Emmy Destinn in the title role, Signor Giovanni Zenatello as the faithful lover Angel Clare, and Cav. Mario Sammaroo as the treacherous squire Alec D'Urberville, the audience had the finest opportunities to enjoy and understand Baron D'Erlanger's delightful strains, and praise must also be awarded to M. Charles Gilibert and Mme. Gabrielle Lejeune, the representatives of the father and mother of Tess; to Miss Edith de Lys, the Bostonian soprano, who brilliantly impersonated the boy Aby, and to Mlle. Jane Bourgeois, the Dark Car; Mr. Maurice D'Oisly, the Dick; and Signor Dante Zucchi, the Toronton, the dealer who is the libretto has supplanted old Parson Tringham.

A word of commendation is also due to the picturesque eighteenth century costumes designed by Signor Attilio Comellio and the charming scenery painted by Mr. Harry Brooke.

Baron D'Erlanger's work, which was so well received last night, will be repeated next Tuesday.

No Joy of Life.

Mr. D'Erlanger's Tess is colourless. In the earlier scenes there is [illegible] life, or the simple bigness of Hardy's heroine. When she sings of her unhappiness in the D'Urberville family there is no poignant grief in the music, and there is nothing that touches the heart when Tess, on her marriage night, learns that Angel Clare is ignorant of her past with Alec D'Urberville. What an opportunity for a composer of genius! In this opera Tess, finding that Angel cannot face the idea that she has belonged to another man even against her will, quietly flings an armful of the garlands which [illegible] bridal bed and [illegible]. Mr. D'Erlanger is too polite to make us acquainted with any music we do not like. Perhaps that is why the audience applauded the opera with such enthusiasm last night, calling the composer, librettist, and conductor before the curtain several times.

HOTEL for SALE. Lease
AND WANTED.
REMISES:
URANTS, AND
WANTED to PURCHASE.

THE DAILY CHRO

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

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Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase, without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; those owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with complete idleness on their own part. In such a case there would be no violation of the principle on which private property is based if the state should appropriate some part of wealth or part of it, which would not properly belong to it from anybody; it would be

[illegible] Total [illegible]

It will be seen that a nation whose total [illegible] of £170,000,000 can provide [illegible] after paying for all [illegible] interest, sinking fund, [illegible] growing wealth, population, works and plant [illegible] healthy, prosperous, and [illegible] tion.

[illegible] Jovial wa[illegible] less than [illegible] ning, won[illegible] and Merr[illegible] winners w[illegible] Kingsc[illegible] Phaleron [illegible] no mistak[illegible] home, as t[illegible] never in d[illegible] for a mile [illegible] to Film st[illegible] and of th[illegible] second, wa[illegible] another nic[illegible] at Manche[illegible]

Newumar[illegible] Fallen Ang[illegible] cap (as in [illegible] posed by J[illegible] last season[illegible] some troub[illegible] the daughte[illegible] hand from [illegible] Odds lai[illegible] easily floore[illegible] carried F. W[illegible] few had [illegible]

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Amsterdam ...	12.07½-08½	Bombay, T.T.	1/3 15/16d.
.. discount	1⅛ p.c.	Hong Kg.T.T.	1/8 11/16d.
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BERLIN BOURSE.

BERLIN, July 14.

Markets again exhibited a stagnant appearance, and business was practically non-existent during the greater part of the day. Advices from abroad were more or less unfavourable, and the doubtful outlook for the renewal of the Potash Syndicate had likewise a depressing effect. Mining shares weakened on the state of the international market for girders, though specifications for home consumers are more satisfactory. Bank shares were slightly lower, and Government securities showed little change. Russian loans were in some demand. American railways had a quiet market, whilst Otavi shares receded on the fall in copper.—Reuter.

DIVIDENDS AND REPORTS.

WELFORD AND SONS.—Interim dividend of 6 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended June 30.

H. S. RANDALL.—Interim dividend on the ordinary shares, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended June 30.

We regret to announce the death, yesterday, in his forty-second year, of Mr. George Dalziel, of Dalziel's News, at his residence, 2, Vale-court, Maida-vale, W. Mr. George Dalziel was well known in City circles, being the director of several companies.

DAY'S CLOSING

Colonial and Foreign Railways.

Canadian Pac. ...	183⅝	7/8	-1/4	183⅝ 7/8 3/4
Do. Pref.	104	6	—	105
Gd. Trunk of Can.	23 9/16	11/16	-1/8	23 11/16 9/16
Do. Guarnteed....	91	1/2	—	91⅛ 90⅝
Do. 1st Pref. ...	105⅛	6¼	—	105⅝

Lanwades Plate—MARATHON II.
Reach Plate—LITTLE HAT.
Chesterfield Stakes—ADMIRATION COLT.
Summer Handicap—SAN MINIATO.†
Midsummer Stakes—GREAT PETER.
Bury Handicap—VIGILANCE. ARION.

TRAINS TO NEWMARKET.—St. Pancras, 9.15, 10.15, and 10.56; Liverpool-street, 8.40, 9.10, and 10.20.

LONDON BETTING.

The only feature in a quiet market on the Liverpool Cup yesterday was the backing of Dean Swift, a stable companion of Mons, who was supported in a usually well-informed quarter, as after a wager of 700 to 100 was obtained, 6 to 1 was laid to smaller sums. Maud Mackintosh was befriended at 20 to 10, and then 7 to 1 was accepted to win several hundreds, the price again being offered. Proeppe was easy, but Acclaim travelled very well.

Bayardo was in good demand for the St. Leger at 2 to 1, two "monkeys" being taken in one bet. Quotations:—

THE LIVERPOOL CUP.
(Run July 23. One mile and three furlongs.)
6 to 1 agst Dean Swift (taken and offered)
7 to 1 —— Maud Mackintosh (taken and offered)
100 to 14 —— Proeppe (taken)
10 to 1 —— Acclaim (taken and offered)
100 to 7 —— Futchamin (taken)

ST. LEGER.
(Run Sept. 8. About one mile and six furlongs.)
2 to 1 agst Bayardo (taken and offered)

WINNERS AND STARTING PRICES.

NEWMARKET.

TWO-YEAR-OLD (37)—Santa Cana filly (Sadgrove), 100 to 6 agst.
SWAFFHAM (10)—Jovial (B. Rankin), 9 to 1 agst.
RUTLAND (6)—Mimdor (R. Jones), 6 to 4 on.
JULY (18)—Fallen Angel (C. Trigg), 3 to 1 agst.
TWO-YEAR-OLD SALE (6)—Envy (F. Wootton), 6 to 2 agst.
MAIDEN (12)—Bayete (H. Jelliss), 6 to 1 agst.
FIRST FOAL (3)—Maid of the Mist (O. Madden), 2 to 1 agst.
(Figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

NEWMARKET MEETING.—WEDNESDAY.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs. Chesterfield Course, five furlongs.

Mr S. Loates's f by Symington—Gentle Ann, 8st 6lb ..... R. Sadgrove 1
Mr C. Hibbert's Valasio, 8st 11lb ..... C. Foy 2
Mr H. Sullivan's Fountain St., 8st 12lb ..... Wr. Griggs 3
Mr H. J. King's Vitulus, 8st ..... H. Jones 0
Mr R. Munro's Celluloid, 8st 11lb ..... W. Saxby 0
Mr H. W. Sadler's Xanos, 8st ..... Wm. Griggs 0
Mr Ellis's Mandragore, 8st ..... A. Brown 0
Mr A. Wash's Fabulist, 8st ..... O. Madden 0
Mr M. Curry's Witch Finder, 8st 4lb ..... J. Reed 0
Mr J. H. Thompson's Greenside, 8st ..... F. Wootton 0
Mr J. Gubbins's Hornpipe, 8st ..... S. Loates 0

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ARTISTS ABROAD

FUL ACTORS AND PAINTERS BERLIN AND VENICE.

t to know of the success of English art the studio or the stage—among such the Germans and the Italians. The Saturday by Mr. Fred Wright and ssing in Berlin in a new musical Upper Ten," by the author of "The York"—Gustave Kerker—coincides g of the International Art Exhibi in which British art is strongly re e same day. In Berlin both Miss r. Wright, says Reuter, acted in their songs and dances were en cipals were recalled several time e curtain.

rt Exhibition in the shady garden s opened by the Prince of Udine exhibits from England, Belgium varia, and, of course, Italy. The egantly classic in style, is in the ition in the garden, and consist verandah overlooking the water and Scottish exhibitors are such Brangwin, Brown, East, Frampry, Nicholson, Paterson, Pepperrosvenor, Thomas, Shannon, and ork of some interesting young rto unknown to Italy is to be xhibits are oil and water-colour g, sculpture, and objects of Plymouth is president of the

S SECRETARYSHIP.

gathering of members of the of Engineers at the Bridge Bridge, on Saturday evening George N. Barnes, M.P., in ve years' general secretary ch post he resigned last year. present, delegates attending don, Nottingham, Crewe, nchester, Manchester, Liver Birmingham. Mr. Barnes illuminated address, a gold

ddhist temple situated in been completely destroyed This temple, next to the was probably the most shaw temple in Japan.

THE HAGUE, [illegible]

According to information derived from worthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and Consort have decided on the names to be the expected heir. The names will be names of the House of Orange. The sp be chosen from among near relations.

The audiences of Ministers by Queen W which had been temporarily suspended, resumed. Her Majesty this morning re Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER MISSI

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged twe brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passeng New York by the Cleveland, was missed f ship on Saturday evening. He was seen o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at well ball, and the ship was searched. W cabin was visited it was found that he had [illegible]

Daily Mirror,
2, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.
(Published by W. D. Rooms)
From issue dated ..... 15 July 190

BANKER'S OPERA.

The Queen Attends First London Performance of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

It is not often that a banker turns to musical composition as a hobby; still more rare is it to find a member of a big financial house responsible for the music of a grand opera like "Tess," which was produced for the first time in London last night at Covent Garden.

Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, who has set Thomas Hardy's world-famous story, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," to music, is a member of the Erlanger family of financiers. Triumph was his last night.

The Queen and Princess Victoria were in the royal box, hundreds of society thronged the house, and Mlle. Destinn, the Tess; Zenatello, the Angel Clare; and Sammarco, the Alec d'Urberville, were all at their best.

"Tess" has reached English opera-lovers by a circuitous cosmopolitan path, for, created originally in an English novel, she was dramatised by an Italian, set to music by an Anglo-Frenchman (whose father is German and mother American), and first produced in Naples in 1906.

In the novel Tess is hanged, and the reader is left with a vision of Angel Clare, who loves her, walking up the long hill to the gaol to see the black flag hoisted.

The opera does not take the story so far. Repulsed by her husband for the sin she committed before he married her, Tess leaves his house, and the curtain goes down on Angel Clare alone in his grief, calling for Tess.

To judge from the warmth of its reception—at the close of the third act the principals and the composer took at least eight or nine "calls"—"Tess" will prove one of the most successful Italian operas produced for years.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, who was present at the dress rehearsal, was gratified by the performance.

"It has greatly interested me," he said. "The music seems to me to be quite suitable for the dramatic situations, and I most sincerely hope that Baron d'Erlanger's work will meet with the appreciation of the public which I think it deserves."

No Joy of Life.

Mr. D'Erlanger's Tess is colourless. In the earlier scenes there is [illegible] life, or the simple bigness of Hardy's heroine. When she sings of her unhappiness in the D'Urberville family there is no poignant grief in the music, and there is nothing that touches the heart when Tess, on her marriage night, learns that Angel Clare is ignorant of her past with Alec D'Urberville. What an opportunity for a composer of genius! In this opera Tess, finding that Angel cannot face the idea that she has belonged to another man even against her will, quietly slips from an armful of the garlands which [illegible] bridal bed and [illegible] herself with well acquainted with the operatic repertoire. Mr. D'Erlanger is too polite to make us acquainted with any music we do not like. Perhaps we do not know or might not like. Perhaps that is why the audience applauded the opera with such enthusiasm last night, calling the composer, librettist, and conductor before the curtain several times.

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the humanness of [illegible] inventing music that appeals at once to the mind and heart as an inevitable expression of the drama is not his.

"Tess" was pres[illegible] The merits of "Tess" are mostly negative. It is not vulgar or crude; it is not hysterical in its emotionalism; it is not too heavy for its subject; it is not clumsy in workmanship. The positive qualities are not so easy to define. There is a certain attempt at freshness and simplicity, especially in the opening of the first act, with its picture of the Durbeyfield's home on May Day, and there is some emotional tension and strength in the duet between Angel Clare and Tess in the last act. In general, too, the vocal writing is effective, and the scoring is always picturesque and pleasing. I am not at all sure that Mr. D'Erlanger has any real talent for dramatic music. The best parts of "Tess" are precisely those in which no strong emotion has to be expressed, as in the opening scene already mentioned. The composer often obtains a pleasing effect from the solo voices, chorus and orchestra as a whole, but when it comes to hitting off the character of the dramatis personæ or expressing the depths of the emotions which move them to action Mr. D'Erlanger shows the limitations of his talents. That is the real test of the opera composer of modern days. No matter in what form he may write his music-drama, whether it be melodic or symphonic, Wagnerian or a modification of Wagner; whether it contains set "arias" or endless melody or no vocal melody at all, an opera must contain music which expresses the emotion of the drama.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1

ED BY THE AUTHOR'S

WAYFARERS," PRODUCE
INSET: MR. THOMAS
Minister (Mr. H. O. Lock),
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THE DAILY CHRO

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

THE BUDGET BATTLE.

Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase, without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; those owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with complete idleness on their own part. In such a case there would be no violation of the principle by which private property is recognised if the state should appropriate the whole of wealth or part of it which the owners would not properly have earned, and would not properly receive from anybody; it would be open to the state to make a free gift of it to the community at large, or to any section of it, or to any individual, or to any number of individuals, on any terms or conditions, or for any reason or no reason, that it might please to prescribe. Such a case is not imaginary. It is the case of the owners of the land of the country, and the state is the community at large, which has decided to appropriate a part of the unearned increment of the land for the purposes of the community at large. The case is not imaginary, but it is hypothetical. It is not the case of the land of any country in the world, but it is the case of the land of every country in the world. It is the case of the land of England, of Germany, of France, of Russia, of the United States, of Japan, of China, of Persia, of Turkey, of Egypt, of Morocco, of Abyssinia, of Timbuctoo, of Patagonia, of Thibet, of Nepaul, of Afghanistan, of Beloochistan, of Kamschatka, of Nova Zembla, of Iceland, of Spitzbergen, of Kamt

The Daily News,
19, 20, & 21, Bouverie Street, E.C.
(T. P. Ritzema, Publisher.)
15 July 1907
from issue dated

"TESS" AS OPERA.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is a straightforward, human, vividly real presentation of English life. Opera is, with the exception of ballet, the most unreal and conventional of all forms of art. D'Erlanger's "Tess" at Covent Garden is music of the Franco-Italian school, as our own critic assures us. Mlle. Destinn is Tess; Signor Zenatello is Angel Clare, and is "Italian to the core"; Signor Sammarco is Alec, and "has stepped from 'Manon' or 'Traviata'" to take up the part. It is very curious, and from a literary point of view—which readers of "Tess" may be pardoned for maintaining—not entirely serious. As for the musical value, let Mr. Baughan speak. After all, Mr. Hardy's novel accepts a common fate of good stories in finding its way to the incongruities and artificialities of opera. Most of the plots are borrowed. Among British works, two of Scott's novels have been pressed into the service of the musician. The plot of "Madama Butterfly" is a story in English, if not an English story. The best of Mr. Shaw's comedies has been mutilated and conventionalised to form the libretto of that brilliant trifle, "Der Tapferer Soldat." And if, as we understand, Mr. Hardy is pleased by the compliment, there is nobody else who can reasonably complain.

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The battle of the Budget, after a short breathing space, is to be resumed in the House of Commons. Progress will necessarily slow, but it is sure, steady, and continuous. Mr. Lloyd George showed wise instinct in giving the land clauses the foremost place in the Finance Bill. There is thus a better opportunity for the House of Commons and the country to become familiar with the character of the new proposals. By the very nature the land taxes excite fury and hostility among the privileged classes, and from their position in the forefront of the Budget scheme they draw upon themselves all the violence of the onset. So far they have easily withstood the shock. For all the violence of the opponents, no real impression has been made upon them. The principle and the method of the tax on unearned increment have been sanctioned by immense majorities in the House of Commons, and

According to information derived from worthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and the Consort have decided on the names to be given the expected heir. The names will be those names of the House of Orange. The sponsors be chosen from among near relations.

The audiences of Ministers by Queen Wilhelmina which had been temporarily suspended, have resumed. Her Majesty this morning received Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER MISSING

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged twenty-brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passenger New York by the Cleveland, was missed from ship on Saturday evening. He was seen at o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at the well ball, and the ship was searched. When cabin was visited it was found that he had

ARTISTS ABROAD

...PULA OTORS AND PAINTERS ...N BERLIN AND VENICE.

...ant to know of the success of English art ...f the studio or the stage—among such ... as the Germans and the Italians. The ... on Saturday by Mr. Fred Wright and ... Lessing is Berlin in a new musical ... the Upper Ten," by the author of "The ... York"—Gustave Kerker—coincides ..., in which British art is strongly re... Mr. Wright, says Reuter, acted in ... all their songs and dances were en... principals were recalled several times ... the curtain.

... Art Exhibition in the shady gardens ... was opened by the Prince of Udine, ... exhibits from England, Belgium, ... Bavaria, and, of course, Italy. The ... elegantly classic in style, is in the ... position in the garden, and consists ... a verandah overlooking the water... ...sh and Scottish exhibitors are such ... as Braugwin, Brown, East, Pramp... ...ery, Nicholson, Paterson, Pepper... Grosvenor, Thomas, Shannon, and ... work of some interesting young ...harto unknown to Italy is to be ... exhibits are oil and water-colour ...ings, sculpture, and objects of ...rd Plymouth is president of the

...'S SECRETARYSHIP.

... gathering of members of the ...y of Engineers at the Bridge ... Bridge, on Saturday evening ... George N. Barnes, M.P., in ...elve years' general secretary... ...ich post he resigned last year. ... present, delegates attending ...don, Nottingham, Crewe, ...nchester, Manchester, Liver... ...d Birmingham. Mr. Barnes ... illuminated address, a gold

...ddhist temple situated in ... been completely destroyed ... this temple, next to the ... was probably the most ... a show temple in Japan.

...hot far from the British ... The British and Russian ... the Shah to arrange terms wit... leaders, but were met with a refus... It is stated that the Secretary of the ... gation towards sunset submitted proposals to the ...Sipahdar and Sardar-as-Sad on behalf of Colonel ...Liakhoff and his Persian Cossacks, asking for ...guarantees in the event of their surrender.

The revolutionary leaders promised that, if they ...laid down their arms, the officers would be allowed ...to go free, and the men would be permitted to ...serve under the Constitutional Government, the ...safety of all being guaranteed.—Reuter.

(Photograph on page 4.)

EX-SULTAN'S GERMAN SAVINGS.

...existent during the ... Advices from abroad were more or less unfavourable, and the doubtful outlook for the renewal of the Potash Syndicate had likewise a depressing effect. Mining shares weakened on the state of the international market for girders, though specifications for home consumers are more satisfactory. Bank shares were slightly lower, and Government securities showed little change. Russian loans were in some demand. American railways had a quiet market, whilst Otavi shares receded on the fall in copper.—Reuter.

DIVIDENDS AND REPORTS.

WELFORD AND SONS.—Interim dividend of 2 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended June 30.

H. E. RANDALL.—Interim dividend on the ordinary shares for the half-year ended June 30 at the rate of 12½ per cent. per annum.

BURLINGTON HOTELS.—Interim dividend on the ordinary shares, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended June 30.

We regret to announce the death, yesterday, in his forty-second year, of Mr. George Dalziel, of Dalziel's News, at his residence, 2, Vale-court, Maida-vale, W. Mr. George Dalziel was well known in City circles, being the director of several companies.

...AY'S CLOSING

Colonial and Foreign Railways.				
Canadian Pac. ...	185⅛	7/8	-1/4	185⅛ 7/8 5/8
Do. Pref. ...	104	6	—	105
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Midsummer Stakes—GREAT PETRE.
Bury Handicap—VIGILANCE.
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Mr H. J. King's Vimbos, 9st ..... H. Jones 0
Mr R. Moore's Calluna, 8st 11lb ..... W. Parker 0
Mr H. W. Sadler's Lemon, 9st ..... W. Griggs 0
Mr Riley's Mendicancy, 9st ..... A. Bowen 0
Mr Wade's Fairplay, 9st ..... O. Madden 0
Mr H. Gray's Witch Finder, 8st 11lb ..... P. Woodburn 0
Mr [illegible]'s [illegible], 9st ..... [illegible] 0
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The Daily News,
19, 20, & 21, Bouverie Street, E.C.
(T. P. Ritzema, Publisher.)
15 July 1909

"TESS" AT COVENT GARDEN.

D'ERLANGER'S OPERA ON HARDY'S NOVEL.

AMIABLE AND PICTURESQUE MUSIC.

(By E. A. Baughan.)

Frederic D'Erlanger, banker and amateur musician of talent, is a composer of charming musical manners. The music of his "Tess," produced at Covent Garden last night, is urbane, polished, picturesque; but has no character. That is tantamount to saying that Frederic D'Erlanger is not a genius. He knows all that has been done in modern opera from Massenet's "Manon" to Wagner's "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger"; he has accomplishment, and has skill in writing for the voice and the orchestra; he can build up a musical scene to a good climax, but the power of inventing music that appeals at once to the mind and heart as an inevitable expression of the drama is not his.

The merits of "Tess" are mostly negative. It is not vulgar or crude; it is not hysterical in its emotionalism; it is not too heavy for its subject; it is not clumsy in workmanship. The positive qualities are not so easy to define. There is a certain attempt at freshness and simplicity, especially in the opening of the first act, with its picture of the Durbeyfield's home on May Day, and there is some emotional tension and strength in the dust between Angel Clare and Tess in the last act. In general, too, the vocal writing is effective, and the scoring is always picturesque and pleasing. I am not at all sure that Mr. D'Erlanger has any real talent for dramatic music. The best parts of "Tess" are precisely those in which no strong emotion has to be expressed, as in the opening scene already mentioned. The composer often obtains a pleasing effect from the solo voices, chorus and orchestra as a whole, but when it comes to hitting off the character of the dramatis personæ or expressing the depths of the emotions which move them to action Mr. D'Erlanger shows the limitations of his talents. That is the real test of the opera composer of modern days. No matter in what form he may write his music-drama, whether it be melodic or symphonic, Wagnerian or a modification of Wagner; whether it contains set arias or endless melody or no vocal melody at all, an opera must contain music which expresses the emotion of the drama.

No Joy of Life.

Mr. D'Erlanger's Tess is colourless. In the earlier scenes there is none of the joy of life, or the simple bigness of Hardy's heroine. When she sings of her unhappiness in the D'Urberville family there is no poignant grief in the music, and there is nothing that touches the heart when Tess, on her marriage night, learns that Angel Clare is ignorant of her past with Alec D'Urberville. What an opportunity for a composer of genius! In this opera Tess, finding that Angel cannot face the idea that she has belonged to another man even against her will, quietly gathers an armful of the garlands which decorate the bridal bed and creeps out of the house to put an end to her stricken life. A dramatic composer of any real talent would have inserted something poignant and haunting to express the deep grief of Tess. Remember what Puccini has done in his simple way in "Madama Butterfly." Mr. D'Erlanger does not rise above ordinary "effective" operatic-ism. Nor are the other characters any more definitely portrayed in the music. The passionate and sensual Alec D'Urberville is musically a mild philanderer, and Angel Clare only an operatic tenor. Among other things he sings of "wild and craven fears that wrack and torture," but the music insists on being amiable and colourless. No, properly speaking, D'Erlanger has no dramatic talent. The best pages in the score are those which describe the "atmosphere" of the story, and not those which attempt to realise its drama.

As to this operatic version of "Tess," apart from its musical aspects, Signor Luigi Illica has compiled an interesting little drama, which would have been more effective if the action had been knit closer. The story does not quite express itself to the eye, which is a necessity for music-drama. It really is not necessary to make a lengthy comparison of the libretto with the book, however, and it is sufficient to say that the opera ends with the parting of Angel Clare and Tess on their marriage night, with the difference that the heroine drowns herself. In fact, all that is fine in Hardy's novel is necessarily omitted. But the author of "Tess" has expressed himself as satisfied, and why should a critic be more fastidious than Thomas Hardy? The librettist, with [illegible] has compiled the [illegible] of Italian [illegible] the language of [illegible] Wagner. To most literary men opera is [illegible] of convention that must [illegible] that may be accepted [illegible]

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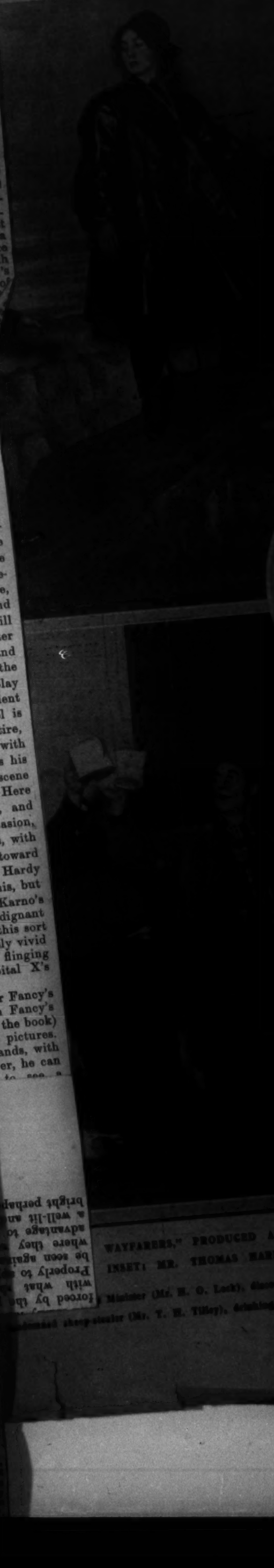

WAYFARERS," PRODUCED A
INSET: MR. THOMAS HAR
Minister (Mr. H. O. Lock), disco
sheep-stealer (Mr. T. H. Tilley), delighted

...towards sunset submitted proposals to the ...sipahdar and Sardar-as-Sad on behalf of Colonel ...takhoff and his Persian Cossacks, asking for ...guarantees in the event of their surrender. The revolutionary leaders promised that, if they laid down their arms, the officers would be allowed to go free, and the men would be permitted to serve under the Constitutional Government, the safety of all being guaranteed.—Reuter.

(Photograph on page 4.)

EX-SULTAN'S GERMAN SAVINGS.

existent during the ...

Advices from abroad were more or less unfavourable, and the doubtful outlook for the renewal of the Potash Syndicate had likewise a depressing effect. Mining shares weakened on the state of the international market for girders, though specifications for home consumers are more satisfactory. Bank shares were slightly lower, and Government securities showed little change. Russian loans were in some demand. American railways had a quiet market, whilst Otavi shares receded on the fall in copper.—Reuter.

DIVIDENDS AND REPORTS.

WELFORD AND SONS.—Interim dividend of 5 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended June 30.

R. B. RANDALL.—Interim dividend on the ordinary shares for the half-year ended June 30 at the rate of 12½ per cent. per annum.

BURLINGTON HOTELS.—Interim dividend on the ordinary shares, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended June 30.

We regret to announce the death, yesterday, in his forty-second year, of Mr. George Dalziel, of Dalziel's News, at his residence, 2, Vale-court, Maida-vale, W. Mr. George Dalziel was well known in City circles, being the director of several companies.

...AY'S CLOSING

Colonial and Foreign Railways.

Canadian Pac. ...	183⅝	⅞	-¼	183⅜ ⅞ ⅝
Do. Pref.	104	6	—	105
Gd. Trunk of Can.	23⅛	11/16	-1/8	23 11/16 5/8
Do. Guarnteed...	91	½	—	91⅛ 90⅝
Do. 1st Pref. ...	105⅝	⅝	—	105⅝

Lanwades Plate—MARATHON II.
Reach Plate—LITTLE HAT.
Chesterfield Stakes—ADMIRATION COLT.
Summer Handicap—SAN MINIATO.†
Midsummer Stakes—GREAT PETER.
Bury Handicap—VIGILANCE.
ARION.

TRAINS TO NEWMARKET.—St. Pancras, 9.15, 10.16, and 10.56; Liverpool-street, 8.40, 9.10, and 10.20.

LONDON BETTING.

The only feature in a quiet market on the Liverpool Cup yesterday was the backing of Dean Swift, a stable companion of Meon, who was supported in a usually well-informed quarter, as after a wager of 700 to 100 was obtained, 6 to 1 was laid to smaller sums. Maud Mackintosh was befriended at 80 to 10, and then 7 to 1 was accepted to win several hundreds, the price again being offered. Procope was easy, but Acclaim travelled very well.

Bayardo was in good demand for the St. Leger at 2 to 1, two "monkeys" being taken in one bet. Quotations:—

THE LIVERPOOL CUP.
(Run July 23. One mile and three furlongs.)
6 to 1 agst Dean Swift (taken and offered)
7 to 1 —— Maud Mackintosh (taken and offered)
100 to 7 —— Procope (taken)
—— Acclaim (taken and offered)
—— Puchamin (taken and offered)

ST. LEGER.
(Run Sept. 8. About one mile and six furlongs.)
2 to 1 agst Bayardo (taken and offered)

WINNERS AND STARTING PRICES.
NEWMARKET.

TWO-YEAR-OLD (17)—Santa Cass filly (Sadgrove), 100 to 8 agst.
SWAFFHAM (10)—Jovial (B. Rankin), 9 to 1 agst.
EATLAND (6)—Mirador (H. Jones), 9 to 1 agst.
JULY (15)—Fallen Angel (C. Trigg), 5 to 4 on.
TWO-YEAR-OLD SALE (5)—Envy (J. Wootton), 5 to 1 agst.
MAIDEN (12)—Bayete (H. Jollins), 8 to 1 agst.
FILLY FOAL (3)—Maid of the Mist (O. Madden), 2 to 1 agst.
(Figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

NEWMARKET MEETING.—WEDNESDAY.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs.
Chesterfield Course, five furlongs.

Mr S. Scaife's f by Symington—Santa Cass, 8st 6lb ..... E. Sadgrove 1
Mr C. Hibbert's Valesio, 8st 11lb ..... C. Foy 2
Mr H. Sullivan's Faustinia II., 8st 12lb ..... Wr. Griggs 3
Mr H. J. King's Vitulos, 9st ..... H. Jones 0
Mr R. Monro's Celluloid, 8st 11lb ..... W. Saxby 0
Mr Ellis's Mondragone, 9st ..... Wm. Griggs 0
Mr A. Wagg's Fairlight, 9st ..... A. Brown 0
Mr M. Gurry's Witch Finder, 8st 5lb ..... O. Madden 0
Mr J. B. Thorneycroft's Gasconade, 9st ..... J. Snell 0
Capt Sheriffe's Hornpipe colt, 9st ..... F. Wootton 0
Lord Wolverton's Carr Bridge, 8st 9lb ..... B. Lynham 0
Mr H. [illegible], 8st 11lb ..... A. Hewitt 0

According to information derived from ... worthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and ... Consort have decided on the names to ... the expected heir. The names will be ... names of the House of ... be chosen from among near relations. The ... audiences of Ministers by Queen Wilhelmina, which had been temporarily suspended, ... resumed. Her Majesty this morning received ... Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER MISSING.

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged twenty-... brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passenger ... New York by the Cleveland, was missed from ... ship on Saturday evening. He was seen on deck ... o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at the ... well ball, and the ship was searched. When ... cabin was visited it was found that he had left ... letter.

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Picturesque Staging

The Covent Garden stage managers, scene painters, and costumiers have put "Tess" on the stage with all possible care and with much picturesqueness. They really do produce new operas at Covent Garden with intelligence and taste. Naturally, there was a difficulty with the singers. Signor Zenatello, as Angel Clare, was Italian to the core. No such strange figure of an Italian bandit in holiday attire could ever have entered the imaginations of Mr. Hardy's dwellers in Wessex, not even when obsessed by the idea of Napoleon's invasion. But Signor Zenatello sang the music well, and, after all, it is music of the Franco-Italian school. Mlle. Destinn was more in the part of Tess, and the homeliness of the character suits her dramatic style better than characters of grand opera suit it. She sang with all the emotional intensity the music would permit. M. Gilibert's Jack was extraordinarily English. Except for a slight exuberance of gesture there was nothing to suggest that a Frenchman was playing the part of an English farmer. Signor Sammarco's Alec D'Urberville had stepped from "Manon" or "Traviata," and Signor Zucchi's Taranton from "Elisir d'Amore"; but Mme. Jejeune's Joan and Mlle. Bourgeois' Dark Car were well in the picture. Signor Panizza made all that was possible of the dramatic side of the music. That the opera will have a "succès d'estime" is certain, and it is just possible that its subject and the prettiness of much of the music may gain real popularity for it; but, whatever its fate may be, "Tess" is not an opera of any strength or originality. Its phraseology is the obvious phraseology of a clever composer who is well acquainted with the operatic repertoire. Mr. D'Erlanger is too polite to make us acquainted with any music we do not know or might not like. Perhaps that is why the audience applauded the opera with such enthusiasm last night, calling the composer, librettist, and conductor before the curtain several times.

THE DAILY CHRO

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

THE BUDGET BATTLE.

Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase, without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; those owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with complete ... ness on their own part. In such ... would be no violation of the ... which private property is ... the state should appropri... of wealth or part of it ... would not properly ... from anybody; it ... ing an accession ... cumstance, ... instead of ... earned ... ticular ... ciple ... Ch...

It will be ... that a nation whose ... of £190,000,000 ... prisons, paying for all the ... after paying for all the ... niture, works, and plant ... growing population, is in ... wealthy, prosperous, and pro... Mon...

do th... case, have ... ago for ... kings; and ... creased, while ... the levy of an ... ether men have dom... to add to the general ... sperity of the country ... part.—Mr. Joseph Chamb... 30, 1883.

The battle of the Budget, after ... breathing space, is to be resumed ... in the House of Commons. Progr... necessarily slow, but it is sure, ... continuous. Mr. Lloyd George show... wise instinct in giving the land ... the foremost place in the Finance ... There is thus a better opportunity ... House of Commons and the count... become familiar with the character ... the effect of the new proposals. By ... very nature the land taxes excite fu... hostility among the privileged cla... and from their position in the fore... of the Budget scheme they draw ... themselves all the violence of the ... onset. So far they have easily withs... the shock. For all the violence of t... opponents, no real impression has b... made upon them. The principle and ... method of the tax on unearned increm... have been sanctioned by immen... majorities in the House of Com...

...nancial provision providing that a mortgagee who became owner by foreclosure should not be liable for the payment of the duty if he re... the lease no more ... £5 or £7. He feared ... his system of grievance without remedy, inte... very often immorality. His successor at the Divorce Court had already been struck by the grievances of the poor under the existing law. They were not more inclined than other people to immorality. Drink was one cause of the state of things. If it were abolished the Divorce Court might almost close its doors. (Hear, hear.)

If his proposal became law, divorce cases would not be heard in every county court. They would only be dealt with at considerable centres, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and so on. It might be said this would necessitate an increase in the number of county court judges. If that were so, he would not shrink from the liability. Let justice be done. (Hear, hear.) The separation orders issued under the Act of 1895 were no remedy; they rather encouraged immorality by keeping people married but apart. He believed that many cases in which such orders had been granted called for divorce. The annual average of these orders from 1903 to 1907 was nearly 7,000, and the High Court supplied a test of the proportion in which divorce actions would probably be successful, for in 1907 there were 637 divorce cases in that court, and only 23 cases of judicial separation.

The Committee who had considered the whole subject held that county court jurisdiction should apply to couples whose joint income did not exceed £150 a year. It had been suggested that every local news-

...ARTISTS ABROAD.

...FUL ACTORS AND PAINTERS ...ERLIN AND VENICE.

...to know of the success of English art ...e studio or the stage—among such ... the Germans and the Italians. The ... Saturday by Mr. Fred Wright and ...sing in Berlin in a new musical ...Upper Ten," by the author of "The ...York"—Gustave Kerker—coincides ...e of the International Art Exhibi... in which British art is strongly re... same day. In Berlin both Miss ... Wright, says Reuter, acted in ... their songs and dances were en... incipals were recalled several times ... curtain.

...rt Exhibition in the shady gardens ... opened by the Prince of Udine, ...exhibits from England, Belgium, ...aria, and, of course, Italy. The ...egantly classic in style, is in the ...ition in the garden, and consists ... verandah overlooking the water, ... and Scottish exhibitors are such ... Brangwin, Brown, East, Frampt... ...y, Nicholson, Paterson, Pepper... ...osvenor, Thomas, Shannon, and ...ork of some interesting young ...rio unknown to Italy is to be ...hibits are oil and water-colour ...s, sculpture, and objects of ... Plymouth is president of the ...

...S SECRETARYSHIP.

...gathering of members of the ... of Engineers at the Bridge ...Bridge, on Saturday evening ...George N. Barnes, M.P., in ...ve years' general secretary... ...h post he resigned last year. ...present, delegates attending ...on, Nottingham, Crewe, ...ncaster, Manchester, Liver... Birmingham. Mr. Barnes ...luminated address, a gold ...

...Jhist temple situated in ...en completely destroyed ...his temple, next to the ... was probably the most ...show temple in Japan.

According to information derived from ... worthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and ... Consort have decided on the names to be ... the expected heir. The names will be ... names of the House of Orange. The sponsors ... be chosen from among near relations.

The audiences of Ministers by Queen Wilhelmina, which had been temporarily suspended, have been resumed. Her Majesty this morning received the Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

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...ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY ...

...Summer Handicap—SAN MINIATO.†
Midsummer Stakes—GREAT PETER.
Bury Handicap—VIGILANCE. ARION.

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Bayardo was in good demand for the St. Leger at 2 to 1, two "monkeys" being taken in one bet. Quotations:—

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(Run July 23. One mile and three furlongs.)
6 to 1 agst Dean Swift (taken and offered)
7 to 1 —— Maud Mackintosh (taken and offered)
100 to 30 —— Procope (taken)
10 to 1 —— Acclaim (taken and offered)
100 to 7 —— Fulcham (taken)

ST. LEGER.
(Run Sept. 8. About one mile and six furlongs.)
2 to 1 agst Bayardo (taken and offered)

WINNERS AND STARTING PRICES. NEWMARKET.

TWO-YEAR-OLD (17)—Santa Cana filly (Sadgrove), 100 to 9 agst.
SWAFFHAM (10)—Jovial (B. Rankin), 9 to 1 agst.
RETLAND (6)—Mirador (H. Jones), 5 to 4 on.
JULY (18)—Fallen Angel (C. Trigg), 3 to 1 agst.
TWO-YEAR-OLD SALE (6)—Kitty (F. Wootton), 5 to 2 agst.
MAIDEN (13)—Bayeta (E. Jellis), 6 to 1 agst.
SUSSEX PLATE (3)—Maid of the Mist (O. Maiden), 2 to 1 agst.
(Figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

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A TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs.
Chesterfield Course, five furlongs.

Mr S. Loates's f by Springfield—Santa Cana, 8st 4lb ...
Mr G. Hilbert's Velasio, 8st 11lb ... R. Sadgrove 1
Mr F. Gaitress's Fascinate II., 8st 12lb ... C. Foy 2
Mr E. J. King's Vitalise, 8st ... W. Griggs 3
Mr E. Monro's Cellulist, 8st 11lb ... H. Jones 0
Mr H. W. Gadney's Kenora, 8st ... W. Bailey 0
Mr Ellis's Montrogue, 8st ... Wm. Griggs 0
Mr A. Wood's Fairlight, 8st ... A. Brown 0
Mr W. Gray's Witch Finder, 8st 5lb ... C. Wallace 0
Mr F. B. Thompson's Unrevoke, 8st ... J. Powell 0
Mr [illegible]'s [illegible], 8st ... [illegible] 0

...iis patient.

...rs in Women.

...deals simply and ...ubject. A careful ...ke it quite clear ...a perfectly simple, ...ns, she is enabled ...various forms of ...

...NGS.

...or less un... ...outlook for ...ndicate had ...ining shares ...nternational ...ifications for ...satisfactory; ...lower, and ...ittle change. ...and. Ameri... ...arket, whilst ...in copper.—

...ORTS.

...idend of 2 per ... June 28. ...on the ordinary ...at the rate of ...

...ividend on the ...ent. per annum ...

...ING

The Daily Mail

"TESS."

By MUSICUS.

According to present arrangements at Covent Garden, it seems "Tess" will be the next original production. It is a drama, in four acts, based upon Thomas Hardy's classic novel "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Luigi Illica, music by the Baron Frederic D'Erlanger. The production is due about the beginning of July, so that novelty-lovers will not require to possess their souls in patience for any great length of time. Not the least interesting point in connection with the production is this—that the subject, like that of Miss Ethel Smyth's opera "The Wreckers," which made its first English appearance on Tuesday last, is native British. More, both are Southern British, the one Cornish, the other Wessex. We shall never be the proud possessors of genuinely national opera until our composers seek national life or legend for their subject-matter. The addition of these two operas, then, to the somewhat meagre show of opera upon British subjects is to be warmly welcomed, and, perhaps, is fraught with great possibilities.

The name of Baron Frederic D'Erlanger is, of course, far from unknown in metropolitan musical circles. Many will recollect the production of his opera "Ilse Maude" at Covent Garden some ten or twelve years ago, while a pianoforte quintet from his pen was played with some frequency and much liked on account of its frank and refined melodiousness. In going to the literary work of Thomas Hardy for the subject of his latest opera the composer has been well advised. Mr. Hardy, the last of the Royal line of British writers, is nothing if not human in his literature, and where can modern opera seek a better source of inspiration than in humanity itself? It is the 'humanness' of "La Bohème," of "Madama Butterfly," of "Louise," much more than any symbolism that may be contained in any of them, that has caused these operas to be among the most popular in recent years. Now, they who know their Thomas Hardy as all true Britons should know him will long ago have realised the humanness of his characters.

"Tess" was produced in the first instance at the Teatro San Carlo, in Naples, in, I think, 1906, when Madame Giachetti played the name-part, Miss Tree-Smith supplied Aby, Beasi was Angel Clare, and Mr. Samaraco was Alec D'Urberville. A second production followed shortly afterwards at the Teatro Dal Verme, in Milan, with Madame Denara as Tess. The characters are Tess; Jack, her father (why not Hardy's John, I wonder?); Joan, her mother; Aby, her brother (who has grown in years since Hardy's novel appeared, though even now he is but 12 years old); Angel Clare; Alec D'Urberville (not now called Stoke); Tonnton, a dealer who has supplanted old Pa'son Tringham); with Dick, Nancy, Dark-Car, and Mrs. Crick; the head dairymaid, and a chorus of countryfolk, dairymaids, churners, and milkmaids. The time is England at the close of the 18th century. Here I may mention that for those who wish to compare the libretto with the novel an admirable English version of Illica's text has been made by Mr. Claude Aveling, the author of the English translation of "Arnida," "Alcestis," and "Germania."

The scene opens at Blackmoor, and follows Thomas Hardy's tale with tolerable fidelity. But as Mr. Aveling has pointed out, the dramatisation of the novel presents this great and rather unusual difficulty, that the librettist is beset by the temptation to include too much of the rich material offered. It was impossible to introduce into the space of an opera to last in performance no longer time than the normal many of the memorable situations and incidents of the book. For this reason Illica brings his libretto to a close with the scene on the wedding night, when Angel Clare learns from Tess's lips the story of her past life, which she herself imagines her father to have explained to Angel. It is unfortunate, but seems to have been unavoidable to Illica, that the three conspicuous notes of this section of the story, Tess's downfall, the death of her child, and her confession, should have proved dramatically unworkable. Nevertheless, and in spite of the omission of sundry incidents which in the original prepare us for the tragedies of Tess's life—such as the first meeting of Tess with her "cousin," Alec D'Urberville, at which he was so strongly attracted by her, in contrast with the scant notice taken of her by him in the opera—a vivid picture has been drawn of life in Thomas Hardy's country, Wessex.

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The third act takes place at the Talbothays Dairy, where has happened to Tess since the tragedy [illegible] at D'Urberville House. A child has [illegible] Tess from

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1

ED BY THE AUTHO

WAYFARERS," T
INSET: MR. T
Minister (Mr. H.
ers," a confirmed sheep-stealer (Mr. T. H.

Summer Handicap—SAN MINIATO.†
Midsummer Stakes—GREAT PETER.
Bury Handicap—VIGILANCE. ARION.

TRAINS TO NEWMARKET.—St. Pancras, 9.15, 10.18, and 10.55; Liverpool-street, 8.40, 9.10, and 10.20.

LONDON BETTING.

The only feature in a quiet market on the Liverpool Cup yesterday was the backing of Dean Swift, a stable companion of Menu, who was supported in a usually well-informed quarter, as after a wager of 700 to 100 was obtained, 6 to 1 was laid to smaller sums. Maud Mackintosh was befriended at 20 to 10, and then 7 to 1 was accepted to win several hundreds, the price again being offered. Procope was easy, but Acclaim travelled very well.

Bayardo was in good demand for the St. Leger at 2 to 1, two "monkeys" being taken in one bet.

THE LIVERPOOL CUP.

(Run July 23. One mile and three furlongs.)
6 to 1 agst Dean Swift (taken and offered)
7 to 1 —— Maud Mackintosh (taken and offered)
100 to 12 —— Procope (taken)
10 to 1 —— Acclaim (taken and offered)
100 to 7 —— Futchamin (taken)

ST. LEGER.

(Run Sept. 8. About one mile and six furlongs.)
2 to 1 agst Bayardo (taken and offered)

WINNERS AND STARTING PRICES.

NEWMARKET.

TWO-YEAR-OLD (17)—Santa Cana filly (Sadgrove), 100 to 8 agst.
SWAFFHAM (10)—Jovial (B. Rankin), 9 to 1 agst.
ESTLAND (6)—Mirador (H. Jones), 6 to 4 on.
JULY (18)—Fallen Angel (C. Trigg), 3 to 1 agst.
TWO-YEAR-OLD SALE (5)—Savvy (J. Wootton), 5 to 2 agst.
MAIDEN (12)—Bayets (H. Jollies), 6 to 1 agst.
FILLIES' FOAL (3)—Maid of the Mist (O. Madden), 2 to 1 agst.
(Figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

NEWMARKET MEETING.—WEDNESDAY.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs. Chesterfield Course, five furlongs.

Mr S. Lester's f by Symington—Santa Cana, 8st 6lb
Mr C. Hibbert's Velocia, 8st 11lb ..... E. Sadgrove 1
Mr H. Sellbran's Facsimile II., 8st 13lb ..... C. Foy 2
Mr H. J. King's Vitulus, 9st ..... Wr. Griggs 3
Mr R. Monro's Celluloid, 8st 11lb ..... H. Jones 0
Mr H. W. Sadler's Xarxes, 9st ..... W. Saxby 0
Mr Ellis's Moudragone, 9st ..... Wm. Griggs 0
Mr A. Wagg's Fairlight, 9st ..... A. Brown 0
Mr M. Gurry's Witch Finder, 8st 6lb ..... O. Madden 0
Mr J. B. Thomeycroft's Gasconade, 9st ..... J. Snell 0
Capt Sheriffe's Hornpipe colt, 9st ..... F. Wootton 0
Lord Wolverton's Carr Bridge, 8st 9lb ..... H. Leyham 0
Mr H. E. Johnston's [illegible] ..... A. Hewitt 0

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The third act takes place at the Talbothays Dairy. Much has happened to Tess since the tragedy of that night at D'Urberville House. A child has been born to her, but has died, leaving Tess free to begin a new life. Here, in the Talbothays Dairy, all is happiness and sunshine. On Tess has fallen the greatest of all human blessings, for she loves, and is loved in return; and so deep is her love for Angel Clare that she vows to make confession to him before yielding to his wooing. But, faltering in her resolve (this innovation on the part of the librettist, though dramatically effective, is not easily reconciled with Hardy's Tess), she exacts a promise from her father to take on himself the task of confession, and at the end of a scene with Angel her love conquers her doubts and fears, and, believing that all will be well, she suffers Angel to win her.

The fourth and last act brings us to the evening of the wedding day. Tess, not knowing that her father has shirked his task of enlightening Angel, is supremely happy, and pours out her gratitude to her husband for his generous forgiveness. Angel cannot understand her meaning, and Tess then realises that her father has broken his promise. In a few disjointed, but telling, words, the pitiful truth is made clear, and Tess realises that Angel is lost to her for ever. In vain she pleads that the sin was not hers, but another's, and implores him to take her away to some remote land, where they can live out their lives alone. Severed from the one and only good influence of her life, Tess knows that her dream is ended, and with a hurried farewell to the little bridal chamber, she disappears from Angel's horizon for ever.

HE DAILY CHRO

ONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

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Illness of Queen Wilhelmina.

Total Eclipse of the Sun.

Foreign

It will be seen that a nation which has that it can provide for an expenditure of £170,000,000 sterling in one year—after paying for all the ordinary requirements of a prosperous, growing, wealthy, populous, and progressive nation.

According to information derived from worthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and the Consort have decided on the names to be given to the expected heir. The names will be the names of the House of Orange. The sponsors will be chosen from among near relations.

The audiences of Ministers by Queen Wilhelmina, which had been temporarily suspended, have been resumed. Her Majesty this morning received the Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER MISSING.

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged twenty-two, brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passenger by the Cleveland, was missed from the ship on Saturday evening. He was seen at 9 o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at the ball, and the ship was searched. When the cabin was visited it was found that he had left no

—Hamilton, Carew, and Co., [illegible] Kensington.

ECT, REFRESH., FANCY GOODS, TOB., [illegible] seaside, KENT. Trade £850, without P.O. [illegible] lease. Two d.-f. shops in one. Cash required £400.—Hamilton, Carew, and Co., opp. Addison-road Sta., Kensington.

WINES and SPIRITS and BEERS, GROCERY, [illegible] WILTS. Net profit £1,000 per ann. Large [illegible] Great chance. Price £500, s.a.v.—Hamilton, Carew, [illegible] opp. Addison-rd. Sta., Kensington, W.

HAULING CONTRACTOR'S, COAL, FRUIT, and [illegible] TABLES, READING. Good-class BUSINESS, [illegible] blished 12 years. Excellent premises, in a main street [illegible] living. Full inventory. Ingoing £350.—Apply Mr. [illegible] Gould, Estate Agent and Valuer, Reading.

DAIRY FARM 46 acres.—Retail milk round. EL[illegible] BUSINESS, including valuable contracts, close [illegible] ket town and station in BERKS. A price is required [illegible] running herd of dairy cows, horses, carts, milk [illegible] utensils. Exceptional opportunity for securing a [illegible] business, capable of considerable expansion.—Full [illegible] may be obtained of Mr. John H. Gould, Estate Agent [illegible] Valuer, Reading.

BAKER'S and CONFECTIONER'S, N.W. district. [illegible] main thoroughfare. Established over 100 years. [illegible] retiring through ill-health. Trade 20 to 25 sacks per [illegible] £35 to £40 smalls. Modern bred bakehouse. Price [illegible] Apply Salter, Ree, and Co., 311, Kentish Town-rd., [illegible] 68, London-wall, E.C.

BOARDING HOUSE, N.W., good-class. 14 rooms, [illegible] gardens. Close Tube, accessible everywhere, [illegible] position. Low rent. Special prospects. Bridge players [illegible] £350; part cash.—Call, Stamp, Day, 42, Gt. Castle-st.

BOOT TRADE.—Old-established (1850) bespoke BU[illegible] for DISPOSAL. Best position in one of the [illegible] portant South Coast towns. Large premises could [illegible] for offices. Rent £200.—Address, for particulars, W. [illegible] 212, Postal Department, Daily Telegraph, Fleet-street.

BRIGHTON.—A capital APARTMENT HOUSE [illegible] POSAL as a going concern, well situated, close [illegible] sea, and within a few minutes of the West Pier. E[illegible] rooms, three reception rooms, &c. Rent £85. The [illegible] of £150 will be accepted for lease, furniture, and good [illegible] Apply to Messrs. Jenner and Parker, 1, Western-road, [illegible] Church-road, Hove.

BUTCHER'S (home-killed), country town, within 1[illegible] London. Population 5,500. Spacious premises, [illegible] residence with bath room, stabling, slaughter-house, [illegible] fruit garden, tennis lawn, all up-to-date. Trade £500 [illegible] full prices. Horses, carts. Every investigation [illegible] Apply J. A., 5, Kilburn-road, Paris.

CIGAR MANUFACTORY.—For DISPOSAL, as a go[illegible] cern, old-established manufactory of well-known [illegible] with extensive connection in the North of England. S[illegible] book debts approximately £4,000. Stock in bond ap[illegible] Address C. M., Box 5,400, Postal Department, Daily Te[illegible] Fleet-street, E.C.

CORN CHANDLER'S BUSINESS for SALE, SOUTH [illegible] Excellent, commodious premises, main thoroughfa[illegible] teen years' lease. Rent £100 per annum. Moderate in[illegible] For full particulars apply Messrs. Kemsley, Auctione[illegible] Finsbury-circus, E.C.

COUNTRY TOWN, SUSSEX.—CYCLISTS' RES[illegible] DINING ROOMS, at junction of three main cycling [illegible] Genuine living. Rent £50. Smart shop. Six large rooms, [illegible] fully furnished. For £85. Bargain.—Pope, 15, Ship-street, Brighton.

CRESCENT PRIVATE HOTEL,
ILFRACOMBE,
DEVON.
This valuable FREEHOLD HOTEL,
50 years in late owner's hands,
will be SOLD
by AUCTION
at the MART, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C.,
on WEDNESDAY, July 14, at 2.30,
(unless previously sold by private treaty),
owing to the death of the proprietress.
100 rooms. The best-known and most flourishing business in Ilfracombe. Possession arranged with comparatively small cash payment.—Particulars from the Auctioneers, Messrs. CROSS, 11a, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

EASTBOURNE (WEST-END).—A flourishing APARTMENT HOUSE for SALE. Established 50 years. Accommodation three reception rooms, six bed rooms. Price £200. Rent £46. Near sea and Devonshire Park.—Apply Oakdene, 10, Cornfield-road.

EXCEPTIONAL.—Owner offers APARTMENT HOUSE, [illegible] furniture, with boarders, to buyer. £50 cash, balance [illegible] arranged or reduced; or let house £55. 12 rooms, bath, [illegible] gardens.—Call, stamp, Day, 42, Great Castle-street, W.

FINCHLEY-ROAD (facing).—Unique opportunity.—Excellent BOARDING HOUSE, well-furnished, good connection. Two reception, seven bed rooms, convenient offices. Garden. Price, including furniture and goodwill, £525.—View by appointment, Messrs. Massey, Sourry, and Co., 176, Westend-lane, N.W.

FIRST-CLASS BOARDING HOUSE and PRIVATE HOTEL for DISPOSAL.—Sunny position, sea front, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. Doing splendid business, numerous permanent boarders. 17 good bed rooms. Price £800, including goodwill, furniture, &c.—Full details write Box 800, care of Gould's, 54, New Oxford-street, London.

A MOST REMUNERATIVE OLD-ESTABLISHED BUSINESS AND CHARMING RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY.

FREEHOLD FLOUR MILLS, with up-to-date machinery, 14-two-sack roller plant, extensive buildings, cottages. Valuable water rights. Family residence. Beautiful gardens, pleasure grounds, and meadows. Trout fishing. Good sporting neighbourhood. ¼ hour south of London. Owing to death, a most genuine opportunity arises of securing the whole at low figure.—W. T. W., 16, Abchurch-lane, E.C.

FURNISHING, CHINA, GLASS, BIRMINGHAM and SHEFFIELD GOODS, STATIONERY, and MISCELLANEOUS GOODS.—Returns about £5,000 per annum, with scope for great extension. Commodious premises, in best position of excellent market town, SUFFOLK. Stock and fixtures will be sold at valuation, amount about £3,000. Proprietor realised competency and is retiring. Unusual opportunity for acquiring a reliable and remunerative concern.—Particulars of E. E. Mills, Valuer, Downham Market, Norfolk.

FURNITURE REPOSITORY (est. 30 years).—FREEHOLD for SALE, with valuable goodwill, lease, stock including 45 vehicles, 16 horses, &c. Average net profits last three years £900 per annum, of which £350 per ann. represents rentals from goods stored in depository. Easily managed. Bearing every investigation. Serious illness and nervous breakdown sole cause for selling. Price £5,500.—Particulars only in confidence, personal interview. Sole Agents, Messrs. Heron and Heron, 135, Victoria-street, Westminster.

HAMMERSLEY, KENNEDY, and CO.,
JESSEL-CHAMBERS, 88, CHANCERY-LANE, W.C.
For quick and quiet SALES of HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, BOARDING and APARTMENT HOUSES, &c. Largest staff of specially-qualified assistants. No charge to applicants. 'Phone 5,693, Holborn. Telegrams, Palhammer, London.

NEWSAGENT'S and STATIONER'S, busy main thoroughfare, S.E. Net rent £60. Old-established BUSINESS. Owner retiring.—For full particulars apply Crafter and Gregory, 9, Stamford-street, S.E.

OIL, CHINA, HARDWARE, and WINDOW GLASS STORES, FOREST-HILL.—Long concern, easily worked. Cash trade of £24 p.w. Rent £45. Shop and five rooms. Death cause of sale. Price for 18 years' lease, fix., fittings, truck, £125. S.A.V.—Apply Izard's Valuation Offices, 58, Gresschurch-street, E.C.

OLD BOOK SHOP for SALE, 13, Praed-street, Paddington. Established 20 years. Rent £75 per annum. No premium.—Apply Phillips, Mills and Co., Bridge-wharf, Battersea, S.W.

CENTRE OF ST. JAMES'S.
OLD-ESTABLISHED high-class APT. HOUSE, extensive connection with all leading West-end clubs. Beautifully furnished. Long lease. Low price.—Agents, Mellersh and Harding, 4, Bennett-st., St. James's.

RESTAURANT (unlicensed) and BOARDING HOUSE, in grand position, in principal street. Present business could be considerably increased by a practical worker. All trade fittings and fixtures, £700. Moderate rent.—Address R., Box 130, Postal Department, Daily Telegraph, Fleet-street, E.C.

SMALL, old-established FREEHOLD BREWERY for SALE in important urban district. Splendid opportunity. Great scope for enlargement. Neighbourhood growing rapidly. Wine and spirit business, three tied houses (some distance from other licensed houses). Good family trade in casks, crates, and bottles. Family reason cause for sale.—Address Genuine, Box 435, Postal Department, Daily Telegraph, Fleet-street, E.C.

STATIONERY, PRINTING, &c., first-class market town in MID-KENT. Nominal rent. Lease 16 years to run. Returns exceed £3,000 a year. Superior plant. Best position in the town. Good fixtures, ample, well-selected stock. £2,500, or valuation.—Mr. Burghes, 34, Paternoster-row.

STATIONERY, FANCY, &c., pleasant part of SURREY. Shop, eight rooms, bath, and garden. Rent £70. Returns £10 a week. Scope for increase. Value of stock and fixtures £500. A cheap offer. Early SALE required. Proprietor retiring.—M., Burghes, 34, Paternoster-row.

SUITE HOUSE, quite exceptional, detached, in very large garden. Now and always full. Charming home and income. Good lease. Rent £120.—Jem, Box 5,758, Willing's, 125, Strand, W.C.

TAXI-CABS.—Advertiser, owning taxi-cabs in London, is prepared to SELL as going concern, or to amalgamate. In event of latter would relinquish control. Exceptional opportunity for investment in a sound and well organised business.—Address T., Box 812, Postal Department, Daily Telegraph, Fleet-street, E.C.

TO be LET, capital CAFE and REFRESHMENT ROOMS just vacated by "Ye Mecca (Ltd.)," area about 2,500 square feet.—For plans and particulars apply to The Chancery-lane Safe Deposit and Offices Co. (Ltd.), 53, Chancery-lane, W.C.

TO VINEGAR BREWERS.—For SALE, the whole of an extensive VINEGAR BREWERY, with up-to-date plant, situate in BERMONDSEY, LONDON. Capable of large, productive turnover.—Address full [illegible]

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Mr H. J. King's Vitalia, 8st ..... H. Jones 0
Mr R. Moore's Celluloid, 8st 11lb ..... W. Saxby 0
Mr H. W. Snelson's Xantus, 9st ..... Wm. Griggs 0
Mr Ellis's Meadowgrove, 9st ..... A. Brown 0
Mr A. Weary's Fairlight, 9st ..... O. Madden 0
Mr M. Garry's Witch Finder, 8st 6lb ..... T. Snell 0
Mr J. R. Thursgood's (Gascoigne), 9st ..... W. Worton 0
Mr Sheriffe's Hermitage colt, 9st ..... R. Lyham 0

The Daily Mail.
London: Harmsworth Buildings.
15 July 1910

"TESS" AT COVENT GARDEN

BARON D'ERLANGER'S AGREEABLE NEW OPERA.

"Tess," adapted from Mr. Thomas Hardy's well-known novel by Signor Luigi Illica, with music by Baron d'Erlanger, was produced last night at Covent Garden. The Queen, Princess Victoria, and Prince Christopher of Greece witnessed the performance.

The story we all know, although in this instance the heroine drowns herself instead of meeting her fate at the hands of the public executioner. This, perhaps, suits the ends of operatic libretto, and Signor Illica, who is no tiro at this work, has put together a most admirable book.

Of the music it can only be said that it is melodious and amiable. M. d'Erlanger gives us the expected with a frank air of dissociation from anything pertaining to modernity. The music is of the early Puccini period, and, at any rate, it can easily be grasped at a first hearing.

"Tess" is an opera with a chorus; and we are not allowed to forget it. Despite M. Debussy's condemnation of the conventional choir, with its "bouche fermée" and other effects we have it all here in "Tess," and throughout its four acts we instinctively know exactly what musical progression is going to happen next.

Whether the work is likely to become popular in this country is a moot point; it depends largely upon the type of audience to which it is played. Certainly those who appreciate "Pelléas et Mélisande" will find little in it to command respect; but, on the other hand, lovers of "Manon" and like operas will probably enjoy it to the utmost. M d'Erlanger has nothing new to say in music; but he says it most agreeably, and shows himself a musical artisan of the first rank.

Mlle. Destinn sang exquisitely in the title-rôle, and much of the vocal music given to her was arduous in the extreme. Signor Zenatello as Angel Clare, the vacillating lover, was also in good voice, and Signor Sammarco, M. Gilibert, Signor Zucchi, Mlle. de Lys (excellent as the little twelve-year-old boy), M. d'Oisly, and Mme. Lejeune did signal service. The conductor was Signor Panizza, and the scenery was exceptionally beautiful.

A word of praise is due to the really picturesque dresses worn by Mlle. Destinn, for they were a great feature of the production and helped many times to complete a fine stage picture.

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and her execution, since operatic heroines do not as a rule get hung, though they often commit suicide, as Tess is made to do. (The authorities might have given their audience credit for a little imagination, and not have spoilt the real pathos of the last scene by showing a kind of transparency of the girl drowning herself.) The real Tess does not cry when she is to leave her home for Mrs. d'Urberville's service; the operatic Tess bursts into tears, and thus becomes a purely conventional stage figure. "Dark-Car" (*i.e.*, Car Darch) is in the opera one of her fellow-servants, and it is through her [illegible] Tess is thrown into Alec

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AMERICAN IRON MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 14.—The "Iron Age" in its weekly review to-morrow will say that the tone in the iron trade is more cheerful: possibly there will be a decrease in activity during the remainder of this month and next month, but this need not cause any uneasiness as it is usual during the hottest period of the summer. In finished steel mills are congested, notably as regards bars, plates, and shapes, and the scarcity of reasonable deliveries is likely to become a serious problem. Advances in prices do not check the demand. Eastern producers of bars, &c. have virtually withdrawn

	Basic pig.	Foundry No. 2 X.	Bessemer pig.	Billets.	Heavy.	Western.	Boxplate.
	Short clear			Light			
To-day	12.06 to 12.25	7.35 to 7.95	7.55 to 8.35	6.30 to 6.90	6.25 to 6.80	6.20 to 6.80	27,000
Prev. day	11.62½ to 11.87½	7.25 to 7.85	7.40 to 8.10	6.25 to 6.80	6.00 to 6.50	6.00 to 6.50	30,000
Last year	9.00 to 9.25	6.20 to 6.80	6.25 to 6.90	5.30 to 5.80	5.25 to 5.75	5.25 to 5.75	11,000

Stock clear

Bacon firm at 37½c. advance. Hogs were 10 to 15c. higher. Provisions at sixth principal Western centres, including Chicago, since March 1 total 7,146,000, against 7,578,000 last year. To-morrow's receipts here are estimated at 16,000.

	Wheat.	Maize.	Oats.	Lard.	Ribs.	Pork.	Flour.
July. To-day.	126¼	72⅛	48⅞	11.77½	11.47½	20.82½	—
July. Prev.	120	73¼	49	11.67½	11.55	20.85½	—
Sept. To-day.	112⅝	67⅞	43⅛	11.80	11.67½	20.95	—
Sept. Prev.	110⅞	67⅛	43	11.87½	11.72½	20.77½	—
Oct. To-day.	—	—	—	11.45½	11.37½	11.10	—
Oct. Prev.	—	—	—	11.72½	11.62½	11.00	—
Dec.	109⅝	67	48¼	62⅛	62⅛		

Firm started with an average rise of 5 points, and during the day ruled firm with an upward tendency. The hog market was better, the cash demand greater, and the grain markets strong, which caused general speculative buying and made the close firm at a rise of 10 to 15 points. January, 9.35½c.

Pork, after an opening rise of 2½ points for September, became strong, and while business was not active during the day, bears were good buyers to cover on lighter packer receipts than expected, the strength of the hog market, higher cash prices, and the buoyant grain, with buying by packers. The session ended firm, and 20 to 25 points dearer. January, 18.05c.

Rose quiet and unchanged. July, 21c.

Oats steady, ½c. lower to ½c. higher.

Lard started with a firm tone, and 7½ points dearer for September. During the day prices here tended higher, with sellers scarce, and fair outside buying in sympathy with cash lard and the advance in live hogs. The session ended firm, and 12½ to 7½ points dearer. November, 11.30c.; January, 10.40c.

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THE DAILY CHRO

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

THE BUDGET BATTLE.

Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase, without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; those owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with complete ... ness on their own part. In such ... would be no violation of the ... which private property ... the State should appropriate ... of wealth or part of it ... would not properly ... from anybody; it ... ing an accession ... cumstances, ... instead of ... earned ... ticular ... ciple ...

It will be ... that a nation whose ... that it can provide ... of £170,000,000 ... Pride—home, Indian ... after paying for all ... mines, works, and plant ... growing population is ... wealthy, prosperous, and ... tion.

According to information derived ... worthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and ... Consort have decided on the names to ... the expected heir. The names will be ... names of the House of Orange. The ... be chosen from among near relations.

The audiences of Ministers by Queen ... which had been temporarily suspended, ... resumed. Her Majesty this morning ... Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER MISSING

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged two ... brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passen... New York by the Cleveland, was missed ... ship on Saturday evening. He was seen ... o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at ... well hall, and the ship was searched. ... cabin was visited it was found that he had ... letter.

... of the world in doubt. A ... Government and the consc... peror to whom alone he ... Chancellor naturally comm... terest and curiosity. Tha... friend of the Kaiser is proc... regard for his friends, if ... capacity; that he has cli... almost unnoticed the ladde... proof at least of his indust... be seen whether long app... government has fitted him ... more onerous duties of the ... one respect Dr. von Bethm... from his predecessors. He ... in diplomacy abroad nor in ... at home. Having regard ... disposition to be his own F... inexperience is to be regre... cates a resolve to devote ... domestic than to foreign po...

If this is the Emperor W... could have found no safer ... that Dr. von Bethmann-H... versed in local administrati... reputation for thoroughn... that were not distinguishin... his predecessor. The abilities o... Buelow lay in another direction. ... Athenian who had strayed to t... the Spree. Supple rather than s... avoided open conflict and sought ... ends by those marvellous resource... tion and finesse that made him ...

LONDON W.C. 8. 15 JA

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NEWMARKET MEETING.—WEDNESDAY.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs. Chesterfield Course, five furlongs.

Mr S. Loates's f by Symington—Rosie Clare, (bt 6lb)

	R. Sedgrove 1
Mr C. Ribbert's Volante, 8st 11lb	C. Foy 2
Mr H. Sullivan's Fountain II., 8st 12lb	W. Griggs 3
Mr H. J. King's Vitalis, 9st	H. Jones 0
Mr S. Monro's Collinfield, 8st 11lb	W. Sadler 0
Mr H. W. Sadler's Karma, 9st	Wm. Griggs 0
Mr Hills's Mondragone, 9st	A. Brown 0
Mr A. Wass's Firelight, 9st	O. Madden 0
Mr W. Gerry's Wilful Finder, 8st 6lb	J. Snell 0
Mr J. E. Thompson's Gunsmoke, 9st	F. Wootton 0
Lord Rosebery's Hermitage colt, 9st	R. Lyndon 0
	F. Lyndon 0
	T. Loates 0

The Times.
Printing House Square, E.C.
(G. E. Wright, Publisher.)
from issue dated 15 July 190[illegible]

ROYAL OPERA.

"TESS."

By FREDERIC D'ERLANGER.

Tess	.. .. ..	Mlle. DESTINN
Jack	.. .. ..	M. GILIBERT
Joan	.. .. ..	Mme. LEJEUNE
Aby	.. .. ..	Mlle. DE LYS
Angel Clare	.. ..	Signor ZENATELLO
Alec d'Urberville	..	Signor SAMMARCO
Toronton	.. ..	Signor ZUCCHI
Dick	.. .. ..	M. D'OISLY
Nancy	.. .. ..	Mlle. EGENER
Dark-Car	.. ..	Mlle. BOURGEOIS

Conductor—Signor PANIZZA

It is not generally considered essential that operas or plays founded on novels should keep close to their originals; and it is with no wish to disparage the new opera produced last night that we mention the undoubted fact that very few of the qualities that are characteristic of Mr. Thomas Hardy's work have managed to get reflected in Signor Illica's libretto or Baron d'Erlanger's score. Of all Mr. Hardy's creations Tess is surely the most individual; her mixed ancestry, her strong native impulses, her country shyness, make up not merely one of the most vivid figures in fiction, but one most lovable in spite of all her transgressions of law. In the opera she is presented by librettist and composer as a peasant of an ordinary type, with whom, were it not for Mlle. Destinn's wonderful acting and magically beautiful singing, we should feel uncommonly little sympathy. And, if Tess's individuality has not been conveyed, still less is there in the opera any of the scent of the good, clean earth that is the distinctive feature of the book, as it is of so much of the author's work.

But, though he has not left much of Hardy in his libretto, Signor Illica has turned out a very effective book, in which he has, no doubt wisely, chosen to make the catastrophe come immediately after Tess's marriage to Angel Clare, instead of going on to the murder of d'Urberville and her execution, since operatic heroines do not as a rule get hung, though they often commit suicide, as Tess is made to do. (The authorities might have given their audience credit for a little imagination, and not have spoilt the real pathos of the last scene by showing a kind of transparency of the girl drowning herself.) The real Tess does not cry when she is to leave her home for Mrs. d'Urberville's service; the operatic Tess bursts into tears, and thus becomes a purely conventional stage figure. "Dark-Car" (i.e., Car Darch) is in the opera one of her fellow-servants, and it is through her agency that Tess is thrown into Alec d'Urberville's arms, for Car locks her out of the house. The third act, which passes in the Talbothays dairy, has the right note of gradual recovery from a blow, and ends with a finely emotional love-duet; and the fourth, in the Wellbridge Manor House, follows the story pretty closely, with the addition of a rustic epithalamium sung by the peasants, though Tess does not make her confession directly, but lets Angel guess the truth in a very dramatic duet.

The music has very considerable charm and organic beauty; it belongs in style to the best of the modern Italian schools, that of which *Falstaff* is the finest example. This is not one of the operas in which music is sacrificed to drama, or forced into a subordinate position; all is expressed in real music, and, even if it may not possess much distinction, the music is always appropriate, always very clever, and often quite moving. The numerous choruses have an English colouring which the music for the principal artists lacks; in the first scene is a charming part-song in quintuple time; the dance of the "club-walking" girls is suitably simple, the chorus sung in the dairy scene is very bright, and in the last scene, beside the epithalamium, there is at the close a very pretty serenade sung outside, while Tess is making up her mind to drown herself. The most charming section of a work which is, if anything, almost too full of suavity, is the prelude to the third act, a piece of pastoral character, owing a little to the "Waldweben" of *Siegfried*. The whole is admirably scored. There are "leading motives," and that which signifies the love of Tess and Angel is carried on and cleverly developed in their several scenes, to which it gives an agreeable unity. The theme which announces the first appearance of Angel Clare is that serviceable phrase which, starting with the trial of Radames in *Aïda*, has since won a new lease of life in the finale of Sir Edward Elgar's symphony. Neither the tenor nor the baritone music is very individual, and the tenor song in the first act is the least English thing in the score, while its *tessitura* is so cruelly high that alteration is inevitable. One of the most effective parts is that of Aby, Tess's little brother, with whom she has a pretty duet in the second act, and who has a solo in the final serenade.

The music for Tess herself is admirably expressive and suits Mlle. Destinn to perfection. What realization of the character there is is almost entirely due to the artist, who in appearance, gestures, and everything else shows us the "pure woman" whom Hardy drew. But though she made the deepest impression, it must be recorded that all parts were capitally sung, and the standard of the performance was as high as has been the rule this year at Covent Garden. M. Gilibert and Mme. Lejeune, as Tess's parents, might have walked straight out of the book; Mlle. de Lys made a deliciously simple Aby, and sang the pretty music of the part with grace and sweetness; Signor Zenatello was not the ideal Angel Clare, but he at least sang in excellent style, while in the unsympathetic part of Alec d'Urberville Signor Sammarco was quite first-rate. A very clever piece of *ensemble* singing was that of Mlles. Egener and Bourgeois and M. d'Oisly as the three

...or the world in doubt. A... Government and the consc... perer to whom alone he ... Chancellor naturally comma... terest and curiosity. Tha... friend of the Kaiser is proc... regard for his friends, if ... capacity; that he has cl... almost unnoticed the ladde... proof at least of his indust... be seen whether long app... government has fitted him ... more onerous duties of the ... one respect Dr. von Bethm... from his predecessors. He ... in diplomacy abroad nor in ... at home. Having regard ... disposition to be his own F... inexperience is to be regre... cates a resolve to devote ... domestic than to foreign po...

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E. Sadgrove 1
Mr C. Hibbert's Velocia, 8st 11lb ..... C. Foy 2
Mr H. Sullivan's Facsimile II., 8st 11lb ..... Wr. Griggs 3
Mr H. J. King's Vitulos, 9st ..... H. Jones 0
Mr S. Monro's Celluloid, 8st 11lb ..... W. Saxby 0
Mr H. W. Sadler's Xerxes, 9st ..... Wm. Griggs 0
Mr Ellis's Mondragone, 9st ..... A. Brown 0
Mr A. Wagg's Fairlight, 9st ..... O. Madden 0
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Capt Sheriffe's Hornpipe colt, 9st ..... B. Lynham 0
Lord Wolverton's Carr Bridge, 8st 11lb ..... A. Howitt 3

Angel Clare	.. ..	
Alec d'Urberville	..	Signor Sammarco
Toronton	.. ..	Signor Zucchi
Dick ..	.. ..	M. d'Oisly
Nancy ..	.. ..	Mlle. Egener
Dark-Car	.. ..	Mlle. Bourgeois

Conductor—Signor Panizza

It is not generally considered essential that operas or plays founded on novels should keep close to their originals; and it is with no wish to disparage the new opera produced last night that we mention the undoubted fact that very few of the qualities that are characteristic of Mr. Thomas Hardy's work have managed to get reflected in Signor Illica's libretto or Baron d'Erlanger's score. Of all Mr. Hardy's creations Tess is surely the most individual; her mixed ancestry, her strong native impulses, her country shyness, make up not merely one of the most vivid figures in fiction, but one most lovable in spite of all her transgressions of law. In the opera she is presented by librettist and composer as a peasant of an ordinary type, with whom, were it not for Mlle. Destinn's wonderful acting and magically beautiful singing, we should feel uncommonly little sympathy. And, if Tess's individuality has not been conveyed, still less is there in the opera any of the scent of the good, clean earth that is the distinctive feature of the book, as it is of so much of the author's work.

But, though he has not left much of Hardy in his libretto, Signor Illica has turned out a very effective book, in which he has, no doubt wisely, chosen to make the catastrophe come immediately after Tess's marriage to Angel Clare, instead of going on to the murder of d'Urberville and her execution, since operatic heroines do not as a rule get hung, though they often commit suicide, as Tess is made to do. (The authorities might have given their audience credit for a little imagination, and not have spoilt the real pathos of the last scene by showing a kind of transparency of the girl drowning herself.) The real Tess does not cry when she is to leave her home for Mrs. d'Urberville's service; the operatic Tess bursts into tears, and thus becomes a purely conventional stage figure. "Dark-Car" (i.e., Car Darch) is in the opera one of her fellow-servants, and it is through her agency that Tess is thrown into Alec d'Urberville's arms, for Car locks her out of the house. The third act, which passes in the Talbothays dairy, has the right note of gradual recovery from a blow, and ends with a finely emotional love-duet; and the fourth, in the Wellbridge Manor House, follows the story pretty closely, with the addition of a rustic epithalamium sung by the peasants, though Tess does not make her confession directly, but lets Angel guess the truth in a very dramatic duet.

The music has very considerable charm and organic beauty; it belongs in style to the best of the modern Italian schools, that of which *Falstaff* is the finest example. This is not one of the operas in which music is sacrificed to drama, or forced into a subordinate position; all is expressed in real music, and, even if it may not possess much distinction, the music is always appropriate, always very clever, and often quite moving. The numerous choruses have an English colouring which the music for the principal artists lacks; in the first scene is a charming part-song in quintuple time; the dance of the "club-walking" girls is suitably simple, the chorus sung in the dairy scene is very bright, and in the last scene, beside the epithalamium, there is at the close a very pretty serenade sung outside, while Tess is making up her mind to drown herself. The most charming section of a work which is, if anything, almost too full of suavity, is the prelude to the third act, a piece of pastoral character, owing a little to the "Waldweben" of *Siegfried*. The whole is admirably scored. There are "leading motives," and that which signifies the love of Tess and Angel is carried on and cleverly developed in their several scenes, to which it gives an agreeable unity. The theme which announces the first appearance of Angel Clare is that serviceable phrase which, starting with the trial of Radames in *Aida*, has since won a new lease of life in the finale of Sir Edward Elgar's symphony. Neither the tenor nor the baritone music is very individual, and the tenor song in the first act is the least English thing in the score, while its *tessitura* is so cruelly high that alteration is inevitable. One of the most effective parts is that of Aby, Tess's little brother, with whom she has a pretty duet in the second act, and who has a solo in the final serenade.

The music for Tess herself is admirably expressive and suits Mlle. Destinn to perfection. What realization of the character there is is almost entirely due to the artist, who in appearance, gestures, and everything else shows us the "pure woman" whom Hardy drew. But though she made the deepest impression, it must be recorded that all parts were capitally sung, and the standard of the performance was as high as has been the rule this year at Covent Garden. M. Gilibert and Mme. Lejeune, as Tess's parents, might have walked straight out of the book; Mlle. de Lys made a deliciously simple Aby, and sang the pretty music of the part with grace and sweetness; Signor Zenatello was not the ideal Angel Clare, but he at least sang in excellent style, while in the unsympathetic part of Alec d'Urberville Signor Sammarco was quite first-rate. A very clever piece of *ensemble* singing was that of Mlles. Egener and Bourgeois and M. d'Oisly as the three servants, in a trio that reminds one rather too strongly of Verdi. The scenery, by Mr. Harry Brooke, was extremely artistic, the first and third acts being quite remarkable. Signor Panizza, who conducted the first performance at Naples, directed the performance, which was received with great favour by a very large audience, the composer being repeatedly called before the curtain after the third act and again at the end of all.

THE DAILY CHRO

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

THE BUDGET BATTLE.

Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase, without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; those owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with complete ... ness on their own part. In su... would be no violation of the ... which private property ... the state should appropr... of wealth or part of it ... would not properly ... from anybody; it ... ing an accession ... cumstances, ... instead of ... earned a... ticular... ciple... Ch...

It will be ... that a nation whose ... that it can provide for ... of £170,000,000 of ... prises—home, Indian, C... after paying for all the ... niture, works, and plant ... growing population, is ... wealthy, prosperous, and pro...

hing... do th... case, have... ago for sup... kings; and ... creased, while ... the levy of an una... other men have don... to add to the general ... sperity of the country of ... part.—Mr. Joseph Chamb... 30, 1883.

The battle of the Budget, after ... breathing space, is to be resumed ... in the House of Commons. Progr... necessarily slow, but it is sure, a... continuous. Mr. Lloyd George sho... wise instinct in giving the land el... the foremost place in the Finance ... There is thus a better opportunity fo... House of Commons and the countr... become familiar with the character ... the effect of the new proposals. By ... very nature the land taxes excite fur... hostility among the privileged clas... and from their position in the forut... of the Budget scheme they draw ... themselves all the violence of the ... onset. So far they have easily withs... the shock. For all the violence of th... opponents, no real impression has b... made upon them. The principle and ... method of the tax on unearned increm... have been sanctioned by immen... majorities in the House of Commons, a...

ARTISTS ABROAD

ACTORS AND PAINTERS LIN AND VENICE.

now of the success of English art ... tudio or the stage—among such ... Germans and the Italians. The ... turday by Mr. Fred Wright and ... g in Berlin in a new musical ... e Ten," by the author of "The ... k."—Gustave Kerker—coincides ... f the International Art Exhibi... hich British art is strongly re... me day. In Berlin both Miss ... Wright, says Reuter, acted in ... ir songs and dances were en... pals were recalled several times ... rtain.

Exhibition in the shady gardens ... ened by the Prince of Udine, ... bits from England, Belgium, ... , and, of course, Italy. The ... ntly classic in style, is in the ... n in the garden, and consists ... andah overlooking the water. ... Scottish exhibitors are such ... ngwin, Brown, East, Pramp... Nicholson, Paterson, Pepper... nor, Thomas, Shannon, and ... of some interesting young ... unknown to Italy is to be ... its are oil and water-colour ... sculpture, and objects of ... ymouth is president of the ...

SECRETARYSHIP.

...ering of members of the ... Engineers at the Bridge ...ge, on Saturday evening ...rge N. Barnes, M.P., in ...years' general secretary... ...st he resigned last year. ...ent, delegates attending ... Nottingham, Crewe, ...ster, Manchester, Liver... ...rmingham. Mr. Barnes ...inated address, a gold ...

...st temple situated in ... completely destroyed ... temple, next to the ... s probably the most ...w temple in Japan.

According to information derived ... worthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and ... Consort have decided on the names to ... the expected heir. The names will be ... names of the House of Orange. The s... be chosen from among near relations.

The audiences of Ministers by Queen W... which had been temporarily suspended, ... resumed. Her Majesty this morning r... Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER MISSI...

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged tw... brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passen... New York by the Cleveland, was missed ... ship on Saturday evening. He was seen ... o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at ... well ball, and the ship was searched. ... cabin was visited it was found that he ha... lothes.

Maize (bushels) :—					
Receipts Western	384	328	956	4,070	3,782
Do., Atlantic ..	59	55	171	567	461
Exports, ditto ..	—	10	43	108	52
Flour (barrels) :—					
Shipments, West'n	77	76	247	909	948
Receipts, Atlantic	23	20	93	344	339
Exports, ditto ..	9	13	38	120	206

LARD is steady, with Western steam 5c. higher. Wilcox, prompt, $12.25; Western steam, $12.

COFFEE was steady at the opening at about yesterday's closing prices, and after being well held during the morning on reports of a good cash demand, weakened on sales by importers against firm offers, unsatisfactory Continental cables, and scattered local liquidation. The close was barely steady, with July, August, and November unchanged, and other positions 5 to 10 points lower. Sales :—31,000 bags.

COTTON on the spot closed quiet at 10 points decline. Futures opened firm at a rise of 6 to 12 points on better Liverpool cables than expected, and during the day fluctuated widely on conflicting crop reports, renewed liquidation, partly forced, being followed by active support. The final tone was very steady at a net gain of 1 to 7 points.

	To-day.	Week.	Season.	Last Season.
Receipts at ports ..	12,000	24,000	9,835,000	8,284,000
Exports to Great Britain	4,000	9,000	3,461,000	2,877,000
Exports to Continent ..	9,000	21,000	4,532,000	4,174,000

—	Wheat.		Maize.		Coffee.		Cotton.	
	To-day.	Prv.	To-day.	Prv.	To-day.	Prv.	To-day.	Prv.
Cash ..	123½	122⅛	65¼	65½	7¾	7¾	13.05	13.15
July ..	131	127¾	80½	80	7.10	7.10	12.55	12.48
August ..	—	—	—	—	6.10	6.10	12.56	12.51
September	119⅝	118¼	75¼	75	5.75	5.80	12.57	12.53
October ..	—	—	—	—	5.45	5.50	12.62	12.61
November ..	—	—	—	—	5.45	5.45	12.61	12.55
December	117¼	116⅛	67¼	67¼	5.40	5.45	12.65	12.61
January ..	—	—	—	—	5.40	5.45	12.65	12.60
February ..	—	—	—	—	5.40	5.45	—	—
March ..	—	—	—	—	5.40	5.45	12.66	12.60
April ..	—	—	—	—	5.40	5.50	—	—
May ..	118⅛	118¼	—	—	5.45	5.55	12.67	12.62
June ..	—	—	—	—	5.45	5.55	—	—

SUGAR is quiet at recent values. Raw centrifugal, 3.92c.; Muscovado, 3.42c.; refined granulated, 4.70c.

Messrs. Willett and Gray in their weekly circular give the following particulars :—Receipts, 49,000 tons; deliveries, 50,000; meltings by refiners, 50,000; consumption at the four United States ports, 50,000; and stocks, 374,000, compared with 48,000, 47,000, 45,000, 45,000, and 375,000 tons respectively last week.

TALLOW is quiet without change in values. Prime City, in tierces, 5¼c.; ditto, hogsheads, 5⅝c.

METALS.—Copper quiet at previous prices. Spot, 13.25c. to 13.37½c. Tin steady and 2½ to 12½ points higher. Straits, spot, and for July delivery, 28.87½c. to 29.12½c. Pig iron firm at 50 to 25 points advance. No. 2 Northern in the open market, in any position, $16.50 to $16.75. Steel rails, $28.

FREIGHTS are unaltered.

	To-day.	Prev. day.
Grain to Liverpool	1½d.	1½d.
Grain to Manchester	1¼d.	1¼d.
Grain to Glasgow	1½d.	1½d.
Grain to Bristol	1¼d.	1¼d.
Grain to London	1½d.	1½d.
Grain to Hull	1½d.	1½d.
Grain to Leith	nom.	nom.
Grain—coast	nom.	nom.
Petroleum, U.K. or Continent ..	nom.	nom.
Cotton to Liverpool	14c.	14c.

PETROLEUM.—Refined quiet at late rates. S.W. New York, barrels, $8.40; cases, $10.80; bulk, $4.90. Philadelphia, barrels, $8.35. NAPHTHA.—New York, auto. 12½c.

COTTON OIL is easy. Crude, 34½c. to 35½c.; yellow, spot, 5·52c. to 5.62c.; July, 5.54c.; December, 5.63c.

TURPENTINE steady, at yesterday's quotation of 48½c.

SAVANNAH, July 14.—TURPENTINE steady and ½c. dearer at 45¼c. to 45c. ROSIN, grade F, $3.80 to $3.85.

ST. LOUIS, July 14.—WHEAT firm, 2⅞c. to 1¼c. dearer. July, 118c.; September, 109⅝c.

DULUTH, July 14.—WHEAT firm, 3⅛c. to 1¼c. higher. July, 123c.; September, 113¼c.

TOLEDO, July 14.—WHEAT strong at 7½c. advance. July, 129c.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 14.—WHEAT dull and unchanged. Cash, 212½c.; December, 177½c.

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CHICAGO, July 14.—WHEAT.—To-day's session has been the most excited seen for a considerable time, the feature being a regular panic among the July shorts, which option at the close shows a rise of 6¼c., while later months are 1¾c. to ⅞c. dearer on the day. At the opening the tone was strong, July 1c. to 1½c. higher, and September was wanted at 1c. advance. Liverpool cables were better, the Argentine news still mentioned drought, and the weather map showed heavy rains in Kansas. The July bears fearing that the crop movement would be much delayed attempted to cover, and their efforts, in the absence of sellers, advanced this position by cents at a time. Temporary recessions occurred through profit-taking, but the demand was so urgent that they were easily recovered, despite news of rainy weather in the Argentine. In the afternoon the market resumed its strong upward movement, reports were received that the crop in Illinois had been badly damaged by storms, and the receipts continued small. Interior markets were excited, and sent heavy buying orders, the close being active, with the bear interest still panicky and final prices near the best of the day. July fluctuated between 120⅞c. and 127c., and September 111c. to 112⅞c. May, 112½c.

MAIZE was quiet at the beginning, with September offered at [illegible]

Deposit and Offices Co. (Ltd.), 63, Chancery-lane, W.C.

TO VINEGAR BREWERS.—For SALE, the whole of an extensive VINEGAR BREWERY, with up-to-date plant, situate in BERMONDSEY, LONDON. Capable of large, productive turnover.—Address full [illegible]

NEWMARKET MEETING.—WEDNESDAY.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs. Chesterfield Course, five furlongs.

Mr S. Loates's f by Symington—Bonita Class, 8st 6lb ..... R. Sedgmore 1
Mr C. Ribbert's Valesia, 8st 11lb ..... C. Foy 2
Mr R. Sullivan's Fascinate II., 8st 13lb ..... Wr. Griggs 3
Mr H. J. King's Vitalos, 8st ..... H. Jones 0
Mr R. Munro's Collivaud, 8st 11lb ..... W. Saxby 0
Mr H. W. Gadsby's Kerrera, 8st ..... Wm. Griggs 0
Mr Ellis's Mondragone, 8st ..... A. Brown 0
Mr A. Weary's Fairlight, 8st ..... O. Madden 0
Mr H. Gurry's Witch Finder, 8st 6lb ..... J. Reed 0
Mr J. B. Thompson's Gracenada, 8st ..... [illegible] 0
[illegible] ..... [illegible] 0
[illegible] ..... [illegible] 0
[illegible] ..... [illegible] 0
[illegible] ..... [illegible] 0

Daily Express,
23, St. Bride Street, E.C.
g from issue dated 15 July 190

TESS AS OPERA STAR.

ANOTHER FARMYARD PRODUCTION AT COVENT GARDEN.

WESSEX CHARACTERS IN ITALIAN.

What would Dorsetshire farmer-folk think of themselves as pictured in Baron Frederic d'Erlanger's opera, "Tess," which was given for the first time in England at Covent Garden last night?

The royal box was occupied by the Queen, Princess Victoria, and Prince Christopher of Greece, and a distinguished audience was present for the production.

The principal characters of Thomas Hardy's famous novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," on which the opera is founded, are mostly simple Wessex villagers. But when transcribed to grand opera they become possessed of the noblest passions, the keenest intelligence, and utter their emotions in the most impassioned Italian.

These inevitable conventions strike one all the more forcibly in the scenes of English country life, such as in the first and third acts of "Tess."

Thus, in the charming opening scene of Jack Durbeyfield's farm-yard on Blackmoor we have Tess telling her young brother Aby, "Prince à fame," and later "Da bere al vecchio Prince," meaning that the old horse who looks out inquiringly from the shed is hungry and then thirsty.

It is a bustling picture of farm life at daybreak. Tess is first on the scene with a lantern. There is the household to be wakened, the kitchen to be seen to, buckets to fill, the horse to be fed and watered, and the rickety market cart and harness to be got ready.

Aby throws down hay and straw from the barn.

Tess feeds the horse by hand. She talks to him in the usual petting way: "Up with your old muzzle; toss your mane! Make your usual morning bow! Take off your halter! Here's your fodder! Now, 'Good morning!'"

The mother appearing, both women rejoice in the beautiful May day.

PARENTS' PROPOSAL.

Jack, the father, however, has no cause to be happy. He owes a lot of money to one Toronton. Times are bad, and he cannot pay it. He changes his tune when he learns from the creditor himself that he is by descent a D'Urberville, not Durbeyfield.

This discovery makes Tess a cousin of Alec, the heir to the great D'Urberville estates. With an eye to possibilities, the girl's parents wish her to enter their new relative's service as "companion." Tess refuses until Aby returns suddenly to say the horse has been killed by the mail coach, thus depriving the family of a valuable means of support.

Although Luigi Illica's Italian version differs widely from the novel, the second act follows it more closely. In the opera we find Tess cordially disliked by the jealous servants of D'Urberville'shouse.

In fact, we are introduced to a typical modern opera brawl, in which Tess' fellow-servants are about to fall on her and rend her, when Alec's timely arrival saves her from harm.

Alec, who is the villain of the piece, finds her later, however, locked out of the house, and takes advantage of the situation and the night to press his heartless suit. Tess beseeches him to have pity, but Alec takes no heed.

In the third act we find Tess among the Dorsetshire dairymaids, under the influence of the love of Angel Clare. She accepts his offer of marriage only on her father promising to tell him of her betrayal by Alec more than a year ago.

Mrs. Crick's dairy farm is as full of life and realism as the opening scene of Tess' home. The men in their gay smocks and the girls in their pretty prints and white caps make a charming picture.

LOVE MUSIC.

The love music in this act is the strongest in the opera, giving fine opportunities to the principal soprano and tenor soloists. The final duet is particularly noteworthy.

The music of the last act, however, is more firmly knit together than that of the rest of the work. Here we get the only really dramatic situation of the whole opera. But it is a great one.

Tess, in an impulse of supreme joy and love, thanks her husband for his generous forgiveness. This is the first hint he has had of his bride's unhappy past. Her father had played her false and not told her lover.

Angel repulses her with loathing. Tess, maddened by the injustice of it all, flings away her wedding ring. "Love me and save me! If not for wife take me for slave or mistress," she cries.

Still repulsed, she steals out into the night. A final tableau shows her making her way to the river, glittering in the moonlight.

Angel sees it as a vision as he looks up stupefied from his weeping. "Tess, Tess, Tess," he calls to the silent night as the curtain falls.

The music throughout is written in the [illegible] Italian style of [illegible] power or contrast, it is, nevertheless, full of life and colour. The various arias are both pleasing to hear and grateful to the singers.

The introduction, which includes the "Tess" and love themes, is a section of great beauty. The symphonic prelude to the third act, however, which indicates the awakening of nature to the influence of spring, after the devastation of winter, thus typifying Tess' reawakening to the love of Angel Clare after her betrayal is a really noble piece of music.

The "Primrose" chorus in the first act.

Flour (barrels) :—					
Shipments, West'n	—	10	171	207	3,799
Receipts, Atlantic	77	70	247	206	481
Exports, ditto ..	28	29	93	244	930
	6	19	26	120	850

LARD is steady, with Western steam 5c. higher. Wilcox, prompt, $12.25; Western steam, $12.

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March ..	—	—	—	—	5.40	5.45	12.66	12.60
April ..	—	—	—	—	5.40	5.50	—	—
May ..	113½	113¼	—	—	5.45	5.55	12.67	12.62
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Grain to London	1¼d.	1¼d.
Grain to Hull	1⅜d.	1⅜d.
Grain to Leith	1⅜d.	1⅜d.
Grain—coast	nom.	nom.
Petroleum, U.K. or Continent	nom.	nom.
Cotton to Liverpool	nom.	nom.
	14c.	14c.

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squeeze-effects, plans and particulars apply to The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit and Offices Co. (Ltd.), 63, Chancery-lane, W.C.

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Mr S. Lester's f by Symington—Santa Claus, 8st 6lb

Mr C. Hibbert's Veiesia, 8st 11lb ..... E. Sadgrove	1
Mr H. Saltiran's Facsimile II., 8st 11lb ..... C. Foy	2
Mr H. J. King's Vitulus, 9st ..... Wr. Griggs	3
Mr S. Monro's Celluloid, 8st 11lb ..... H. Jones	0
Mr H. W. Sadler's Xerxes, 9st ..... W. Saxby	0
Mr Ellis's Mondragone, 9st ..... Wm. Griggs	0
Mr A. Wagg's Fairlight, 9st ..... A. Brown	0
Mr M. Gurry's Witch Finder, 8st 6lb ..... O. Madden	0
Mr J. B. Thomasgroft's Gasconade, 9st ..... J. Snell	0
Capt Sheriffe's Hornpipe colt, 9st ..... F. Wootton	0
Lord Wolverton's Carr Bridge, 8st 9lb ..... B. Lynham	0
Mr H. E. Whitaker's Jubilee, 8st 11lb ..... A. Hewitt	0

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The principal characters of Thomas Hardy's famous novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," on which the opera is founded, are mostly simple Wessex villagers. But when transcribed to grand opera they become possessed of the noblest passions, the keenest intelligence, and utter their emotions in the most impassioned Italian.

These inevitable conventions strike one all the more forcibly in the scenes of English country life, such as in the first and third acts of "Tess."

Thus, in the charming opening scene of Jack Durbeyfield's farm-yard on Blackmoor we have Tess telling her young brother Aby, "Prince à fame," and later "Da bere al vecchio Prince," meaning that the old horse who looks out inquiringly from the shed is hungry and then thirsty.

It is a bustling picture of farm life at daybreak. Tess is first on the scene with a lantern. There is the household to be wakened, the kitchen to be seen to, buckets to fill, the horse to be fed and watered, and the rickety market cart and harness to be got ready.

Aby throws down hay and straw from the barn.

Tess feeds the horse by hand. She talks to him in the usual petting way: "Up with your old muzzle; toss your mane! Make your usual morning bow! Take off your halter! Here's your fodder! Now, 'Good morning!'"

The mother appearing, both women rejoice in the beautiful May day.

PARENTS' PROPOSAL.

Jack, the father, however, has no cause to be happy. He owes a lot of money to one Toronton. Times are bad, and he cannot pay it. He changes his tune when he learns from the creditor himself that he is by descent a D'Urberville, not Durbeyfield.

This discovery makes Tess a cousin of Alec, the heir to the great D'Urberville estates. With an eye to possibilities, the girl's parents wish her to enter their new relative's service as "companion." Tess refuses until Aby returns suddenly to say the horse has been killed by the mail coach, thus depriving the family of a valuable means of support.

Although Luigi Illica's Italian version differs widely from the novel, the second act follows it more closely. In the opera we find Tess cordially disliked by the jealous servants of D'Urberville'shouse.

In fact, we are introduced to a typical modern opera brawl, in which Tess' fellow-servants are about to fall on her and rend her, when Alec's timely arrival saves her from harm.

Alec, who is the villain of the piece, finds her later, however, locked out of the house, and takes advantage of the situation and the night to press his heartless suit. Tess beseeches him to have pity, but Alec takes no heed.

In the third act we find Tess among the Dorsetshire dairymaids, under the influence of the love of Angel Clare. She accepts his offer of marriage only on her father promising to tell him of her betrayal by Alec more than a year ago.

Mrs. Crick's dairy farm is as full of life and realism as the opening scene of Tess' home. The men in their gay smocks and the girls in their pretty prints and white caps make a charming picture.

LOVE MUSIC.

The love music in this act is the strongest in the opera, giving fine opportunities to the principal soprano and tenor soloists. The final duet is particularly noteworthy.

The music of the last act, however, is more firmly knit together than that of the rest of the work. Here we get the only really dramatic situation of the whole opera. But it is a great one.

Tess, in an impulse of supreme joy and love, thanks her husband for his generous forgiveness. This is the first hint he has had of his bride's unhappy past. Her father had played her false and not told her lover.

Angel repulses her with loathing. Tess, maddened by the injustice of it all, flings away her wedding ring. "Love me and leave me! If not for wife take me for slave or mistress," she cries.

Still repulsed, she steals out into the night. A final tableau shows her making her way to the river, glittering in the moonlight.

Angel sees it as a vision as he looks up stupefied from his weeping. "Tess, Tess, Tess," he calls to the silent night as the curtain falls.

The music throughout is written in the impassioned modern Italian style of Puccini. Though marked by no great power or contrast, it is, nevertheless, full of life and colour. The various arias are both pleasing to hear and grateful to the singers.

The introduction, which includes the "Tess" and love themes, is a section of great beauty. The symphonic prelude to the third act, however, which indicates the awakening of nature to the influence of spring, after the devastation of winter, thus typifying Tess' reawakening to the love of Angel Clare after her betrayal is a really noble piece of music.

The "Primrose" chorus in the first act, and the "Brida!" chorus in the last, are the most effective of the concerted vocal numbers.

DRAMATIC ORCHESTRATION.

The orchestration, in spite of the too frequent climaxes, never dominates at the expense of the singers, and is full of dramatic significance.

Mlle. Destinn as Tess added another to her long list of Covent Garden triumphs, while Signor Zenatello has never sung better than as Angel Clare. The comparatively small part of Alec was admirably done by Signor Sammarco.

M. Gilibert atoned for his low-comedian make-up by his fine picture of Tess' mercenary father. Praise is also due to Mlle. De Lys as the young brother and to the Covent Garden management for the excellence of the staging.

The opera was conducted by Signor Panizza, under whose baton it was produced in Naples in 1906, where its run was interrupted by an eruption of Vesuvius.

The new opera had a most enthusiastic reception from one of the largest and most fashionable audiences of the season.

The composer was loudly called for at the close of the third act, and was compelled to appear no fewer than eight times.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, the author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," has taken the greatest interest in the production, and was present last night, having attended some of the rehearsals.

Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, the composer of "Tess," was born in Paris in 1868, and is the son of a German father and American mother. He is, however, a naturalised Englishman, and has lived most of his life in this country. He is a partner in a foreign banking firm in Bishopsgate-street Within, and a director of the Grand Opera Syndicate and the New Cape Central Railway.

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ONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

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The International Women's Band will play daily during the exhibition at Olympia. The work of getting the band together has been intrusted to Miss Dorothea Vincent, a pupil of Lady Hallé.

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Indeed, the secretary of the society assured an "Express" representative yesterday that all arrangements are going on smoothly under the auspices of Mr. Harry Johnson, Danish Vice-Consul at Mogador.

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The Morning Leader.
Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.
from issue dated 15 July 1909

"TESS" IN OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

POINTS FROM BARON D'ERLANGER'S MUSIC.

"Tess" has some of the necessary qualities of a national opera. It is by a composer who, though not of English parentage, is now proud to call himself an Englishman, and lives in London; and the novel has already become a classic.

That the libretto founded on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" by Signor Illica deals somewhat ruthlessly with Mr. Hardy's characters and incidents, and even alters the main outlines of the plot in several important particulars, will surprise no one who knows what the exigencies of an operatic libretto are. The admirers of Mr. Hardy may be shocked, but Mr. Hardy himself, who was present at the full rehearsal, is understood to have expressed himself as completely satisfied.

The libretto is in four acts, and the story it tells is, briefly, as follows: Old Jack Durbeyfield keeps a mean country inn and is in difficulties about his rent. The man of affairs, "Toronton," tells him that he has discovered that the Durbeyfields are related to the rich D'Urbervilles, and that Mrs. D'Urberville seeks a companion, and suggests that Tess should go to her in that capacity. Tess is loved by Angel Clare, an enigmatical philosopher, and refuses on that account; but when her brother Aby comes and tells them that the family has lost one of its chief sources of income because the donkey Prince has been killed by a collision with a mail cart, she decides to go.

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In the second act Tess is the object of malicious persecutions by her fellow servants, and of unwelcome attentions from her employer's son, Alec D'Urberville. One of the servants sets a trap for Tess, with the result that she is locked out at night, and Alec takes advantage of her plight.

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Baron D'Erlanger's music is, like all else that he has written, full of grace and charm, and put together with extreme elegance, but, though it is of stronger fibre than any of his previous work, it does not attain to any very great strength. It has more affinity to the music of modern Italy than to any other school, but "Tess" is free from the faults of crudity and violence which disfigure it, and Baron D'Erlanger's melodies have a refinement which gives his work a character of its own.

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The opera was produced in the presence of one of the most brilliant and crowded audiences of the season, and had a tumultuously enthusiastic reception. At the end of the third act the principal artists, the composer, the conductor, and the stage-manager were called at least a dozen times. Mr. Thomas Hardy was understood to be present, but was not induced to take any public part in the demonstration. His share in the work is not, indeed, so large as the title of the opera would lead one to suppose. As the outline of the plot given above would indicate, Signor Illica, the author of the libretto, leaves off where the main thread of the story may be said to begin; and he makes Angel Clare more important than Alec d'Urberville.

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ARTISTS ABROAD

ACTORS AND PAINTERS IN BERLIN AND VENICE.

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...hibition in the shady gardens ...ed by the Prince of Udine, ...s from England, Belgium, ...and, of course, Italy. The ...y classic in style, is in the ...in the garden, and consists ...dah overlooking the water. ...Scottish exhibitors are such ...rwin, Brown, East, Frampton, ...holson, Paterson, Pepper... ...r, Thomas, Shannon, and ...some interesting young ...known to Italy is to be ...are oil and water-colour ...alpture, and objects of ...outh is president of the

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...ECRETARYSHIP.

...ing of members of the ...gineers at the Bridge ..., on Saturday evening ...N. Barnes, M.P., in ...ars' general secretary... ...he resigned last year. ...t, delegates attending ...Nottingham, Crewe, ...r, Manchester, Liver... ...ingham. Mr. Barnes ...ated address, a gold

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A Splendid Rendering.

Baron D'Erlanger was fortunate in his interpreters. Mme. Destinn sang quite magnificently throughout. She has seldom done anything finer than her soliloquy in the last act, and she acted with much force and feeling. Signor Zenatello also sang with splendid fervor. Signor Sammarco was admirable in the small part of Alec, who appears only in the second act, and M. Gilibert as Jack Durbeyfield, Mlle. De Lys as Tess's young brother Aby, and Signor Zucchi as the funny man of affairs Toronton were all excellent. The smaller parts were well filled, and Signor Panizza conducted with great discretion. The important symphonic introduction to the third act was extremely well played.

STACCATO.

THE DAILY CHRO

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

THE BUDGET BATTLE.

Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase, without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; those owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with complete idleness on their own part. In such a case there would be no violation of the principle on which private property is based if the State should appropriate the whole of wealth or part of it. The State would not property from anybody; it would be receiving an accession of wealth under circumstances instead of earned [illegible]

It will be seen that a nation whose Total [illegible] of £170,000,000 can provide for [illegible] after paying for all the [illegible] Indian Empire, works and plant [illegible] growing population, is [illegible] wealthy, prosperous, and [illegible] tion.

[illegible] do this [illegible] case, [illegible] ago for [illegible] kings; and [illegible] creased, while [illegible] the levy of an [illegible] other men have done [illegible] to add to the general [illegible] sperity of the country of [illegible] part.—Mr. Joseph Chamb[illegible] 30, 1903.

The battle of the Budget, after a breathless spass, is to be resumed in the House of Commons. Progress necessarily slow, but it is sure, and continuous. Mr. Lloyd George showed wise instinct in giving the land clauses the foremost place in the Finance Bill. There is thus a better opportunity for the House of Commons and the country to become familiar with the character and the effect of the new proposals. By its very nature the land taxes excite fury and hostility among the privileged classes, and from their position in the forefront of the Budget scheme they draw upon themselves all the violence of the attack at onset. So far they have easily withstood the shock. For all the violence of the opponents, no real impression has been made upon them. The principle and the method of the tax on unearned income have been [illegible]

ARTISTS ABROAD

ACTORS AND PAINTERS IN BERLIN AND VENICE.

[illegible] how of the success of English art [illegible] udio or the stage—among such [illegible] Germans and the Italians. The [illegible] rday by Mr. Fred Wright and [illegible] in Berlin in a new musical [illegible] Ten," by the author of "The [illegible]—Gustave Kerker—coincides [illegible] the International Art Exhibi- [illegible] ch British art is strongly re- [illegible] e day. In Berlin both Miss [illegible] ght, says Reuter, acted in [illegible] songs and dances were en- [illegible] s were recalled several times [illegible] ain.

[illegible] ibition in the shady gardens [illegible] ed by the Prince of Udine, [illegible] s from England, Belgium, [illegible] and, of course, Italy. The [illegible] y classic in style, is in the [illegible] in the garden, and consists [illegible] dah overlooking the water. [illegible] cottish exhibitors are such [illegible] win, Brown, East, Frampton, [illegible] holson, Paterson, Pepper- [illegible] r, Thomas, Shannon, and [illegible] some interesting young [illegible] known to Italy is to be [illegible] are oil and water-colour [illegible] lpture, and objects of [illegible] outh is president of the

SECRETARYSHIP.

[illegible] ng of members of the [illegible] gineers at the Bridge [illegible] on Saturday evening [illegible] N. Barnes, M.P., in [illegible] s' general secretary- [illegible] he resigned last year. [illegible] , delegates attending [illegible] ottingham, Crewe, [illegible] Manchester, Liver- [illegible] gham. Mr. Barnes [illegible] ted address, a gold

[illegible] emple situated in [illegible] upletely destroyed [illegible] ple, next to the [illegible] robably the most [illegible] emple in Japan.

According to information derived [illegible] worthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and [illegible] Consort have decided on the names to [illegible] the expected heir. The names will be [illegible] names of the House of Orange. The [illegible] be chosen from among near relations.

The audiences of Ministers by Queen [illegible] which had been temporarily suspended, [illegible] resumed. Her Majesty this morning received [illegible] Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER MISSING

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged [illegible] brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passenger [illegible] New York by the Cleveland, was missed [illegible] ship on Saturday evening. He was seen [illegible] o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at [illegible] well ball, and the ship was searched. [illegible] cabin was visited it was found that he had [illegible] letter.

partments; but Argentine Rails came into renewed demand. High-class stocks were offered, the congestion occasioned by the numerous new issues being the principal factor in the dulness, which became more pronounced when discount rates rose on the threatened gold exports. The Home Railway market continued under the labor cloud which has been darkened by the threatened strike of boilermakers on the Brighton. Canadian Rails were weighed down by the news that an issue of two millions of Grand Trunk Pacific Three per Cent. Guaranteed stock at 82½ is imminent. Mexican Rails were easier on profit-taking. Consols fell to 84¼ for the account, but closed only 1-16 easier on balance at 84¼. Home Rails were from ¼ to ¼ lower.

Movements in Americans were small apart from a rise of 3dols. in Wabash Preferred to 59¼. Canadian Rails shed small fractions, and Mexican Rails were ¼ easier. Argentine Rails Cordoba Central Income Debentures were conspicuous with a rise of another point to 70½. Leopoldina was firm on a traffic increase of £2,045. In the Foreign market Peruvian Preference, after falling to 32¾, rallied to the overnight figure of 33¾, on the better aspect of the frontier trouble. Russians were harder, the 4½ per Cent. Bonds hardening to 94¾. In the Miscellaneous section Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank shares declined a further point to 92. Eastman Kodak stock was marked up 3 to 378. Mexico Trams were dull at 132½, with Rio Trams quoted at 50¼. Anglo A was offered. Pekin Syndicates were steady, but about to 21s. 3d.

YESTERDAY'S PRICES.

BRITISH AND COLONIAL FUNDS.

Prices.			
84⅞	Consols, Money	84⅝	– 1/16
	" Aug. Account	84¼	– 1/16
100	National War Loan	100¼	– 1/8
85	Irish Land Loan	85¼	– 1/8
96¾	Transvaal 3% Guar.	85¾	...
96⅞	Local Loans Stock	97	– 1/8
91¼	L.C.C. 3%	97	...
92½	Water Board 3%	91⅛	– 1/8
–	Bank Stock	92½	...
68	India Three per Cents.	258⅛	...
72	" Two and a-half %	68	...
62⅝	Rupee Paper	72	– 1/8
92	Canada 3%	63	...
86¼	Cape of Good Hope 3%	91⅛	...
86	Natal 3%	86⅛	...
87¾	New South Wales 3%	88¼	...
87⅛	New Zealand 3%	87¼	...
96¾	Queensland 3½%	87⅛	...
86½	Victoria 3%	96¾	...
		86½	...

HOME RAILS.

24	Caledonian Deferred	24	
62⅛	Central London	62	– 1/8
11⅜	Great Central A	11⅛	...
44⅛	Great Eastern	62⅛	– 1/8
21⅛	Great Northern Deferred	44¼	– 1/8
48⅜	Great Western	121⅛	– 1/8
89¾	Hull and Barnsley	48¼	– 1/4
89⅛	Lancashire & Yorkshire	48¼	...
107⅛	London and Brighton A	89⅛	– 1/8
55	London, Chat., and Dover	83	– 1/4
56	" 2nd Pref.	106⅝	– 1/8
40½	London & North Western	55	...
59⅛	Lon. & S. Western Def.	135¼	– 1/8
17⅛	Metropolitan Consolidated	41⅛	– 1/4
62⅝	Metropolitan Districts	59⅛	...
57¼	Midland Preferred	17⅛	– 1/8
29⅝	" Deferred	65	...
27⅝	North British Deferred	57¼	– 1/8
53⅛	North Eastern Consols	29⅞	– 1/8
81	South Eastern A	128	...
	Taff Vale	53¼	– 1/8
		81⅛	...

AMERICAN RAILS.

19	Atchison, Topeka, Santa Fe	119	...
107⅛	" Prefered	107	– 1/8
21¼	Baltimore and Ohio	121⅝	– 1/4
96⅛	" Pref.	96⅛	– 1/8
79⅝	Chesapeake and Ohio	79⅛	...
57⅝	Chicago, Milwaukee & St. P.	157⅛	+ 1/4
48⅜	Denver and Rio Grande	48¾	–1
87	" Pref.	87¾	+ 1/4
87	Erie Common	83⅛	– 1/8
54	1st Pref.	87	...
57	Illinois Central	84	– 1/8
144¼	Louisville and Nashville	160	...
42	Missouri, Kansas, & Texas	145⅛	+ 1/8
135⅛	New York Central	42⅛	+ 1/4
65	New York and Ontario	135	– 1/4
92	Norfolk & Western	65⅛	– 1/8

"The moon by night shall not them smite,
Nor yet the sun by day."

The society held a general meeting at the Eustace Miles Restaurant yesterday. Lady Margaret Sackville, the president, opened the proceedings with a short paper, in which she alluded feelingly to poetry as "the last unveiling of the depths of the soul," and urged that "the minds of the listeners must be in a state of eager response."

Recitations and songs followed; but there was some incongruity in the programme. After a touchingly beautiful poem, recited with true poetic fervour, one was treated to a frivolous American song.

Keats' "Ode to the Nightingale" and Poe's "The Bells" were followed by the recitation of a well-meant piece about the poor

THE TIMES, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1909. 22a.

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

DORCHESTER, Nov. 17.

Exactly a year ago the members of the Dorchester Literary, Debating, and Dramatic Society produced a dramatized version of *The Trumpet Major*, written by Mr. A. H. Evans, a member of the society, on lines suggested by Mr. Thomas Hardy himself. This evening the Dorchester (or Casterbridge) Corn Exchange was once more crowded with an assembly of Dorchester citizens, for whose entertainment a company of a dozen Dorchester amateurs, besides several others representing farm servants and villagers, presented the story of *Far From the Madding Crowd*, once more with the approval of Mr. Hardy, and once more from the pen of Mr. Evans. Everything was the best Dorset—a combination of local talent, local colour, local tradition and dialect, and local manners and customs, with, just because it is all local, much more than local interest. When the curtain rose on the first scene, the Garden of Bathsheba's Aunt's Cottage at Norcombe, we stepped back 80 years to somewhere about the time of the great Reform Bill; and, thanks to Mr. Hardy and Mr. Evans, saw with our proper eyes what manner of man and women the ancestors of many of the audience and players had been, and what manner of lives they lived in those early Victorian days, far from the madding crowd. Into the bones of the buried past novelist and playwright and actor and scene-painter had breathed the breath of life.

In the play this evening Mr. Evans himself took the part of Gabriel Oak, and Mr. E. J. Stevens and Mr. H. A. Martin those of Sergeant Troy and Mr. Boldwood. Mrs. Evans was Bathsheba, Mr. W. R. Bawler and Mr. W. T. Pouncy, the Miller and the Corporal Tullidge of *The Trumpet Major*, were Jan Coggan and Joseph Poorgrass, and the other parts were distributed as follows:—Billy Smallbury, Mr. R. C. Barrow; Laban Tall, Mr. W. H. Jameson; Cain Ball, Mr. Dick Dawes; the Malster, Mr. R. N. Dawes; Liddy Smallbury, Miss Witham; and Mary Ann Money, Miss M. Hill. Mr. T. H. Tilley, last year's Mayor and Cripplestraw, provided the scenery and acted as stage manager.

Mr. Evans, who is a Dorchester chemist as well as its playwright, has divided his play into three acts, which take place in or near Weatherbury Manor House, the other scenes representing the garden of the cottage belonging to Bathsheba's aunt, in which the action opens with the meeting between Bathsheba and Oak; Boldwood's house; and Oak's cottage. Almost of necessity, certain changes have been made in the order of events as compared with the arrangement in the book. For instance, in the realistic sheep-shearing scene in the second act, Troy appears as well as Oak and Boldwood, and the incident of his spur catching in Bathsheba's dress is introduced here instead of in its rightful place in the fir plantation. Also, he performs his dazzling feat of swordsmanship in the homestead and not in the hollow amid the ferns. But, in spite of these and a number of similar alterations, Mr. Evans cannot be said to have taken any real liberties with the book. We get the story as Mr. Hardy told it, and the dialogue is given as nearly as possible in his own words.

The only important departure from the original is that the part of Fanny Robin is left out—that is to say, she is never on the stage, though of course there are many allusions to her and her relations with Troy throughout the play. Only her poor little coffin is brought on in the scene in Bathsheba's house with which the third act begins. At first sight this seems to be rather a daring omission, but in reality she is always in the background in the book itself, and the adapter has acted wisely in leaving her there.

Without doubt he has made out of his materials a more satisfactory play, and one far nearer to the spirit and intention of Mr. Hardy's novel, than the version which was played at the old Globe Theatre in 1882, and dramatically, of course, much better suited to the stage than Mr. Evans's first adaptation, *The Trumpet Major*. At the same time, till we get to the coffin scene and the shooting of Troy by Boldwood there is not and cannot be very much variety in the action, which consists chiefly in the frequent proposals of her three lovers to Bathsheba and the interchange of rustic wit between Coggan, Poorgrass, Tall, and Smallbury, all of whom, but particularly Coggan, as played by Mr. Bawler, were quite funny. Of the three lovers, Mr. Evans was the most successful. Though he did not wear a coat like Dr. Johnson, he got very near to one's idea of Gabriel Oak, and both his acting and his Dorset dialect were excellent. In the sheep-shearing scene in front of the manor farm a real live sheep and a real champion shearer hailing from Mr. Hardy's native village were introduced. Some of the audience seemed to pity the sheep as it was dragged off the stage with half its fleece shorn. But the shearer was so skilful that it certainly did not suffer at his hands, and in deference to humanitarian scruples arrangements had been made that when it was led off it was to be wrapped up in a cloak to prevent its feeling cold, and then turned into mutton. Mrs. Evans had a difficult part as Bathsheba, because the tragedy of her story was almost inevitably overshadowed by the comedy of the smock-frocked parts of the cast—a criticism which rather applies to the whole play. Of the other actors, Mr. Stevens as Troy and Mr. Martin as Boldwood, and especially Miss M. Hill as Mary Ann Money, were the best.

The play is to be produced in London next Wednesday at the Cripplegate Institute, of which Mr. Hardy is president. That may prove to be a mistake. Its charm must depend principally on the fact that it is a local product acted by Dorchester men and women, and there is a danger that in unfamiliar surroundings play and players may lose something of their reality and unique interest. But, still, Londoners who care for one of the finest of Mr. Hardy's books should not miss the chance of seeing it. Of course, a great many of his finer touches cannot be reproduced on the stage. You cannot, for instance, be in the theatre and on the top of Norcombe Hill and watch the North Star and Sirius and Capella, and Aldebaran in the clear sky and feel that the twinkling of all the stars seems to be but throbs of one body timed by a common pulse. But you can and do get the spirit of the book and venture to say with Joseph Poorgrass, "Since 'tis as 'tis, why it might have been worse, and I feel my thanks accordingly."

THE DAILY CHRO

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

THE BUDGET BATTLE.

Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase, without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; those owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with completeness on their own part. In such a case it would be no violation of the principles which private property rests upon if the State should appropriate a portion of wealth or part of it from anybody; it would not properly be taking an accession instead of earned ... cumstances ... ago for ... kings; and ... creased, while ... the levy of an ... other men have done ... to add to the general ... sperity of the country ... part.—Mr. Joseph Chamb... 30, 1903.

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STS ABROAD

RS AND PAINTERS
ND VENICE.

BOO

LATE

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The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged twenty-... brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passenger ... New York by the Cleveland, was missed from ... ship on Saturday evening. He was seen on deck ... o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at ... well ball, and the ship was searched. When ... cabin was visited it was found that he had left ... letter.

NEWMAR...
A TWO-YEAR-O...

Mr G. Hibbert's ...
Mr H. Sullivan's ...
Mr H. J. King's ...
Mr E. Moore's Col...
Mr H. W. Gardner's ...
Mr Rose's Mandrake ...
Mr A. Wass's Fatal ...
Mr H. Gurry's Wise ...
Mr J. H. Thompson's ...
Lord Rosebery's Harmonic ...
Mr Sutcliffe's Harmonic ...
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Mr. Balfour in Manchester.

"The moon by night shall not them smite,
Nor yet the sun by day."

The society held a general meeting at the Eustace Miles Restaurant yesterday. Lady Margaret Sackville, the president, opened the proceedings with a short paper, in which she alluded feelingly to poetry as "the last unveiling of the depths of the soul," and urged that "the minds of the listeners must be in a state of eager response."

Recitations and songs followed; but there was some incongruity in the programme. After a touchingly beautiful poem, recited with true poetic fervour, one was treated to a frivolous American song.

"The Bells" were followed by the recitation of a well-meant piece about the poor

THE DAILY NEWS,
SATURDAY,
NOVEMBER 20, 1909.

The Drama.

(By E. A. Baughan.)

On the morning after the performance of "Far from the Madding Crowd" I took a walk round Dorchester, not to see the recognised sights, but to get an idea, if I could, of the kind of town which Thomas Hardy has immortalised as Casterbridge. In spite of new buildings and modern shop fronts here and there, Dorchester, I should say, remains much what it was. It has now only some 10,000 inhabitants, and its streets are the quietest of any town I have ever been in. In guide books you may read that Dorchester is an agricultural centre, but if you had not that knowledge you would soon come by it in looking at the shops, or in dodging obstinate little heifers being driven down to the railway station. The country is everywhere in Dorchester. A minute's walk from the centre of the town—from the very market-place and you have the open Downs spread before you—a paradise for sheep. It is strange for a dweller in a large city to stand in the centre of a town and feel the tingle and smart of the strong, fresh breeze from the open country. And it is still stranger at night, after leaving the theatre, to walk through silent, dark streets beneath a clear sky brilliant with stars.

* * * *

Until I had seen Dorchester in the day time, when nothing in particular was going on, which is its normal state between market days and fairs, I had not quite understood why the audience in the cheaper seats had laughed in such affectionate sympathy with the humour of Hardy's rustics. For it was by no means a country audience. I understood after seeing Dorchester.

* * * *

The real success of "Far from the Madding Crowd" lay in its Shakespearian humour. Jan Coggan, Joseph Poorgrass, and Billy Smallbury come every week into Dorchester to this day. They still have curious superstitions and will visit the chemist for strange oils with stranger powers of curing, and behind all this ignorance there is the shrewd common sense which Hardy has reproduced so well. The very nature of the country is against education, and I fancy many of the parsons are pretty slack in Wessex. Personally I found this dramatic picture of Wessex farm-folk of great interest. It is one thing to realise them in the mind's eye in reading the book, and quite another to hear them speak with broad Dorset accent. The humour has a new point. The audience in the cheaper seats were of the same mind as myself. To tell the truth, the drama of Bathsheba and her three lovers fell rather flat. The amateurs of the Dorchester Debating Society are clever ladies and gentlemen, and work with a will, but only Mr. A. H. Evans as Gabriel Oak, and Miss M. Hill, who took the small part of Mary Ann Money, were really in the picture. As amateur players, judged by a London standard, they were—well, very amateurish. We have ten amateur clubs in London who could make much more of this Hardy play, but we could not reproduce the Dorset folk.

* * * *

I must confess that I went to Dorchester with the fixed idea that these Hardy plays had become famous simply from the reputation of the novelist, and that the town itself did not care a brass farthing for the work of Mr. A. H. Evans and his spirited friends. But that idea was soon dissipated, for I found that everyone in the town was interested in the production of "Far from the Madding Crowd." Dorchester is beginning to look on these plays as a great annual event in its life.

* * * *

What a future there might be for drama in England if other towns would follow the example of Casterbridge, and endeavour to give plays founded on local life. Only these plays should not be dramatisations of novels. That is the real difficulty. Because Hardy wrote of what he saw and knew, the atmosphere of the Wessex country is realised even on the stage. But the real drama of "Far from the Madding Crowd" could never be put on the stage with any sense of reality without entirely re-writing it. Mr. Evans has endeavoured to pack as much of the novel as possible into his dramatisation, with the result that it is a series of tableaux and scenes rather than a play. Without the novelist's explanations it is quite impossible to understand Bathsheba, and still more impossible to get any clear idea of Sergeant Troy. Even Boldwood does not explain himself very well, and the only successful character is Gabriel Oak. One does understand him on the stage. That is to say, all the complex characters in Hardy's novel come out badly on the stage.

* * * *

There is no reason for this except that Bathsheba, Troy, and Boldwood were not ... yourself by taking the novel and reading only the dialogue, and you will then find that without the author's explanations his characters have no definite emotional life. Mr. Evans has used Hardy's dialogue very faithfully, and has added very little of his own. It is strange how undramatic and sawdusty much of it sounded. Bathsheba is much too literary, although she might have been a governess if she had not been too wild. This literary quality in her talk gives a strange insincerity to every scene with her lovers. Perhaps a great

...S, SATURDAY,
...1909.

...DDING CROWD."—Mr. ...two performances of the ...ovel at Dorchester yester... Hardy went behind the ...players, whom he warmly ...e of the second perform... the cast were assembled ...his great pleasure at the ...d acquitted themselves, ...d racy way in which the ...duced the humour of the ...of thanks to Mr. Hardy ...dramatized and to Mr. ..., was proposed by Dr. ...hester Debating Society, ...he cast was chosen. Mr. ...all the praise was due to ...

...ial dialect, the ... ...colics. There ...e, about the ... It was ...when he, Jan ...he stage, one ...mme in one's ...ry Farm had ...

...ans was with... ...ered with suf... ...t the Gabriel ... And if the ...he sword dis... ...fascinated her ...he red-coat— ...he amateur, ...he performers ...e master hand ...

...athsheba that ...ifficulty in re... ...s beneath the ...horse's back, ...erment behind ... the petulant, ...inine creature ...eman, soldier, ...ly whimsical, ...ly wanton. It ...ughing, tear...

...UELIN. ...also ...e dumbledores," and ...illing ...n that "nothing will ...ess o' strings." After ...es up, and men and ...able ...for the benefit of the ...polic ...o is destined to play ...his ...away with the ancient ...Tess ...Quire. The carol is ...aron ...e door in scant attire, ...Its ...in falling in love with ...n a ...ileless youth does his ...the ... manner. The scene ...ory ...Shiner's house. Here ...mmed ...ut appreciation, and ...had ...ble for the occasion, ...ost ...he rustics shouts, with ...was ...earth, goodwill toward ...on ...his spaking!" Hardy ...his ...ch a scene as this, but ...no ... one of Fred Karno's ...pot ...ents upon the indignant ...but ...ens do not do this sort ...ives a sufficiently vivid ...el ...m as "wildly flinging ... form of capital X's ...

... has rivals for Fancy's ...o Shiner. In Fancy's ...k Dewy, as in the book) ...g to hang up pictures. ...washes his hands, with ...before, however, he can ...lled away to see a ...

...bright perhaps as when t... ...a well-lit and well-appoi... ...advantage to which they ...where they were origin... ...be seen against the oak-... ...Properly to appreciate su... ...with what should hav... ...oroed by the pressure o... ...upon ... ...mers," a condemned sheep

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Mr. Balfour in Manchester.

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Saturday evening. He was see
ut was not present at dinner or a
and the ship was searched.
visited it was found that he h

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Mr C. Hibbert's
Mr H. Sellman's
Mr H. J. King's
Mr S. Monro's C
Mr H. W. Sadler'
Mr Ellis's Mondr
Mr A. Wase's Fal
Mr M. Gurry's Wi
Mr J. H. Thomas
Capt Sheriffe's Llorupipe colt, 3st
Lord Wolverton's Carr Bridge, 8st 9lb

B. Lynham 0
A. Hewitt 0

the centre of a town and feel the tingle and smart of the strong, fresh breeze from the open country. And it is still stranger at night, after leaving the theatre, to walk through silent, dark streets beneath a clear sky brilliant with stars.

* * * *

Until I had seen Dorchester in the day time, when nothing in particular was going on, which is its normal state between market days and fairs, I had not quite understood why the audience in the cheaper seats had laughed in such affectionate sympathy with the humour of Hardy's rustics, for it was by no means a country audience. I understood after seeing Dorchester.

* * * *

The real success of "Far from the Madding Crowd" lay in its Shakespearian humour. Jan Coggan, Joseph Poorgrass, and Billy Smallbury come every week into Dorchester to this day. They still have curious superstitions and will visit the chemist for strange oils with stranger powers of curing, and behind all this ignorance there is the shrewd common sense which Hardy has reproduced so well. The very nature of the country is against education, and I fancy many of the parsons are pretty slack in Wessex. Personally I found this dramatic picture of Wessex farm-folk of great interest. It is one thing to realise them in the mind's eye in reading the book, and quite another to hear them speak with broad Dorset accent. The humour has a new point. The audience in the cheaper seats were of the same mind as myself. To tell the truth, the drama of Bathsheba and her three lovers fell rather flat. The amateurs of the Dorchester Debating Society are clever ladies and gentlemen, and work with a will, but only Mr. A. H. Evans as Gabriel Oak, and Miss M. Hill, who took the small part of Mary Ann Money, were really in the picture. As amateur players, judged by a London standard, they were —well, very amateurish. We have ten amateur clubs in London who could make much more of this Hardy play, but we could not reproduce the Dorset folk.

* * * *

I must confess that I went to Dorchester with the fixed idea that these Hardy plays had become famous simply from the reputation of the novelist, and that the town itself did not care a brass farthing for the work of Mr. A. H. Evans and his spirited friends. But that idea was soon dissipated, for I found that everyone in the town was interested in the production of "Far from the Madding Crowd." Dorchester is beginning to look on these plays as a great annual event in its life.

* * * *

What a future there might be for drama in England if other towns would follow the example of Casterbridge, and endeavour to give plays founded on local life. Only these plays should not be dramatisations of novels. That is the real difficulty. Because Hardy wrote of what he saw and knew, the atmosphere of the Wessex country is realised even on the stage. But the real drama of "Far from the Madding Crowd" could never be put on the stage with any sense of reality without entirely re-writing it. Mr. Evans has endeavoured to pack as much of the novel as possible into his dramatisation, with the result that it is a series of tableaux and scenes rather than a play. Without the novelist's explanations it is quite impossible to understand Bathsheba, and still more impossible to get any clear idea of Sergeant Troy. Even Boldwood does not explain himself very well, and the only successful character is Gabriel Oak. One does understand him on the stage. That is to say, all the complex characters in Hardy's novel come out badly on the stage.

* * * *

There is no reason for this except that Bathsheba, Troy, and Boldwood were not conceived and created by the author for stage purposes. You can prove this for yourself by taking the novel and reading only the dialogue, and you will then find that without the author's explanations his characters have no definite emotional life. Mr. Evans has used Hardy's dialogue very faithfully, and has added very little of his own. It is strange how undramatic and unreal much of it sounded. Bathsheba is much too literary, although she might have been a governess if she had not been too wild. This literary quality in her talk gives a strange insincerity to every scene with her lovers. Perhaps a great actress might have been able to make Bathsheba's talk sound more real than it is, but that would be a success in spite of the dramatist. Boldwood is also too literary. The intense passion beneath a reserved manner, which Mr. Hardy explains so well in his book, seldom gets into his speech, and Troy, difficult to understand in the novel itself, is inexplicable when the presentation of him is reduced to action and speech. The fact is the form of a novel is so different from the form of a play that the same subject must be quite differently conceived for each.

* * * *

I am afraid we shall never have a real folk-drama from the dramatisation of novels, and interesting as the performance of "Far from the Madding Crowd" was, i s production does not mean much. It is more a tribute to the novelist who has given conscious life to Wessex than an actual dramatic essay. I should like to see some member of the Dorchester Debating Society try his hand at an original drama of local life, or, at any rate, to make an original and broad adaptation of one of Hardy's novels. This attempt at what may be called a pageant play is rather a glorification of Hardy as the pride of Dorchester than a genuine attempt at first hand drama. But, at any rate, these Hardy plays have awakened a great interest in Dorchester, and from this something of moment may spring.

THE DAILY CHRO

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

THE BUDGET BATTLE.

Suppose that there is a kind of income
which constantly tends to increase, with-
out any exertion or sacrifice on the part
of the owners; those owners constituting
a class in the community whom the
natural course of things is rendering
richer, constantly with no
risk on their own part. In
which private property
would be no violation of the
the State should appropri
of wealth or part of it
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THE TIMES, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1909.

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."—Mr. Thomas Hardy attended two performances of the dramatized version of his novel at Dorchester yesterday. After the *matinée* Mr. Hardy went behind the scenes and had tea with the players, whom he warmly complimented. At the close of the second performance, when the members of the cast were assembled on the stage, he expressed his great pleasure at the manner in which they had acquitted themselves, and particularly the ripe and racy way in which the rustic characters had reproduced the humour of the Wessex folk. A cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Hardy for allowing his novel to be dramatized and to Mr. A. H. Evans, the dramatist, was proposed by Dr. Kerr, president of the Dorchester Debating Society, from the members of which the cast was chosen. Mr. Hardy, in response, said that all the praise was due to Mr. Evans.

but the delightful dialect, the racter in the bucolics. There red, for instance, about the f Mr. Pouncy. It was Hardy's creation in real life. And when he, Jan Coggan, and the others were upon the stage, one forgot almost that one held a programme in one's hand and sat in a stall. Weatherbury Farm had become a real place.

Gabriel Oak as played by Mr. Evans was without his smile, but the part was rendered with sufficient strength and truth to suggest the Gabriel one had preconceived from the book. And if the Sergeant Troy—not to mention the sword display that dazed poor Bathsheba and fascinated her into her temporary infatuation for the red-coat—and the Mr. Boldwood suggested the amateur, there were traces all the time that the performers were impelled by a genuine love of the master hand that drew the originals.

Miss Ethel Hawker gave us the Bathsheba that we knew. Seeing her, we had no difficulty in remembering that primitive ride of hers beneath the hanging tree branches flat upon the horse's back, what time Gabriel gazed with wonderment behind the screen of foliage. She was the petulant, vigorous, wavering, fascinating feminine creature who played with the hearts of gentleman, soldier, and shepherd alike. She was prettily whimsical, charmingly independent, tantalisingly wanton. It was Bathsheba, breathing, living, laughing, tearful—an excellent performance.

IN MEMORY OF COQUELIN.

distortion. The music is also attractive, for it is remarkable for its unfailing grace and tunefulness. The readiest appreciation is shown of the features of the story suitable for distinctive musical expression, and the composer is happy in his suggestion of the bucolic surroundings of Durbeyfield's cottage and in his duets between the central figures—in turn Tess and Clare and Tess and Alec d'Urberville. Baron d'Erlanger's orchestral colouring with its delicacy and imagination strikes the ear on a rehearing, and the grace and charm of the whole work are powerful factors in recreating the favourable impression made last year.

The performance last night, which was very cordially received, and the composer twice summoned in person to acknowledge the applause, had the great advantage of being carried out by almost the same cast as last year. Mlle. Destinn was again present to give her admirable interpretation of the music of Tess, and she showed on this occasion how well it suited her. She lost no opportunity of giving the passages with the most pleasing quality of tone, and sang throughout in a manner that caused the music to make the strongest possible effect. The part of Angel Clare was assumed by Mr. Riccardo Martin with a very marked degree of success. Some of the most powerful passages in the whole score are assigned to this character, and Mr. Martin sang them with splendid quality of tone of unfailing power. With his help the scene of Clare's proposal to Tess was made immensely effective, and moved the audience to enthusiastic applause. In the first scene, as in the last, Mr. Martin sang with complete abandon and showed the invariably grateful vocal writing in its most favourable aspect. Signor Sammarco was again the Alec and made the most of his share, although his well-directed efforts were not successful in removing an impression of too great length in the duet with Tess. Excellent character-studies of Jack and Joan were given by Signor Malatesta and Mdme. Bérat, and as Tess's brother Mlle. de Lys made a welcome reappearance, and put forward a piece of work of the highest artistic merit. The other parts were well done. The chorus sang admirably, and gave the "Walk" song and the Dairy Scene music, which contains so much felicitous local colour, with good balance, while the well-written chorus for female voices in the Bridal Scene was neatly sung. The orchestra, under the guidance of Signor Panizza, interpreted the score with full appreciation of its points, and with the excellent scenery and the spirit of the whole performance the opera renewed the gratifying impression made on its production.

THE DAILY CHRO

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

THE BUDGET BATTLE.

Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase, without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; those owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with completest ease on their own part. In such a case it would be no violation of the principle which private property is based if the State should appropriate the whole of wealth or part of it [illegible] would not properly be [illegible] from anybody; it would be [illegible] ing an accession [illegible] cumstances, [illegible] instead of [illegible] earned [illegible] ticular [illegible] ciples [illegible] Ch[illegible]

[illegible] Angel has inspired her desire to [illegible] her [illegible] Angel [illegible] see Tess [illegible] Tess [illegible] culminates [illegible] place in the [illegible] Tess [illegible] follows [illegible] exhibitors [illegible] orchestra [illegible] Tess has [illegible] Tess's place [illegible] extraordinary [illegible] Angel [illegible] Tess [illegible] Angel [illegible] Tess [illegible] Angel [illegible] Tess

Morning Post.

A WESSEX PLAY.

1909

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD" IN LONDON.

The number of novels that have been successfully dramatised can be counted upon the fingers of one hand. And among them would not be included "Far From the Madding Crowd," the book that many consider Mr. Hardy's masterpiece. But then the adaptor, as he so modestly said last night after the performance before the Society of Dorset Men in London, had not set out to write a great drama.

As a matter of fact, if the play were taken upon its merits it would fail. But what Mr. Evans has done, and with him the members of the Dorchester Debating Society, is to vitalise into actuality some of the inimitable rustic characters that move with such appealing gait along the by-ways of Mr. Hardy's Wessex.

It is not the story that haunts one after last night's performance, but the delightful dialect, the quaint twists of character in the bucolics. There was something inspired, for instance, about the Joseph Poorgrass of Mr. Pouncy. It was Hardy's creation in real life. And when he, Jan Coggan, and the others were upon the stage, one forgot almost that one held a programme in one's hand and sat in a stall. Weatherbury Farm had become a real place.

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It will be ... that a nation whose ... that it can provide in ... of £170,000,000 of ca... After paying for all the ... prisons, Army, Indian C... nitures, Growing Work, and plant ... Growing Population, is in a ... Wealthy, Prosperous, and Prog... Nou...

Total E... Foreign ... Colonies ... India ...

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...he battle of the Budget, after ... ...thing space, is to be resumed ... ...he House of Commons. Progre... ...sarily slow, but it is sure, ...inuous. Mr. Lloyd George show... ...instinct in giving the land cla... ...foremost place in the Finance ... ...e is thus a better opportunity fo... ...se of Commons and the country ... ...me familiar with the character ... ...ffect of the new proposals. By ... ...nature the land taxes excite fur... ...lity among the privileged clas... ...from their position in the forefr... ...e Budget schemes they draw u... ...selves all the violence of the ... So far they have easily withst... ...hock. For all the violence of th... ...ents, no real impression has be... ...upon them. The principle and t... ...d of the tax on unearned increme... ...been sanctioned by immen... ...ities in the House of Commons, ar...

ISTS ABROAD

tax ...

ORS AND PAINTERS AND VENICE.

the success of English art ... the stage—among such ...s and the Italians. The ...by Mr. Fred Wright and ...erlin in a new musical ... by the author of "The ...tave Kerker—coincides ...nternational Art Exhibi... ...itish art is strongly re... In Berlin both Miss ...ays Reuter, acted in ... and dances were en... ...e recalled several times ...

...in the shady gardens ... the Prince of Udine, ...n England, Belgium, ...f course, Italy. The ...ic in style, is in the ... garden, and consists ...erlooking the water. ...n exhibitors are such ...Brown, East, Frampt... ..., Paterson, Pepper... ...omas, Shannon, and ... interesting young ...n to Italy is to be ...il and water-colour ..., and objects of ...s president of the

TARYSHIP.

... members of the ...s at the Bridge ...aturday evening ...Barnes, M.P., in ...neral secretary... ...signed last year. ...gates attending ...gham, Crewe, ...hester, Liver... ... Mr. Barnes ...ddress, a gold ...

...situated in ...ely destroyed ... next to the ...ly the most ...e in Japan.

According to information derived fr... ...worthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and ... Consort have decided on the names to b... the expected heir. The names will be ... names of the House of Orange. The spo... be chosen from among near relations.

The audiences of Ministers by Queen W... which had been temporarily suspended, ... resumed. Her Majesty this morning re... Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER MISSIN

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged twe... brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passen... New York by the Cleveland, was missed f... ship on Saturday evening. He was seen ... o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at ... well hall, and the ship was searched. W... cabin was visited it was found that he ha... letter.

...EDWARD BAGNALL, D.Sc., M.A., &c. ...s Darwin and the Origin of Species: Addresses ..., in America and England in the Year of the Two ...Anniversaries." (Longmans.) 7s. 6d. net.

VERSE.

DOUGLAS, SIR GEORGE, Bt. "The Border Breed: Georgics and Pastorals, and other Poems." (St. Catherine's Press.) 3s. 6d. net. With 2 Plates in Colour by the Hon. Robert Scott.

FICTION.

BJORNSON, BJORNSTJERNE. "Mary." (Heinemann.) 3s. net. Translated from the Norwegian by Mary Morison.

CONNOR, RALPH. "The Settler: a Tale of Saskatchewan." (Hodder and Stoughton.) 6s.

CRAVEN, PRISCILLA. "Love and the Lodger." (Digby, Long.) 6s.

CRISPE, WINIFRED. "Golden Aphrodité." (Stanley Paul.) 6s.

MAJOR, CHARLES. "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg." (Macmillan.) 6s.

WARDEN, FLORENCE. "The Wolf at the Door." (Digby, Long.) 6s.

JUVENILE AND GIFT-BOOKS.

CHATER, LUCY. "Water Babies: a Play for Children." (Sonnenschein.) 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADDAMS, JANE. "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets." (Macmillan.) 5s. net.

COOK, E. T. "Rose-Growing Made Easy." ("Country Life" and Newnes.) 1s. net. Country Life Library.

COMBARIEN, JULES. "Music: Its Laws and Evolution." (Kegan Paul.) 5s. International Scientific Series.

GLYN-JONES, W. S. "The Law Relating to Poisons and Pharmacy. With Notes and Cases." (Butterworth.)

LEMONON, ERNEST. "L'Europe et la Politique Britannique, 1822-1909." (Paris: Félix Alcan.) 10fr.

MORLEY, VISCOUNT, O.M. "Indian Speeches (1907-1909)." (Macmillan.) 2s. 6d. net.

MOREL, E. D. "The Future of the Congo: an Analysis and Criticism of the Belgian Government's Proposals." With Appendices. (Smith, Elder.) 6d. net.

POLAK, HENRY, S. L. "The Indians of South Africa: Helots Within the Empire and How They are Treated." (Madras: G. A. Natesau and Co.) 1 rupee.

TYNAN, KATHARINE, and FRANCES MAITLAND. "The Book of Flowers." (Smith, Elder.) 6s. net.

"A Book of English Prose." Edited by W. J. Thomas, M.A. "Highroads of History," Book VII. 1s. 6d.

"Diving Scientifically and Practically Considered: Being a Diving Manual and Handbook of Submarine Appliances. Compiled and Edited by R. H. Davis. (Siebe, Gorman, and Co.)

"Eighteenth Century Literature: an Oxford Miscellany." (Clarendon Press.) 4s. net.

"Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History." Edited by Paul Venogradoff, M.A., D.C.L. Vol. I.: English Monasteries on the Eve of the Dissolution, by Alexander Savine; Patronage in the Later Empire, by F. de Zulueta. (Clarendon Press.) 12s. 6d. net.

"The Parables of Caleb Cobbleall." By E. I. M. (Headley Brothers.) 1s. net.

"The Second Problems Book: Prizes and Proximes from the 'Westminster Gazette,' 1908-1909." Edited by N. G. Royde-Smith. (Sidgwick and Jackson.) 2s. 6d. net. With a Frontispiece by Sir F. Carruthers Gould.

"The Wasps of Aristophanes as Performed at Cambridge 26th November—1st December 1909." 2s. "The Music" to the same, 3s. net. (Cambridge: Bowes

ARTIST and Designer.—Exhibitor with honours desires Permanency. Good all-round.—Box 2,395 "Daily News," Fleet-st, London. —20

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PARTNER.—Dutchman, with little Capital, familiar with the manufacture of cocoa-powder, is looking for a Partner, to establish a factory in London for common account. Large capital unnecessary. Success assured. Age 25-32 years.—Box S. Z. A.," care of Nijgh and van Ditmar, Ltd., Advertising Agents, Rotterdam.

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DON'T Hazard Capital without our guarantees. Est. 30 yrs. Read "Poultry Farming on Business Lines." 2/3. Largest poultry clientele in world.—Sec., W., Poultry College for Students, Bletchley. —9

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A.—PORK PIES, the only Pies having the genuine farmhouse flavour, from 2lbs. upwards, 1s. per lb. post free.—Send P.O., TARBERNER, Digbeth, Birmingham. All Pies made under the personal supervision of the Proprietors, 60 years' reputation. 2

CHEAP BACON.—Why pay your grocer 1id. to 1s. 3d. per lb. when you can buy from wholesale merchants choicest dairy-fed sides, 45lb. to 56lb., unsmoked 8½d. per lb., smoked 9½d. per lb., carriage paid to your door?—Fitz-Gerald and Co., Wholesale Provision Shippers, 55, Queen-sq, Bristol. —23

FISH, best quality, cleaned for cooking, carriage paid, 5lbs. 2/-; 9lbs. 3/6; 11lbs. 4/-; 14lbs. 5/-. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue free.—Neptune Fish Co., Grimsby.

FRESHEST FISH.—6lbs. 3/-, 8lbs. 3/6, 11lbs. 4/-, 14lbs. 5/-, 18lbs. 6/-. Carriage paid. Dressed for cooking. Price list free. Private householders or principals of schools and institutions desiring to avoid disappointment and ensure genuine quality and freshness, should note carefully address of the old gentlemen, NORTH SEA FISHERIES CO., Dept. 1, Grimsby.

GUARANTEED Fare Honey, 7lb. tins, 4s. 6d.; 14lb. tins, 8s.; sample 2lb. tins free, carriage paid.—Lea Valley Apiaries, Ware-rd, Hertford. —20

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

Morning Post.

(Edward E. Peacock, Publisher.)

from issue dated.....July 1.....1910

ROYAL OPERA COVENT GARDEN.

"TESS."

(IN ITALIAN.)

By FREDERIC D'ERLANGER.

From "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," by THOMAS HARDY. The Opera was first produced in Naples and then in Milan. Libretto by LUIGI ILLICA.

Tess	Mlle. DESTINN.
Jack	Signor MALATESTA.
Joan	Mme. BÉRAT.
Aby	Mlle. DE LYS.
Angel Clare	Mr. R. MARTIN.
Alec d'Urberville	Signor SAMMARCO.
Toronton	Signor ZUCCHI.
Dick	Mr. D'OISLY.
Nancy	Mlle. EGENER.
Dark-Car	Mlle. BOURGEOIS.

Conductor—Signor PANIZZA.

Act I.—Jack Durbeyfield's Cottage in Blackmoor Vale, Wessex.
Act II.—The Garden of d'Urberville House.
(Between Acts II. and III. over a year is supposed to elapse.)
Act III.—The Talbóthays Dairy.
Act IV.—The Bridal Chamber.

The delightful impression created by Baron Frederic d'Erlanger's opera of "Tess" on its first production in England at the Royal Opera last year was renewed last night, when it was performed for the first time this season. A repetition after an interval is one of the severest tests to which a work can be submitted, but Baron d'Erlanger's music comes through the ordeal in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. The reason is not far to seek, for the work has very great charm derived from its melodiousness, its apt characterisation, and its graceful colouring. For the purposes of opera a version of the well-known Wessex tale of Mr. Thomas Hardy has been employed that presents the points of certain stages of the story in a clear fashion. What is wanting can be supplied by the knowledge of its hearers, especially in this country, where the picturesque tale which tells with so much truth the story of foolish cupidity, rural innocence, and moral rectitude that is carried so far as to part husband and wife, is well known, and for its fidelity of local colour, if for nothing more, rightly regarded as a classic.

A rehearing of the opera does not diminish the impression that the various incidents of the story have been somewhat Italianised by Signor Illica, who, however, shows considerable perceptiveness in the way in which he has grasped the salient features of such part of the history as he has utilised. Yet the result is to make a good working version of the story, and what is of greater importance, to show us how our own native literature can be converted to operatic purposes without distortion. The music is also attractive, for it is remarkable for its unfailing grace and tunefulness. The readiest appreciation is shown of the features of the story suitable for distinctive musical expression, and the composer is happy in his suggestion of the bucolic surroundings of Durbeyfield's cottage and in his duets between the central figures—in turn Tess and Clare and Tess and Alec d'Urberville. Baron d'Erlanger's orchestral colouring with its delicacy and imagination strikes the ear on a rehearing, and the grace and charm of the whole work are powerful factors in recreating the favourable impression made last year.

The performance last night, which was very cordially received, and the composer twice summoned in person to acknowledge the applause, had the great advantage of being carried out by almost the same cast as last year. Mlle. Destinn was again present to give her admirable interpretation of the music of Tess, and she showed on this occasion how well it suited her. She lost no opportunity of giving the passages with the most pleasing quality of tone, and sang throughout in a manner that caused the music to make the strongest possible effect. The part of Angel Clare was assumed by Mr. Riccardo Martin with a very marked degree of success. Some of the most powerful passages in the whole score are assigned to this character, and Mr. Martin sang them with splendid quality of tone of unfailing power. With his help the scene of Clare's proposal to Tess was made immensely effective, and moved the audience to enthusiastic applause. In the first scene, as in the last, Mr. Martin sang with complete abandon and showed the invariably grateful vocal writing in its most favourable aspect. Signor Sammarco was again the Alec and made the most of his share, although his well-directed efforts were not successful in removing an impression of too great length in the duet with Tess. Excellent character-studies of Jack and Joan were given by Signor Malatesta and Mdme. Bérat, and as Tess's brother Mlle. de Lys made a welcome reappearance, and put forward a piece of work of the highest artistic merit. The other parts were well done. The chorus sang admirably, and gave the "Walk" song and the Dairy Scene music, which contains so much felicitous local colour, with good balance, while the well-written chorus for female voices in the Bridal Scene was neatly sung. The orchestra, under the guidance of Signor Panizza, interpreted the score with full appreciation of its points, and with the excellent scenery and the spirit of the whole performance the opera renewed the gratifying impression made on its production.

THE DAILY CHRO

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

THE BUDGET BATTLE.

Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase, without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; those owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with complete r... on their own part. In such ... would be no violation of the pr... which private property is ... the State should appropri... of wealth or part of it, ... would not properly ... from anybody; it w... ing an accession ... cumstances, to ... instead of a... earned ap... ticular ... ciples ... Che...

[illegible] ... spo... himse... do they ... case, have ... ago for such ... kings; and ha... creased, while the ... the levy of an unear... other men have done ... to add to the general ... sperity of the country of w... part.—Mr. Joseph Chamberl... 30, 1903.

The battle of the Budget, after a breathing space, is to be resumed in the House of Commons. Progress necessarily slow, but it is sure, and continuous. Mr. Lloyd George showed wise instinct in giving the land clauses the foremost place in the Finance Bill. There is thus a better opportunity for the House of Commons and the country to become familiar with the character and the effect of the new proposals. By their very nature the land taxes excite fuller hostility among the privileged classes, and from their position in the forefront of the Budget scheme they draw upon themselves all the violence of the first onset. So far they have easily withstood the shock. For all the violence of the opponents' attack, no real impression has been made upon them. The principle and the method of the tax on unearned increment have been sanctioned by immense majorities in the House of Commons, and

ARTISTS ABROAD.

...UL ACTORS AND PAINTERS ...ERLIN AND VENICE.

... to know of the success of English art ... the studio or the stage—among such ... the Germans and the Italians. The ... Saturday by Mr. Fred Wright and ...sing in Berlin in a new musical ... Upper Ten," by the author of "The ... York"—Gustave Kerker—coincides ...g of the International Art Exhibi... in which British art is strongly re... same day. In Berlin both Miss ... Wright, says Reuter, acted in ... their songs and dances were en... principals were recalled several times ... curtain.

...rt Exhibition in the shady gardens ... opened by the Prince of Udine, ... exhibits from England, Belgium, ...varia, and, of course, Italy. The ...egantly classic in style, is in the ...sition in the garden, and consists ... verandah overlooking the water. ... and Scottish exhibitors are such ... Brangwin, Brown, East, Frampt... ...ry, Nicholson, Paterson, Pepper... ...osvenor, Thomas, Shannon, and ...ork of some interesting young ...erto unknown to Italy is to be ...xhibits are oil and water-colour ...gs, sculpture, and objects of ... Plymouth is president of the

...S SECRETARYSHIP.

... gathering of members of the ... of Engineers at the Bridge ... Bridge, on Saturday evening ... George N. Barnes, M.P., in ...lve years' general secretary... ...ch post he resigned last year. ... present, delegates attending ...don, Nottingham, Crewe, ...oncaster, Manchester, Liver... ...d Birmingham. Mr. Barnes ... illuminated address, a gold

...ddhist temple situated in ... been completely destroyed ... This temple, next to the ... was probably the most ... a show temple in Japan.

...According to information derived f... worthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and ... Consort have decided on the names to ... the expected heir. The names will be ... names of the House of Orange. The spe... be chosen from among near relations.

The audiences of Ministers by Queen W... which had been temporarily suspended, ... resumed. Her Majesty this morning re... Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER MISSIN...

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged twe... brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passeng... New York by the Cleveland, was missed ... ship on Saturday evening. He was seen ... o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at ... well ball, and the ship was searched. W... cabin was visited it was found that he ha... letter.

...something sensible from England on the ... ment idea," writes the Agrarian *Tages Zeitung*.

The Nationalist *Tägliche Rundschau* hopes th... Sir Alfred Turner's opinion that talk about di... armament is absurd will soon be held by ver... many of his countrymen.

THE ALLEGED ESPIONAGE CAS... IN ST. PETERSBURG.

UNFOUNDED SUSPICIONS AGAINS... AN ENGLISH JOURNALIST.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, JULY 6.

Yesterday in connection with the Unger... Sternburg case the police raided the residence ... the St. Petersburg Correspondent of Reuter ... Agency, Mr. Guy Beringer, and seized h... private correspondence. On Mr. Beringer's e... plaining that he had made all arrangements ... leave to-day for his annual holiday, he was pe... mitted to make a deposition yesterday afternoo...

At the close of the examination, the Jug... d'Instruction declared that there was no nec... to detain Mr. Beringer in St. Petersburg an... wished him a pleasant holiday. Mr. Beringer ... one of the most highly respected foreig... journalists here, and a very painful feature of th... proceedings in connection with the Unger... Sternburg case has been the persistent sugge...

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN POLITICS

PROGRAMME OF THE LABOUR MINISTRY.

ADELAIDE, JULY 5.

The election of the Legislative Council on th... basis of adult suffrage occupies a place of prom... nence in the Government policy announce... to-day by Mr. Verran, the new Labour Premie... of South Australia, in the House of Assembl... With regard to the waters of the Murray, M... Verran said that the Government intended to as... Parliament to begin constructing locks on th... South Australian portion of the river at a co... of £480,000. An expert would be engaged ... construct the first lock. Large storage works ... Lake Victoria, costing £160,000, would also b... undertaken, provided an agreement were four... possible with the Eastern States.

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Bills would be introduced dealing with dea... locks between the two Houses of the Sta... Legislature, the compulsory re-purchase of lan... the assessment of values for local rating pu... poses, and with workmen's compensation, on th... lines of the British Act. The public works poli... of the Government, the Premier said, include... the construction of railways calculated to devel... the country and the extension of the outer ha... bour of Adelaide and the provision of addition... accommodation for deep sea liners.—*Reuter*.

It is evident that the South Australian Sta... Ministry intends to co-operate cordially with t... Commonwealth Government. Of Imperial i... terest is the announcement that the negotiatio...

GUARANTEED Pure Honey, 5lb. tins, 4s. 6d.; ... 1lb. tins, 1s.; sample 6d., tins free, carriage ... paid.—Lea Valley Apiaries, Wanard, Hertford.—Ad

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

Pall Mall Gazette,
Newton Street, Holborn, E.C.
Cutting from issue dated July 7 1910

ROYAL OPERA.

Last night D'Erlanger's opera of "Tess" was revived at Covent Garden. It is quite a successful opera of its class, because although it is for the most part lacking in originality and distinction, the music is essentially effective. The composer, in fact, has acquired a good enough technique for the writing of a work on the ordinary lines; there are plenty of "lyrical moments," while the more dramatic parts are handled in a direct and capable style. It is, of course, a defect that one should be so constantly reminded of other men's music; but, on the other hand, to those who are not too particular, the method has the advantage that the score is easy to listen to, there are no surprises, the expected happens. Without being an ideal version of Hardy's famous novel, the libretto has the merit of being clear in its issues, and this is an additional reason for the opera's ready acceptance, again by those not too particular. The quality of effectiveness in the music obviously is one which counts for a great deal when considering the question of performance, and one imagines that Mlle. Destinn finds little difficulty in giving one of her best in her portrayal of the title-part. She sang with every bit of her accustomed fine art last night—she created the rôle in England last year, it will be remembered. Mr. Riccardo Martin took Angel's part with much success; he was singing very well, and put plenty of force into his acting. Signor Sammarco, as Alec d'Urberville, showed all the finish to be expected from him apart from the experience of last summer and of the original production at Naples. The rest of the cast was excellent, and also partly familiar; Signor Malatesta replaced M. Gilibert as Tess's father, but the brother Aby was once again Mlle. de Lys. Conducted by Signor Panizza, the opera went with great smoothness; it is beautifully mounted, the scene of the Talbothay's dairy being especially picturesque. The previous evening's performance of "La Bohème" had the additional attraction of Signor Scotti in the cast, who made then his first appearance this season. He is to appear in "Gli Ugonotti" on Saturday. Laparra's "Habanera" will probably be mounted towards the end of next week.

H. A. S.

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H. A. S.

...could not, however, ...ations have met with ...an objection. Mr. ...whole he has done his ...ught into prominence ...s, Robert Penny, the ...m lasts, Thomas Leaf, ...nated by a gentleman ...enery, and Gran'fer ...lible authority on old-

...village upon a snowy ...os, with their instru- ...ly droll. They are ...safe to say that there ...essary discussion pre- ...a high-pitched voice, ...le dumbledores," and ...n that "nothing will ...ss o' strings." After ...es up, and men and ...for the benefit of the ...ancy Day, who is destined to play ...heart and do away with the ancient ...time-honoured Quire. The carol is ...cy comes to the door in scant attire, ...loses no time in falling in love with ...Evans, the guileless youth does his ...markably rapid manner. The scene ...r carol outside Shiner's house. Here ...ith anything but appreciation, and ...scarcely suitable for the occasion, ...nem. One of the rustics shouts, with ...to "Peace on earth, goodwill toward ...my, and drown his spaking!" Hardy ...arce, even in such a scene as this, but ...s remembering one of Fred Karno's ...illows and garments upon the indignant ...ated churchwardens do not do this sort ...fe, and Hardy gives a sufficiently vivid ...by describing him as "wildly flinging ...about in the form of capital X's

...and that Dick has rivals for Fancy's ...Vicar, and also Shiner. In Fancy's ...(and not Dick Dewy, as in the book) ...by attempting to hang up pictures. ...saucer, and washes his hands, with ...tin bowl. Before, however, he can

what has been omitted and what retained. There are four acts, and the first of these gives us the "quire" going its rounds and singing carols, which, by the way, have been selected by Mr. Hardy from those sung by country choirs from 1800 to 1840. Mr. Boyton Smith has skilfully harmonised the old airs.

We see all the characters we know so well in the book: Tranter and his old father, who would rather die than music should; Robert Penny, the shrewd old cobbler; Michael Mail, the innkeeper; and Thomas Leaf, who is quite reconciled to having no head. The second act is mainly taken up by the discussion of the "quire" on the new vicar's decree of abolishment. The third act is a strange amalgam of many scenes and shows us the Vicar and Dick Dewy as rivals to Fancy Day's hand. Into this act is inserted Dick's avowal of love, which all readers of Hardy know is one of his most fascinating chapters. The last act gives us the successful

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...bright perhaps as when they left the stu... ...well-lit and well-appointed gallery, ...advantage to which they appear at M... ...where they were originally hung. Sh... ...be seen against the oak-panelled walls ... ...Properly to appreciate such pictures as t... ...with what should have been inalien... ...forced by the pressure of the *res augus...*

WAYFARERS," PRODUCED

INSET: MR. THOMAS

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UNFOUNDED SUSPICIONS AGAINS AN ENGLISH JOURNALIST.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, JULY 6.

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SOUTH AUSTRALIAN POLITICS

PROGRAMME OF THE LABOUR MINISTRY.

ADELAIDE, JULY 5.

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c Westminster Gazette,
Salisbury Square, E.C.
(Printed and Published by John Marshall.)
g from issue dated July 7 1910

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COVENT GARDEN: "TESS."

Pity a composer who is wealthy and an amateur—for he will certainly be likely to get short shrift at the hands of the critics. If he is also a Baron and a director of the opera house at which his work is produced to boot, his case may be regarded as hopeless—for what self-respecting critic could possibly venture to praise him under these circumstances? Duty obviously requires that he should deal with more than usual faithfulness with such a one, lest it should be suspected for a moment that undue influence had swayed his judgment. Such being the case, therefore, it requires some courage to say that Baron d'Erlanger's "Tess" is quite a good work. If only it had been written by someone less fortunately placed—some young and unknown native composer, for instance! How much more easily one could have enlarged in that case on its good points! Still, even a Baron who is also a banker is a man and a brother, and it is the merest justice to recognise that "Tess" is really a very clever and interesting work. It may not be great, but it is eminently effective, and can be listened to throughout with genuine enjoyment. Many an old hand might envy the ease and assurance with which Baron d'Erlanger handles his materials. He has certainly mastered the technique of his art with praiseworthy thoroughness, and if only his actual ideas and themes were a little more distinguished or individual, he might do something really big. As it is, if his music lacks originality, it is consistently interesting and well written. Last night's performance was excellent. The part of Tess is one which is exactly suited to Mlle. Destinn. It is tragic, it is pathetic, and it demands just those tears in the voice which are seldom absent from her singing. Yesterday she was in splendid form, and got every ounce of effect out of a thoroughly effective part. Another who did particularly well was Mr. Riccardo Martin in the part of Angel Clare. Almost for the first time he came near to justifying the reputation which had preceded him, and his ringing top notes made a great effect. Sammarco as Alick d'Urberville, the villain of the piece, has not a great deal to do, but made the most, though without any exaggeration, of the little he had; while Signor Malatesta, Madame Bérat, Mlle. De Lys (excellent in the small part of Tess's brother Aby), and Signor Zucchi were other members of the cast; and Signor Panizza was an excellent conductor.

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MOTOR and OTHER GOGGLES ... CLES for sun and dust. Pocket Hy... ...ecting damp beds. DR. LOWE'S TEST ... DRINKING WATER. Illustrated Pric... ... Telescopes, Barometers, etc., pos... 38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LO... ...ranches 45, Cornhill, E.C.; 122, R...

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According to information derived f... worthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and ... Consort have decided on the names to b... the expected heir. The names will be ... names of the House of Orange. The spo... be chosen from among near relations.

The audiences of Ministers by Queen W... which had been temporarily suspended, ... resumed. Her Majesty this morning rec... Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER MISSIN...

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged twe... brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passeng... New York by the Cleveland, was missed f... ship on Saturday evening. He was seen ... o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at ... well ball, and the ship was searched. W... cabin was visited it was found that he had ... letter.

...909 has now resulted in the formation of a per... ...manent organisations by which the Churches in ...ese countries will be kept in touch with one an... ...ther and enable to co-operate in the task of fos... ...ering friendly relationships between the two na... ...ons and advancing generally the interests of ...eace and goodwill.

In Germany a committee has been formed ...hich includes many well-known and influential ...eaders of religious thought and philanthropic ...ctivity belonging to Lutheran, Roman Catholic, ...nd other communions.

In England a similar organisation has been ...et on foot, under the auspices of a body of men ...hose names have now been published, and whose ...nfluence and representative character cannot fail ...o commend the movement to the ministers and ...embers of every religious community in the ...ingdom.

A Representative List.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has accepted the ...osition of president, whilst among the list of vice-presidents the Church of England is represented ...y the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, ...Dean of Westminster, and the Bishop of Salford. ...Scotland is represented by the Moderator of the ...Established Church, the Catholic Archbishop of ...Glasgow, and the Bishop of Brechin, Primus of ...he Episcopal Church of Scotland. The Primate ...of All Ireland and the Archbishop of Dublin and ...several prelates of the Church of Ireland have ...signified their adherence. The Catholic Church in ...variety of these ramifications so publicly an... ...effectively demonstrated.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN POLITICS

PROGRAMME OF THE LABOUR MINISTRY.

ADELAIDE, JULY 5.

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...should note carefully address of the ... Sanders, NORTH SEA FISHERIES CO., Dept. ... Grimsby.
GUARANTEED Pure Honey, 5lb. tins, 4s. 6d.; ... 1lb. tins, 1s.; sample 1lb. tins 1ls. carriage ... paid.—Lea Valley Apiaries, Wanard, Hertford.—Ad...
MISCELLANEOUS SALES.
BRISTOL STATIONERS BEATS THE ...

The Morning Leader.

Stonecutter Street London, E.C.

from issue dated July 7 1910

THE OPERA.

"TESS" GIVEN FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS SEASON.

Baron D'Erlanger's "Tess," which was one of the successes of last season was given last night for the first time this year at Covent Garden, and there was an extremely large audience. The reception of the work was very cordial, which proves that last year's success was not merely one of curiosity. The opera has much that is likely to win popularity for it. The music is always dramatically appropriate and melodious. If the interest it excites is never of the most absorbing kind, it never falls below a high level.

The scenes which made the greatest impression this year, as last year, were the duet between Tess and Angel Clare at the end of the third act, and that between Tess and Alec at the end of the second, while the bridal choruses in the last act did not fail to please by their ingenuous grace. The libretto, though naturally it cannot completely reproduce the story, is coherent and moving, and interest in the chief characters is aroused from the first.

The performance was an exceedingly good one, and remarkable for completeness of detail no less than total effect. Miss Destinn sang the title part, and was in splendid voice. Her singing in the two duets and in the scene with Aby (Tess's brother) was memorable for beauty and intensity. Mr. Riccardo Martin played the part of Angel Clare (originally undertaken by Signor Zenatello), and was able to make a considerable advance in public favor. His voice was in good order, and his high notes rang out with great brilliancy, and he sang with a great deal of temperament and conviction, while his acting was sincere and imaginative. Signor Sammarco sang superbly in the duet at the close of the second act. Mlle. De Lys was again excellent in every way as the lad Aby and her voice has gained not a little in strength and quality since last year. Mlle. Beret, Mlle. Bourgeois, Signor Malatesta and Mr. D'Oisly, were all very good in smaller parts. Signor Panizza conducted, and the orchestral playing was full of life.

The composer was called several times after the third act.

Mr. Thomas Hardy was among the audience.

STACCATO.

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in the main, was a grim [illegible] chester, but there were human touches, as when he declared that the real Dorchester of his youth no longer existed. The Dorchester he had known was printed on white stones. The interesting statement was made that Casterbridge was never meant to be a realistic picture of Dorchester at any period. Casterbridge was a dream place, Mr. Hardy declared, which never was outside an irresponsible book.

Before giving an account of how Mr. Hardy's charming novel shapes itself on the stage, it may be well to point out what has been omitted and what retained. There are four acts, and the first of these gives us the "quire" going its rounds and singing carols, which, by the way, have been selected by Mr. Hardy from those sung by country choirs from 1800 to 1840. Mr. Boyton Smith has skilfully harmonised the old airs.

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MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

HE BUDGET BATTLE

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RS AND PAINTERS
ND VENICE.

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According to information derived f
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BRISTOL STATIONERY BEATS THE WORLD

The Daily News.
19, 20, & 21, Bouverie Street, E.C
(H. T. Cadbury, Publisher.)
from issue dated 14 Nov 1910

"THE MELLSTOCK QUIRE."

NEW WESSEX PLAY AT DORCHESTER.

MR. HARDY HONOURED.

PRESENTATION OF FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH.

(By E. A. Baughan.)

DORCHESTER, Wednesday Night.

Dorchester has been in a state of wild excitement to-day, for not only was Mr. Thomas Hardy's novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree," played by the Dorchester Debating Society, but the great novelist himself was presented with the freedom of the borough. The ceremony took place to-night in the town hall before the performance of "The Mellstock Quire," as Mr. A. H. Evans has entitled his adaptation of the novel.

To outsiders these municipal ceremonies are not very impressive. The Mayor and Aldermen look uncomfortable, and their self-consciousness is shared by the hero of the evening. That is the superficial view of the matter, however. To-night's ceremony did mean a good deal, for Dorchester is conscious that it owes much to Thomas Hardy, and the Mayor paid a very proper tribute to the fame of one of Dorchester's greatest citizens. Thomas Hardy read his reply, which, in the main, was a brief history of Dorchester, but there were human touches, as when he declared that the real Dorchester of his youth no longer existed. The Dorchester he had known was printed on white stones. The interesting statement was made that Casterbridge was never meant to be a realistic picture of Dorchester at any period. Casterbridge was a dream place, Mr. Hardy declared, which never was outside an irresponsible book.

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Mr. Evans has used the dialogue from the novel, and has even changed incidents, but as Mr. Hardy has accepted these alterations no one else can reasonably object. There is not much drama in "Under the Greenwood Tree," and it is all the better for that. The limitations of this kind of parish play are not in favour of drama, and in any case not much is to be made of Fancy Day, who, stripped of the magic with which Hardy has surrounded her, is an ordinary little baggage who enjoys the disturbing effect of her prettiness. Moreover, these amateur actors of Dorchester do not shine in serious scenes. The gentleman who took the part of Dick was not well suited for it, and the young lady who was supposed to embody the fascinating Fancy Day was quite conventional, if distinct and skilful as an elocutionist. On the other hand, "Under the Greenwood Tree" has much of the Hardy comedy in dealing with types of rustics, and this is what the Dorchester amateurs do so well. One of them, Mr. W. R. Bowler, who took the part of Tranter, made quite an impression. Every line got over the footlights, and the actor had evidently a keen idea of character.

It is all this local part of these Hardy plays which is of real interest. Most of the actors have seen or know the types they portray, for human nature does not alter very much. Some of the smaller characters were well done, too. Mr. H. A. Martin, as the prosperous farmer, Shinar, gave a distinct little sketch, and Mr. T. Pouncy as Greafer Williams was a Hardy peasant to the life. The first act, with [illegible] discussion on

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The Ar[illegible]y has accepted the position of President, whilst among the list of vice-presidents the Church of England is represented by the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, Dean of Westminster, and the Bishop of Salford. Scotland is represented by the Moderator of the Established Church, the Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow, and the Bishop of Brechin, Primus of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. The Primate of All Ireland and the Archbishop of Dublin and several prelates of the Church of Ireland have signified their adherence. The Catholic Church in falsity of these insinuations so publicly an effectively demonstrated.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN POLITICS

PROGRAMME OF THE LABOUR MINISTRY.

ADELAIDE, JULY 5.

The election of the Legislative Council on the basis of adult suffrage occupies a place of prominence in the Government policy announced to-day by Mr. Verran, the new Labour Premier of South Australia, in the House of Assembly. With regard to the waters of the Murray, Mr. Verran said that the Government intended to ask Parliament to begin constructing locks on the South Australian portion of the river at a cost of £480,000. An expert would be engaged to construct the first lock. Large storage works at Lake Victoria, costing £160,000, would also be undertaken, provided an agreement were found possible with the Eastern States.

The Government was in favour of the transfer of the Northern Territory to the Commonwealth on the lines of the Bill now before the Federal Parliament. If the Bill did not pass, the Government would ask Parliament to sanction railway extensions from Oodnadatta to the MacDonnell Ranges and also from Pine Creek to Catherine River.

Mr. Verran mentioned a progressive land tax, but stated that it would be introduced only in the event of the similar measure now being put forward by the Federal Government not passing.

Bills would be introduced dealing with deadlocks between the two Houses of the State Legislature, the compulsory re-purchase of land, the assessment of values for local rating purposes, and with workmen's compensation, on the lines of the British Act. The public works policy of the Government, the Premier said, included the construction of railways calculated to develop the country and the extension of the outer harbour of Adelaide and the provision of additional accommodation for deep sea liners.—*Reuter.*

It is evident that the South Australian State Ministry intends to co-operate cordially with the Commonwealth Government. Of Imperial interest is the announcement that the negotiations [illegible] was treated to

[illegible] should note carefully address of the Sanders, NORTH SEA FISHERIES CO., Dept. Grimsby.

GUARANTEED Pure Honey, 7lb. tins, 4s. 6d.; 14lb. tins, 8s.; sample 2d., tins free, carriage paid.—Lea Valley Apiaries, Ware-rd., Hertford.—[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

A BRISTOL STATIONER BEATS THE WORLD for PRIVATE VISIT CARDS. [illegible]

SUMM[illegible]

NEGRETTI

Tourists' Binoculars and [illegible]ter for foretelling the weather an[illegible] measurement.

MOTOR and OTHER GOGGLE[illegible]CLES for sun and dust. Pocket Hy[illegible]ecting damp beds. DR. LOWE'S TES[illegible] DRINKING WATER. Illustrated Pric[illegible], Telescopes, Barometers, etc., po[illegible] 38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LO[illegible] Branches 45, Cornhill, E.C.; 122 [illegible]

"The [illegible]
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"Diving [illegible] Diving[illegible] Compl[illegible] and Ga[illegible]
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"The Sec[illegible] the [illegible] N. G.[illegible] net.
"The Wa[illegible] 26th [illegible] Music

According to information derived f[illegible] worthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and [illegible] Consort have decided on the names to b[illegible] the expected heir. The names will be [illegible] names of the House of Orange. The sp[illegible] be chosen from among near relations.

The audiences of Ministers by Queen W[illegible] which had been temporarily suspended, [illegible] resumed. Her Majesty this morning re[illegible] Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER MISSIN[illegible]

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged twe[illegible] brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passeng[illegible] New York by the Cleveland, was missed f[illegible] ship on Saturday evening. He was seen [illegible] o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at [illegible] well ball, and the ship was searched. W[illegible] cabin was visited it was found that he ha[illegible] letter.

ARTISTS ABROAD.

ACTORS AND PAINTERS BERLIN AND VENICE.

[illegible] know of the success of English art [illegible] studio or the stage—among such [illegible] Germans and the Italians. The [illegible] Saturday by Mr. Fred Wright and [illegible] ing in Berlin in a new musical [illegible] per Ten," by the author of "The [illegible] ork"—Gustave Kerker—coincides [illegible] of the International Art Exhibi[illegible] which British art is strongly re[illegible] same day. In Berlin both Miss [illegible] Wright, says Reuter, acted in [illegible] their songs and dances were en[illegible] cipals were recalled several times [illegible] curtain.

[illegible] Exhibition in the shady gardens [illegible] opened by the Prince of Udine, [illegible] hibits from England, Belgium, [illegible] ria, and, of course, Italy. The [illegible] rantly classic in style, is in the [illegible] tion in the garden, and consists [illegible] verandah overlooking the water. [illegible] nd Scottish exhibitors are such [illegible] rangwin, Brown, East, Framp[illegible], Nicholson, Paterson, Pepper[illegible] venor, Thomas, Shannon, and [illegible] k of some interesting young [illegible] o unknown to Italy is to be [illegible] hibits are oil and water-colour [illegible] sculpture, and objects of [illegible] Plymouth is president of the

SECRETARYSHIP.

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[illegible]lhist temple situated in [illegible] en completely destroyed [illegible] is temple, next to the [illegible] was probably the most [illegible] show temple in Japan.

NEW WESSEX PLAY AT DORCHESTER.

MR. HARDY HONOURED.

PRESENTATION OF FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH.

(By E. A. Baughan.)

DORCHESTER, Wednesday Night.

Dorchester has been in a state of wild excitement to-day, for not only was Mr. Thomas Hardy's novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree," played by the Dorchester Debating Society, but the great novelist himself was presented with the freedom of the borough. The ceremony took place to-night in the town hall before the performance of "The Mellstock Quire," as Mr. A. H. Evans has entitled his adaptation of the novel.

To outsiders these municipal ceremonies are not very impressive. The Mayor and Aldermen look uncomfortable, and their self-consciousness is shared by the hero of the evening. That is the superficial view of the matter, however. To-night's ceremony did mean a good deal, for Dorchester is conscious that it owes much to Thomas Hardy, and the Mayor paid a very proper tribute to the fame of one of Dorchester's greatest citizens. Thomas Hardy read his reply, which, in the main, was a brief history of Dorchester, but there were human touches, as when he declared that the real Dorchester of his youth no longer existed. The Dorchester he had known was printed on white stones. The interesting statement was made that Casterbridge was never meant to be a realistic picture of Dorchester at any period. Casterbridge was a dream place, Mr. Hardy declared, which never was outside an irresponsible book.

Before giving an account of how Mr. Hardy's charming novel shapes itself on the stage, it may be well to point out what has been omitted and what retained. There are four acts, and the first of these gives us the "quire" going its rounds and singing carols, which, by the way, have been selected by Mr. Hardy from those sung by country choirs from 1800 to 1840. Mr. Boyton Smith has skilfully harmonised the old airs.

We see all the characters we know so well in the book: Tranter and his old father, who would rather die than music should; Robert Penny, the shrewd old cobbler; Michael Mail, the innkeeper; and Thomas Leaf, who is quite reconciled to having no head. The second act is mainly taken up by the discussion of the "quire" on the new vicar's decree of abolishment. The third act is a strange amalgam of many scenes and shows us the Vicar and Dick Dewy as rivals to Fancy Day's hand. Into this act is inserted Dick's avowal of love, which all readers of Hardy know is one of his most fascinating chapters. The last act gives us the successful issue of Elizabeth's plot by which old Day is led to accept Dick as his son-in-law, instead of the prosperous Shinar. There is no wedding, and it seems a pity that the Christmas party at which Fancy Day makes her first public appearance in Mellstock has been omitted.

Mr. Evans has used the dialogue from the novel, and has even changed incidents, but as Mr. Hardy has accepted these alterations no one else can reasonably object. There is not much drama in "Under the Greenwood Tree," and it is all the better for that. The limitations of this kind of pariah play are not in favour of drama, and in any case not much is to be made of Fancy Day, who, stripped of the magic with which Hardy has surrounded her, is an ordinary little baggage who enjoys the disturbing effect of her prettiness. Moreover, these amateur actors of Dorchester do not shine in serious scenes. The gentleman who took the part of Dick was not well suited for it, and the young lady who was supposed to embody the fascinating Fancy Day was quite conventional, if distinct and skilful as an elocutionist. On the other hand, "Under the Greenwood Tree" has much of the Hardy comedy in dealing with types of rustics, and this is what the Dorchester amateurs do so well. One of them, Mr. W. R. Bowler, who took the part of Tranter, made quite an impression. Every line got over the footlights, and the actor had evidently a keen idea of character.

It is all this local part of these Hardy plays which is of real interest. Most of the actors have seen or know the types they portray, for human nature does not alter very much. Some of the smaller characters were well done, too. Mr. H. A. Martin, as the prosperous farmer, Shinar, gave a distinct little sketch, and Mr. T. Pouncy as Granfer Williams was a Hardy peasant to the life. The first act, with its carol singing and naive discussion on the comparative merits of strings and clarinets, was the most successful, mainly because the observation and humour came out clearly, without any obstruction of story. The acting as a whole has not improved at Dorchester. There is now too much attempt to make effects on the part of individual members of the cast, and if that is carried to excess the very quality of simplicity which we once admired will be lost.

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WAYFARERS," I
INSET: MR. T
Minister (Mr. H.
rers"—"Timothy Sommers," a condemned sheep-stealer (Mr. T. H.

THE DAILY CH

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

THE BUDGET BATTLE

Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase, without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; those owners constitute a class in the community whose natural course of things progressively riches, consistently with complete ness on their own part. In such would be no violation of the which private property in the State should appropri of wealth or part of it would not properly from anybody; it ing an accession circumstances, instead of earned

It will be evident that a nation which can provide of £190,000,000 of nature, paying for all growing population, is wealthy, prosperous, and pro

SUMM

NEGRETTI

Tourists' Binoculars and ters for foretelling the weather measurement.

MOTOR and OTHER GOGGLES for sun and dust. Pocket H ecting damp beds. Dr. Lowe's Tes DRINKING WATER. Illustrated Pr , Telescopes, Barometers, etc., pos 38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LO Branches 45, Cornhill, E.C.; 122

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According to information derived fr worthy sources Queen Wilhelmina and Consort have decided on the names to b the expected heir. The names will be names of the House of Orange. The spo be chosen from among near relations.

The audiences of Ministers by Queen W which had been temporarily suspended, resumed. Her Majesty this morning roc Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER MISSIN

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay, aged twen brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, a passeng New York by the Cleveland, was missed f ship on Saturday evening. He was seen o'clock, but was not present at dinner or at t well hall, and the ship was searched. W cabin was visited it was found that he had

ARTISTS ABROAD

JL ACTORS AND PAINTERS BERLIN AND VENICE.

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Exhibition in the shady gardens pened by the Prince of Udine, bits from England, Belgium, and, of course, Italy. The tly classic in style, is in the on in the garden, and consists ndah overlooking the water. Scottish exhibitors are such ugwin, Brown, East, Framp- nicholson; Paterson, Pepper- nor, Thomas, Shannon, and of some interesting young unknown to Italy is to be its are oil and water-colour sculpture, and objects of rmouth is president of the

SECRETARYSHIP.

ring of members of the Engineers at the Bridge e, on Saturday evening s N. Barnes, M.P., in ars' general secretary- t he resigned last year. nt, delegates attending Nottingham, Crewe, r, Manchester, Liver- ingham. Mr. Barnes nated address, a gold

temple situated in mpletely destroyed mple, next to the probably the most temple in Japan.

THE SOUTH AUST

PROGRAMME

The election of th basis of adult suf nence in the Go to-day by Mr. Ver of South Austra With regard to Verran said that t Parliament to b South Australian of £480,000. An construct the first Lake Victoria, cos undertaken, prov possible with t

The Governm of the Norther on the lines of Parliament. I ment would as extensions fro Ranges and a River.

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It is evide Ministry inte Commonweal terest is the

GUARANTEED Pure Rooney Tb. 1lnt, 4s., 6d.; 1lnt, 4s.; sample 6d.; free. parcels Lea Valley Apiaries, Waltham, Hertford.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE (L'pool for Rangoon) arr. P. Said, 16.
HUBERT (L'pool for Manaos) arr. Lisbon, 14.
HAVERFORD (Phil. for L'pool) left Q'town, 14.
INDIA (Sydney for L'don) left Gib., 15.
KINFAUNS CASTLE (S'hampton for T. Bay) left Finisterre, 16.
KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE left N. York, 16.
LUTZOW (Brenten for Japan) arr. Y'hama, 15.
MALWA (Sydney for L'don) arr. Aden, 16.
MAJESTIC (N. York for S'hampton) left Plymouth, 15.
MORE (Y'hama for L'don) left P. Said, 15.
NILE (from L'don) arr. Colombo, 15.
OCEANIC (for N. York) left S'hampton, 14.
ORSOVA (for L'don) left Melbourne, 15.
OCEANIC (for N. York) left S'hampton, 14.
OSIRIS (from Brindisi) arr. P. Said, 16.
ORSOVA (for L'don) left Melbourne, 16.
PRINZ SIGISMUND (from Sydney) arr. H. Kong, 16.
PORT KINGSTON (from Kingston) arr. Bristol, 15.
PRINZESSIN (for Lisbon) left T. Bay, 15.
PRINZREGENT (for Natal) left S'hampton, 13.
SALSETTE (from Bombay) arr. Aden, 16.
SICILIA (L'don for Calcutta) arr. Aden, 16.
SIMLA (Calcutta for L'don) arr. Aden, 16.
TURCOMAN (from Bristol) arr. Quebec, 16.
UMSINGA (from Natal) arr. Bombay, 16.
UCAYALI (Iquitos for L'pool) left Havre, 14.
VOLTAIRE (R. Plate for N. York) arr. Santos, 15.
YANG TSE (from Bordeaux) arr. B. Ayres, 16.

LONDON ARRIVALS AND THE DOCKS.

VESSELS GO INTO (telegraphed from Gravesend). Nov. 15. Advance, s, Cronstadt for Surrey Commercial Dock; Cara, s, Chittagong for Tilbury Dock. Nov. 15. Cousani, s, Brevig; Produgal, s, St. Petersburg; Sergei, s, Riga for Hay's Wharf; Kopernikus, s, Konigsberg for Millwall Dock; Fanny, s, Krageroe; Storesand, Laurvig for East India Dock; Lilian Drost, s, St. Petersburg for Millwall Dock; Niebe, s, Stockholm for Surrey Commercial Dock; Commercial, s, Selsaete.

LONDON SAILINGS (telegraphed from Gravesend).

Nov. 15. Chumpon, s, Copenhagen; Argyle, s, Norrkoping; Highland Pride, s Buenos Ayres; Vladimir Sawin, s, Riga.

FORTHCOMING MAILS.

FRIDAY.—Outward (Morning).—To Canada and Newfoundland, by Canadian Packet; to China and Japan, via Vancouver; to Danish West Indies, via Portland; Supplementary Mails to Senegal, Brasil, Uruguay, and Argentine Republic, by French Packet.

Afternoon.—To China and Japan, via Siberia.

Evening.—To Egypt, Cyprus, Jaffa, Beyrout, India, Straits Settlements, Australia, New Zealand, etc., via Brindisi; British West Africa, Zanzibar, etc., via Tarasto; to Ceylon, Straits Settlements, via Bombay and Rogapatam; to Australia, New Zealand, etc., via Brindisi; to Ceylon, Straits Settlements, China, Japan, Australia, and New Caledonia, by French Packet; to Gambia, Sierra Leone, Grand Canary, and West Coast of Africa, via Liverpool; to Newfoundland direct.

Inward.—From West Coast of Africa, via Plymouth; from British East Africa, Nyasaland, and Zanzibar, via Naples; from Straits Settlements and Ceylon, via Marseilles.

SATURDAY.—Outward (Morning).—To Egypt, via Marseilles; to Canary Islands, via Southampton; to Argentine Republic, Rio Janeiro, and Uruguay, by German steamer; Supplementary Mails to Ceylon, by Peninsular and Oriental Steamer; Supplementary Mails to China, Japan, Australia, and New Caledonia, by French Packet.

Afternoon.—To Madeira, Cape of Good Hope, Transvaal, Natal, Orange Free State, Nyasaland, etc., via Southampton; to United States, Cuba, Bahamas, Bermuda, Mexico, British Honduras, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Guatemala, China, and Japan, via Queenstown by s.s. Mauretania; Supplementary Mails to Fiji, etc., via Vancouver.

Evening.—To Cape Verd Islands, Rio Janeiro, Chile, and Peru, via Lisbon; to China and Japan, via Siberia; to Cape Verd Islands, Rio Janeiro, Packet; to Cuba and Mexico, by French Packet.

Inward.—From Oranges Free State, Transvaal, Natal, Cape of Good Hope, Nyasaland, and Madeira, via Southampton; from United States, Transvaal, Plymouth; from Uruguay, Argentine Republic, Brazil, by British Packet; from Canada, by Canadian Packet; from Australia and Ceylon, via Naples.

TO-DAY'S LAW LIST.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—At 10.30.—Appeal.—Shrimpton (pauper) (by her next friend) v Hertfordshire County Council, further hearing.

JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.—At 10.30.—Appeals.—Maharaja Jagadindra Chandra Nandi v the Secretary of State for India in Council, part heard—Mussamat Bachi and others v Bikhchand Jiomal and another—Mussamat Bachi and others v Kharajmal Dewanmal and others v Kharajmal Dewanmal and others (Consolidated Appeals).

SUPREME COURT OF JUDICATURE.

COURT OF APPEAL.—Before the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Justice Buckley, and Lord Justice Kennedy.—In the Lord Chief Justice's Court.—At 10.30.—Appeals.—For Judgment—Chancery Division.—Appeals.—For Judgment—Chancery Division.—Appeals.—For Judgment—Chancery Division

THE ACADEMY
December 10, 1910

THE THEATRE

Hardy Dramatised: "The Mellstock Quire."

Should the work of Thomas Hardy be dramatised? Many will prefer to answer the question in the negative. The Wessex novels are full of the dramatic element, but it is so subtly interwoven with the various aspects of Nature, the gloom of Egdon Heath, the long white road, the peaceful time of milking, that human drama and a psychological study of landscape cannot be presented together on the stage. These two factors are inseparable to a full appreciation of Hardy's genius. Hills and valleys, roads and forests are not so much descriptive padding; they are vital forces that play a most important part in the destinies of Hardy's characters. In addition, there is inexorable Fate—Greek in origin, and not of the Wessex country in particular—that stands unmoved in shattering the hopes of Marty South, or Jude, or Tess. These things are above the machinations of stagecraft, so that those who witness Hardy dramatised readily perceive that the real spirit of the novelist's work is almost absent in a version that cannot be more than a faint adaptation of the original.

We are grateful, however, to Mr. A. H. Evans for writing "The Mellstock Quire," a play based upon "Under the Greenwood Tree." He has chosen Hardy's only comedy. It is a work presenting fewer difficulties for the dramatist than would be the case in the other novels. This play was excellently performed by the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society, under the auspices of the Society of Dorset Men in London, at the Cripplegate Institute, on December 1. Mr. Evans has taken considerable licence in his stage version. He could not, however, have done otherwise, and as his alterations have met with Hardy's approval, we cannot raise an objection. Mr. Evans had no easy task, and on the whole he has done his work extremely well. He has brought into prominence such delightful rustics as the Dewys, Robert Penny, the cobbler who could read character from lasts, Thomas Leaf, the village clown, who was impersonated by a gentleman who had painted the excellent scenery, and Gran'fer William, chief of the rustics, an infallible authority on old-world matters.

The play opens with Mellstock village upon a snowy Christmas Eve. The muffled rustics, with their instruments and lanterns, are immensely droll. They are nothing if not voluble, and it is safe to say that there would be no carols without the necessary discussion preceding them. Gran'fer William, in a high-pitched voice, describes harmoniums as "miserable dumbledores," and one and all come to the conclusion that "nothing will spak to your heart wi' the sweetness o' strings." After these preliminaries the Quire strikes up, and men and boys sing a carol in hearty fashion for the benefit of the new schoolmistress, Fancy Day, who is destined to play havoc with the Vicar's heart and do away with the ancient performances of the time-honoured Quire. The carol is well received, and Fancy comes to the door in scant attire, whereupon Dick Dewy loses no time in falling in love with her. Thanks to Mr. Evans, the guileless youth does his love-making in a remarkably rapid manner. The scene concludes with another carol outside Shiner's house. Here the rustics meet with anything but appreciation, and Shiner, in language scarcely suitable for the occasion, warmly denounces them. One of the rustics shouts, with sublime indifference to "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," "Play fortissimy, and drown his spaking!" Hardy never descends to farce, even in such a scene as this, but Mr. Martin, perhaps remembering one of Fred Karno's troupes, flings out pillows and garments upon the indignant rustics. Even irritated churchwardens do not do this sort of thing in actual life, and Hardy gives a sufficiently vivid picture of Shiner by describing him as "wildly flinging his arms and body about in the form of capital X's and Y's."

In the third act we find that Dick has rivals for Fancy's hand. There is the Vicar, and also Shiner. In Fancy's sitting-room the Vicar (and not Dick Dewy, as in the book) makes himself useful by attempting to hang up pictures. He drinks tea from a saucer, and washes his hands, with those of Fancy's, in a tin bowl. Before, however, he can proceed further, he is hastily called away to see a parishioner, and Dick Dewy comes a-courting. In spite of the fact that he parts his hair in the middle, he does his love-making in truly rural fashion. Fancy, however, is jealous, and tells him how she flirted with Shiner. She narrates her imagined experience with delightful effect, and her lover must have been aware from the start how appropriate her Christian name was. Fancy's father, however, is set on his daughter marrying the prosperous Shiner, but, thanks to Elizabeth's idea of getting the schoolmistress to feign illness, Day's objections are eventually overcome.

In the concluding act the Vicar, perceiving where Fancy's love is, resigns his claim. It is a pity he does so in rather a stained-glass window attitude. In this scene, owing to a lapse in stage-management, the rustics sit in a semi-circle, and are strongly reminiscent of a nigger performance. Objection must be taken to the Tranter (Mr. W. R. Bawler) introducing gag on his own account. We point out these defects in no cavilling spirit, but with the honest intention of trying to prevent a repetition of same in the future. There is much genuine talent among these players. The rustics had crept from the pages of Hardy's book, and lived their lives over again in front of the footlights, and Miss Ethel Hawker's interpretation of the much-wooed Fancy Day was a very pleasing and finished performance.

THE ACADEMY

menced his career in ... orchestra of a low class café in Paris. His genius violinist came to be recognised; the man who was less nothing was immediately worshipped as little less than god. Huge and extravagant sums were paid for the privilege of admittance to the concerts where he was to play. Rich and fashionable women, often the most foolish to be found, metaphorically kissed the ground upon which he trod. The man himself was wholly indifferent to worship. His fleeting affections were usually bestowed in the lowest quarters of Paris. Such affection as he had to bestow appeared only at intervals, and was apt to be rather forgotten. Indeed, outside of his art the man's mind was more often than not a blank. One day he was entirely oblivious of the actions which he had performed on the preceding day. The fact that he found it hard to remember his engagements, which had to be carefully noted for him by an absurd little person named Zosime, was remarkable, as many intellectual men are similarly afflicted.

The real transition of the story to something more extraordinary occurs when Aië visits Beever Park on the invitation of Lady Elizabeth Greenfield, who is married to a pompous Liberal politician who, in consequence of having the Nonconformist conscience on his coat-sleeve, has achieved the position of Colonial Secretary. Lady Elizabeth's union with this Liberal monstrosity has, of course, proved uncongenial, and at one stage of her career nearly involved a catastrophe. The son and Pat, the daughter, were brought up in inevitably uncongenial surroundings. Their mother was always acting a part and their father spouting platitudes from the leaflets of the Liberal Central Office.

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Times. Sept 25.11

SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS, QUEEN'S HALL.
Sole Lessees—Chappell and Co. (Ltd.).
TO-MORROW, at 3.30.
THE QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.
Conductor—Sir HENRY J. WOOD.
GOD SAVE THE KING

Overture, "Tannhäuser"	.. .. ..	Wagner
Largo in G	.. .. ..	Handel
Two Hungarian Dances	.. .. ..	Brahms
Violin Concerto No. 3, in B minor	..	Saint-Saëns
Shepherd Fennel's Dance	.. .. ..	Balfour Gardiner
Menuet des Follets, Danse des Sylphes, Marche Hongroise	"Faust" ..	Berlioz

Solo Violin—Mr. JOSKA SZIGETI.
Subscriptions for 26 Concerts, £3 3s., £2 2s., and £1 1s. Single tickets, 1s. to 5s. Admission free. Usual Agents', Chappell's Box-office, Queen's Hall. Full programmes for the entire season from ROBERT NEWMAN, 320, Regent-street, W., Manager for the Sunday Concert Society.

These programmes have one feature which is noteworthy, and that is the fact that every one save two (January 14 and March 17) is planned to include at least one example of native composition. Since the last concert falls on St. Patrick's Day, might not a piece of Irish music be included? We offer the suggestion for what it is worth. Mr. Balfour Gardiner's "Shepherd Fennel's Dance," one of the most conspicuously successful new works of the Promenade Concerts, was played yesterday with plenty of energy and verve. "The dance whizzed on with cumulative fury," as the original one which Mr. Hardy describes did, except for the moment in the middle, in which Mr. Gardiner makes the dancers take breath and grow sentimental. We are not quite sure that this breathing space should be there, but, nevertheless, the whole is a delightful piece, full of homely character, which is not spoiled by the brilliancy of the orchestration. Times. Sept 25. 1911

SCENES FROM "THE DISTRACTED PREACHE... DEBATING AN...

Top picture: "The Distracted Preacher"—...
Lower picture: "The Three Waysterers"—"Timothy S...

THE DAILY CH

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909.

THE BUDGET BATTLE.

Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase, without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; those owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with complete idleness on their own part. In such a case it would be no violation of the principle on which private property is based if the State should appropriate the whole of wealth or part of it. It would not properly [illegible] from anybody; it [illegible] ing an accession [illegible] cumstances, [illegible] instead of [illegible] earned a [illegible] ticular [illegible] ciple [illegible] Ch[illegible]

[illegible] spok[illegible] himself [illegible] do they [illegible] case, have [illegible] ago for such [illegible] kings; and have [illegible] creased, while that [illegible] the levy of an unearn[illegible] other men have done [illegible] to add to the general w[illegible] sperity of the country of wh[illegible] part.—Mr. Joseph Chamberla[illegible] 30, 1883.

The battle of the Budget, after a [illegible] something space, is to be resumed [illegible] the House of Commons. Progre[illegible] cessarily slow, but it is sure, [illegible] tinuous. Mr. Lloyd George show[illegible] e instinct in giving the land cla[illegible] foremost place in the Finance [illegible] re is thus a better opportunity for [illegible] se of Commons and the country [illegible] me familiar with the character [illegible] effect of the new proposals. By t[illegible] nature the land taxes excite furi[illegible] ility among the privileged class[illegible] from their position in the forefro[illegible] e Budget scheme they draw up [illegible] selves all the violence of the f[illegible] So far they have easily withsto[illegible] hock. For all the violence of the [illegible] nents, no real impression has be[illegible] upon them. The principle and t[illegible] d of the tax on unearned increme[illegible] been sanctioned by immens[illegible] ities in the House of Commons, an[illegible] tax o[illegible]

ISTS ABROAD.

ORS AND PAINTERS AND VENICE.

[illegible] the success of English art [illegible] r the stage—among such [illegible] ns and the Italians. The [illegible] by Mr. Fred Wright and [illegible] Berlin in a new musical [illegible] " by the author of "The [illegible] ustave Kerker—coincides [illegible] nternational Art Exhibi[illegible] ritish art is strongly re[illegible] . In Berlin both Miss [illegible] says Reuter, acted in [illegible] a and dances were en[illegible] re recalled several times [illegible]

[illegible] n in the shady gardens [illegible] y the Prince of Udine, [illegible] m England, Belgium, [illegible] of course, Italy. The [illegible] sic in style, is in the [illegible] e garden, and consists [illegible] verlooking the water. [illegible] h exhibitors are such [illegible] Brown, East, Framp[illegible] n, Paterson, Pepper[illegible] omas, Shannon, and [illegible] e interesting young [illegible] n to Italy is to be [illegible] il and water-colour [illegible] e, and objects of [illegible] in president of the [illegible]

ETARYSHIP.

[illegible] f members of the [illegible] rs at the Bridge [illegible] Saturday evening [illegible] Barnes, M.P., in [illegible] eneral secretary[illegible] signed last year. [illegible] egates attending [illegible] ngham, Crewe, [illegible] uchester, Liver[illegible] n. Mr. Barnes [illegible] address, a gold [illegible]

[illegible] le situated in [illegible] ely destroyed [illegible] next to the [illegible] ly the most [illegible] le in Japan. [illegible]

According to information [illegible] worthy sources Queen Wilhelmi[illegible] Consort have decided on the na[illegible] the expected heir. The names of the House of Orange. [illegible] be chosen from among near relati[illegible] The audiences of Ministers by [illegible] which had been temporarily susp[illegible] resumed. Her Majesty the Q[illegible] Minister of Marine.—Reuter.

EARL'S BROTHER [illegible]

The Hon. Ronald Ramsay [illegible] brother of the Earl of Dalhousie [illegible] New York by the Cleveland, which [illegible] ship on Saturday evening. He [illegible] o'clock, but was not present at dinn[illegible] well ball, and the ship was astir [illegible] cabin was visited it was found that [illegible] letter.

KARACHI, BOMBAY, PERSIAN GU[illegible]
BARDISTAN 4,500 Sept. 25 | CHYEBASSA 6,500
CHANDA .. 6,500 Oct. 6 | CULNA 6,500
PORT SUDAN, SUAKIM,
MOMBASSA (KILINDINI) ZANZIB[illegible]
MURISTAN .. 3,500 Sept. 22 | ARABISTAN .. 4,000
JELUNGA .. 5,275 Oct. 7 | MOMBASSA .. 4,644
QUEENSLAND PORTS.
THURSDAY ISLAND, CAIRNS, TOWNSVILLE, ROCKH[illegible]
TON, BRISBANE.
Rutcshire .. 5,563 Sept. 23 | Walpara .. 6,300
Perthshire .. 5,677 Oct. [illegible] | Carnarvon .. 6,348
GRAY, DAWE[illegible]
Craven House, [illegible]

and Mr. Doust made the most of his [illegible] Kingscote began to hit easy returns into the [illegible] Mr. Doust, who is really quick on his feet, was [illegible] the net in a moment, and time after time Mr. K[illegible] cote's attempts to pass him failed. It was surpr[illegible] that Mr. Kingscote did not try to lob more [illegible] Mr. Doust won the first two sets and led at [illegible] in the third, but Mr. Kingscote still had an [illegible] left, and he brought it out at the last possible mo[illegible] Things began to go right instead of wrong for [illegible] and his passing shot just came off instead of mi[illegible] with failure. He drew level and then won [illegible] set. This success gave him confidence and the [illegible] next set was his easily. The start of the last [illegible] set was a close fight, but by this time Mr. Kingscote's [illegible] weapons of attack—his stroke down the side line and [illegible] his short volleys—had become too strong for his [illegible] opponent, and he won a match which at one time

THE [illegible]

menced his career [illegible] orchestra of a low [illegible] violinist came to be [illegible] nothing was immed[illegible] god. Huge and ex[illegible] lege of admittance t[illegible] Rich and fashionab[illegible] to be found, metaph[illegible] he trod. The man [illegible] worship. His fleeti[illegible] the lowest quarters [illegible] bestow appeared only [illegible] forgotten. Indeed, [illegible] more often than not [illegible] oblivious of the actions [illegible] preceding day. The fact [illegible] ber his engagements, wh[illegible] him by an absurd little [illegible] remarkable, as many [illegible] afflicted.

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THOMAS HARDY'S PLAYS STAGED BY THE AUTHOR'S TOWNSFOLK.

SCENES FROM "THE DISTRACTED PREACHER" AND "THE THREE WAYFARERS," PRODUCED AT DORCHESTER YESTERDAY BY THE DORCHESTER DEBATING AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY. INSET: MR. THOMAS HARDY, O.M., THE AUTHOR.

Top picture: "The Distracted Preacher"—"Richard Stockdale," Methodist Minister (Mr. H. C. Loch), discovers that "Mrs. Newberry" (Miss E. Hawker) is a swaddler.
Lower picture: "The Three Wayfarers"—"Timothy Summers," a condemned sheep-stealer (Mr. T. H. Tilley), drinking with the Hangman (Mr. W. H. Jameson) in the Shepherd's cottage.

FOOTBALL.

THE MIDLAND COUNTIES' EASY VICTORY OVER SURREY.

BY E. H. D. SEWELL.

On excellent turf at Leicester yesterday the Midland Counties XV. defeated that of Surrey by four goals and two tries to a try.

Had the Surrey three-quarters been capable of taking up the fine play of their forwards the defeat would not have been so severe, but the ability to score was not theirs.

On the other hand, the winners were let down by their two wing players, one of whom was usually out of position, while the other went sadly lame. The better pack was that of Surrey, though slightly overweighted and outplayed. But for the good work of G. C. Wilson, R. F. MacKinlay, A. E. Read, and C. M. Warne was cut to pieces by a line of threes who could not catch yet dodge ball, give or take a pass, run, nor kick.

F. N. Tarr, the old Oxonian, was easily the best three-quarter playing, and his defence, backed up by that of G. E. G. Assinder, was invaluable to all the Surrey forwards.

The tries were obtained by Allen (two), Breeden, Reuter, Taylor, and Wood for the winners, and by Hoo for the losers.

At the interval the Midlands led by 15 points to nothing. Surrey's try came just at the end of the game. Both Wood and Taylor, the Leicester half-backs, played a telling game for the winners, and of the losing backs, L. F. Ebbutt and A. R. Holloway were easily the best.

The match was watched by Messrs. V. H. Cartwright and A. Baxter, members of the Selection Committee, who are indefatigable in their efforts; and by A. O. Jones, who is a member of the Selection Committee for the South of England team to play against England at Twickenham on December 2nd.

OXFORD BEATEN.

Playing a very weak team in the field, Oxford University suffered defeat at Hale End yesterday, by the London Hospital scoring a goal and a try to a touchdown. Had London Hospital made better use of their chances they would have gained an even greater victory. At the same time the tackling was very keen on both sides, Poulton doing the work of three men in that respect, and by his fine speed saving his side time after time.

Oxford also had their opportunities, but were rather badly let down behind, Willmer, at right centre, being very weak indeed.

Lindsay played well at half for the winners, and assisted Stewart and Bachelor to gain the only tries of the day.

Though represented by a very weak fifteen, the London Welsh gained a decisive victory over Ealing at Wandsworth Common yesterday by a dropped goal and nine tries to nothing. This, it may be mentioned, is the first success they have had since September 23rd.

In their game with Middlesex at Richmond yesterday the Maoris fared little better than against Kent last week, being beaten by one goal and six tries to one goal. They played a hard forward game and tackled keenly; but their efforts at back combination were crude.

Playing very poor football, an Oxford University eleven were beaten by an eleven representing Oxford amateurs at Oxford by five goals to three.

After at one time leading by three goals, the Sussex eleven only managed to beat Middlesex by five to four at Ealing yesterday.

At the Alleyn Club ground, at Herne Hill, an eleven representing the Surrey Amateur F.A. and a side selected from the London Hospital teams played a very even game, drawing at two all.

Berks and Bucks, 1; Middlesex, 6.—Southern Counties Amateur Championship at High Wycombe.

Brighton and Hove Albion, 6; Southampton, 2.—Southern Charity Cup tie, at Brighton.

Crystal Palace, 5; Millwall, 0.—Kent Charity Shield, semi-final, at the Crystal Palace.

Leigh, 12 points; Australasians, 13.—Northern Union match at Leigh.

London Postal Challenge Cup, Second Round (replayed tie).—Western Postal (home), 1; Foreign Section G.P.O., 0.

Spartan League.—2nd Coldstream Guards, 4; 3rd Grenadier Guards, 1. At Burton's Court.

In the East Midlands v. Kent match at Bedford to-day Kent will be represented by E. D. Lindow (Catford Bridge); A. L. Stokes (Guy's), G. L. Stokes (Blackheath), E. M. Fuller (Old Merchant Taylors), and L. B. Stringer (Guy's); J. A. Fym and J. P. Jones (Blackheath); W. S. Stranach and H. Hoby (Guy's), H. E. Wilkins and C. V. Ballwill (Catford Bridge), C. H. Pillman, F. Stone, B. P. G. Begbie, and W. D. Craven (Blackheath).

COURSING.

At the Altcar coursing meeting yesterday the first round of the Sefton (Puppy) Stakes was got through. A beginning was also made with the Croxteth (Puppy) Stakes and the Altcar Cup contest.

Acceptances for the Manchester November Handicap are hardly so numerous as might have been expected. Whereas of forty-one entered last year, twenty-three remained in after the declaration of forfeit, the total now is one less, though the entries were twelve more.

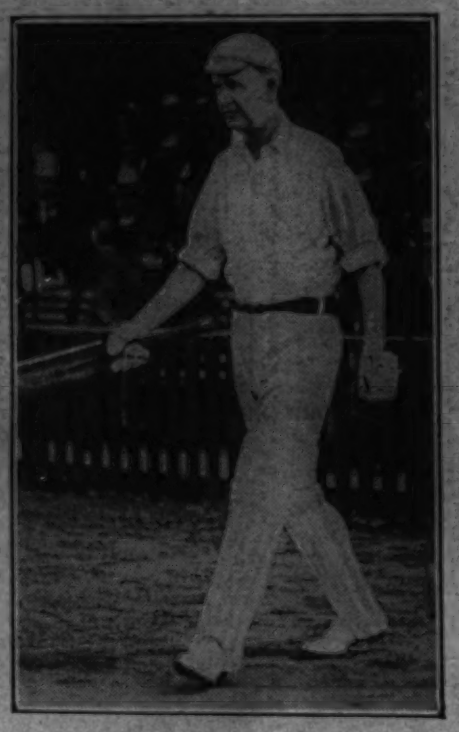
MR. P. F. WARNER ILL.

ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN NOT TO PLAY FOR SOME TIME.

The M.C.C. team arrived at Melbourne from Adelaide yesterday, and, says Reuter's special correspondent, were welcomed at the Town Hall by the Lord Mayor of Melbourne.

Mr. P. F. Warner was absent. He is suffering from a severe attack of gastritis, and will be unable to play for some time.

His medical attendant hopes that he may be able to accompany the team to Sydney, where the



Mr. P. F. Warner.

match against New South Wales begins on November 24th, but recommends that he should not proceed to Brisbane for the match against Queensland on December 1st.

Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas will captain the team in the match against Victoria to-morrow.

In the match against South Australia which concluded at Adelaide on Tuesday Mr. Warner scored 151.

COLLEGE SPORTS.

VICTORY FOR CAIUS: THE ST. JOHN'S TRIAL EVENTS.

The inter-collegiate competition between Caius College and Jesus College was concluded at Cambridge yesterday, Caius winning with 62 points as against 31. Caius won four events yesterday, namely:

Hundred yards, J. L. Fawrie; three miles, E. N. Bock; throwing the hammer, J. A. O. Muirhead; and the long jump, O. S. Thompson.

Jesus won the hurdles (A. C. Straker) and the half-mile (G. L. Clark).

In view of their match with Lincoln College next Tuesday, St. John's College decided a series of trials yesterday, in which R. L. Lange won the hundred yards and the long jump; W. G. Lawrence the mile; S. M. Challenor the quarter; E. R. Siddall the putting; R. L. Hartley the high jump; R. N. Humphreys the half-mile, and R. Ockenden the hurdles.

AVIATOR'S FATAL FALL.

The German aviator Pietschker started on a flight on a monoplane early yesterday morning at the Johannisthal Aviation Ground, but, says Reuter's Berlin correspondent, he had only been flying a few minutes when he fell with his machine from a height of between 60ft. and 70ft., and was killed on the spot, his neck being broken.

TURF NOTES.

WINTER THE WINNER ONCE MORE AT THE DERBY MEETING.

The Duke of Devonshire, whose "all sizes" jacket is very popular at Derby, had entered Desmond and Preferment for the opening races there yesterday, but neither put in an appearance.

After the first favourites had won the two first races, a fairly good lot turned out for the Markeaton Plate, including Sir Martin, Rochester (who won the Newbury Cup), St. Nat, Bannockburn, and Beaurepaire.

There was money in shoals for the first-named (9st. 2lb.), but the prime favourite was Beaurepaire.

Sir Martin rolled badly in the last quarter of a mile. On the other hand, Beaurepaire gave a fine performance, winning "hands down" from Rochester and the Chelys colt. The successful animal was ridden by the all-conquering Winter.

The Chesterfield Nursery Handicap is one of the most important events of its kind. Yesterday Bangalore did duty for Darling's stable in preference to Jingling Geordie. The favourite, Cap and Gown, failed to get nearer than third, and in a desperate finish the Rock Egg colt beat Pitmaston by a short head—a lucky win.

TO-DAY'S SELECTIONS AT DERBY.

Allestree Plate—WILLAURA.
Foston Handicap—AVARAN.
Chatsworth Plate—LESPEDESA.
Osmaston Nursery—AREA.
Elvaston Castle Plate—SAINDOUX.
Hardwicke Plate—MAXIMA.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS AT DERBY.

RANGEMORE MAIDEN STAKES, for two-year-olds. Five furlongs, straight.—Mr. Sol Joel's SUNNY LASS (favourite, 4 to 1 on, F. Wootton), 1; Mr. Whitney's PARADISE (8 to 1, J. H. Martin), 2; Mr. J. Holdsworth's MERRY GIRL FILLY (2) to 1, Walter Griggs), 3. Also ran: Ibrahim, Berko, Simon Hackle, and Scotch Night. Winner trained by C. Peck at Newmarket.

BREADSALL SELLING PLATE. Seven furlongs, straight.—Mr. F. C. Parker's BATTLE AXE (favourite, 5 to 2 on, D. Maher), 1; Mr. H. J. King's AMPANAM (20 to 1, F. Rickaby, jun.), 2; Mr. E. G. de Mestre's CHIEVELEY (5 to 1, F. Wootton), 3. Also ran: Persuade, Kaffir Chief, Dublin Girl, Monastic, and Regina filly. Winner trained by Kelly at Epsom.

MARKEATON PLATE. The Straight Mile.—Mr. Raphael's BEAUREPAIRE (100 to 30, F. Winter), 1; Lord Durham's ROCHESTER (9 to 1, J. Clark), 2; Mr. B. Mills's CHELYS COLT (8 to 1, W. Huxley), 3. Also ran: Sir Martin, Pietri, St. Nat, St. Felicien, Bannockburn, Duke Michael, St. Melruan, Fairy Maid, Kerry, and St. Bruno. Winner trained by D. Waugh at Newmarket.

CHESTERFIELD NURSERY PLATE, for two-year-olds. Five furlongs, straight.—Mr. Tatem's ROCK EGG COLT (5 to 1, E. Piper), 1; Lord Londonderry's PITMASTON (20 to 1, F. Winter), 2; Mr. C. S. Newton's CAP AND GOWN (9 to 4, C. Trigg), 3. Also ran: Polymelis, Halberd, Blarney Stone, Mr. Peeper, King Oswald, Faugh-a-lore, Dallington, Wild Thyme filly, Ormus, Alalla, Karagouzel, Jenny Melton, Aminte filly, and Pollywin. Winner trained by Baker at Burbage.

STAINSBY SELLING PLATE. Five furlongs, straight.—Mr. J. A. de Rothschild's NANKEEN (6 to 1, F. Fox), 1; Mr. W. Nelson's TOP O' THE MORNING (11 to 2, Wm. Griggs), 2; Mr. J. Milnthorp's CHATHAM II. (10 to 1, W. Higgs), 3. Also ran: Aristocracy, Levanger, Retrenchment, and Santarello. Winner trained by Pratt at Wantage.

DOVERIDGE PLATE. One mile and a half.—Lord Carnarvon's LADY EILEEN (3 to 1, F. Wootton), 1; Sir R. Jardine's DUTCH GIRL (5 to 4 on, Wm. Griggs), 2; Mr. Waugh's OLEARIA (7 to 2, H. Jones), 3. Winner trained by R. Dawson at Whatcombe.

LONDON BETTING.

Derby Cup.—7 to 2 agst Bronzino (t and o); 9 to 2 agst Graball (o); 7 to 1 agst Yellow Slave (t and o); 15 to 2 agst Coastwise (t); 10 to 1 agst Clarenceux (t and o); 10 to 1 agst Accurate (t and o).

MAILS IN AND OUT.

Mails due to-day from West Coast of Africa, via Liverpool.

Mails despatched to-morrow—Morning: To Canada, Newfoundland, and Turks Islands by Canadian packet; Lisbon, Cape Verd Islands, Rio de Janeiro, Paraguay, Argentine Republic, Chile, and Peru, via Southampton; Danish West Indies, via Portland; supplementary mails to Senegal, Brazil, Uruguay, Argentine Republic, St. Thomas, Porto Rico, St. Domingo, and Hayti by French packet. Parcels mails to Portugal, Brazil (Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo only), and Argentine Republic, via Southampton.

Afternoon: To China and Japan, via Siberia.

Evening: To Egypt, Cyprus, Jaffa, Beyrout, British East Africa, Zanzibar, India, etc., via Brindisi; Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, etc., via Taranto; Straits Settlements, via Bombay and Negapatam; Ceylon, Straits Settlements, China, Japan, Australia, and New Caledonia by French packet; Madeira, Teneriffe, Grand Canary, and West Coast of Africa, via Liverpool; Azores by Portuguese packet. Parcels mails to United States, Bahamas, and Bermuda, via Liverpool.

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ORTABLE HOME with small family
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furnished bedroom and every convenience;
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DRYCLEANERIM HERB POWDER, all dogs, cats. Lovely. Without washing. Packets, 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d.—Whittakers, Bedford.

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...to sell from nine a.m. to four ...sion of the annual fair to be held ...November 23rd.

MAINTENANCE.—George Green, a ...Martinstown, was summoned for ...maintain his wife Rosetta, whereby ...e chargeable to the common fund ...ester Union. Defendant did not ...W. Wilton Reed, clerk to the Guard... ...t the woman became chargeable to ...e Board on October 21st, when she ...in kind, and she had since been in ...weekly. He understood that the ...d sold the furniture and had left his ...Long, relieving officer, gave evid... ...d that the defendant, who had a ...was well able to work. The Bench ...e a warrant for Green's arrest. It ...the defendant's wife had taken out a ...ainst him for desertion.

...—Frank Curtis, of Maiden Newton, ...ed for having no light on a waggon of ...s in charge on the evening of the 21st ...Jolliffe proved the case. Defendant, ...absence from the court, had forward... ...to the Bench, in which he stated that ...20 minutes after lighting-up time, and, ...onlight night, he had not troubled to ...Defendant was ordered to pay 2s. 6d.

OF THE LOCOMOTIVE ACT.—Mr. J. ...ock, contractor, of Dorchester, was ...for an infringement of the Locomotive ...et employing a third man to be in ...with a locomotive. Mr. Lock was ...d by his agent, Mr. A. S. Hill, P.C. ...Puddlehinton, stated that on November ...e cycling on the Dorchester-road near ...aterson, when he met a traction engine ...trucks going in the direction of Puddle... ...e rang his bell and shouted for the engine ...ed in to allow him to pass, but he could ...one hear. On looking into the rear ...hich was covered in, he saw two men ...e awoke them, and on enquiring who was ...man in charge of the engine William ...Holloway-road, said "I am, policeman, ...p!" Witness told him that he had ...im asleep, and Budd replied "I know I ...was up all last night." Mr. Hill pointed ...Mr. Lock had been summoned for not ...more than two men, whereas he supplied ...Colonel Simonds: It is no use supplying ...they are asleep. Mr. Hill: But we did ...ly them asleep, sir. (Laughter.) It was ...rong about Budd being up all night, as ...Mr. Lock was concerned, proof of which ...e obtained by his time sheet. Colonel ...e observed that the Act stipulated that ...d man should be provided in such a manner ...ve assistance. The owners of locomotives ...be responsible for these offences, but they ...recover against their men, and as the third ...as not in a position to give assistance he ...en guilty of an offence. Supt. Dennett ...t that Mr. Lock had done all that was ...providing a sufficient number of men, ...e Act he had no alternative than to ...summons against the owner. Colonel ...ggested that Mr. Lock should summon ...ree, and to enable this to be done, the ...adjourned for a fortnight.

CASE OF SAMUEL WILLIS.—The Magis... ...lerk (Mr. A. G. Symonds) once more ...ed the case of Samuel Willis, against ...a summons for poaching had at previous ...been adjourned owing to Willis being at ...incarcerated in Devizes Prison. The ...I understand that Willis will be liberated ...cember 7th, so that his case can be heard ...s court on the 16th, provided that in the ...time he is not wanted elsewhere. Colonel ...nds: If he is, so much the better, we shan't ...bothered with him here.

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For the fifth successive year "ATORA" refined ...et Suet has been awarded the Certificate of ...e Incorporated Institute of Hygiene for the ...ighest Standard of Purity and Quality. Although "ATORA" contains no preservative, it keeps ...eet and wholesome for months. Saves time ...—no chopping; saves money—goes nearly twice ...s far as raw Suet. Your Grocer sells it— ...(shredded) for puddings and pastry, and in blocks ...for frying and cooking.

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THE HARDY PLAYS.

PERFORMANCES AT THE CORN EXCHANGE.

The Hardy players of the Dorchester Debating Literary, and Dramatic Society, like loyal members of the Church Militant, seem to go from strength to strength. Year by year they have the substantial satisfaction of breaking their last record by establishing a new, and triumphantly refuting the pessimists' prophecies that the Wessex vogue would be short-lived. Instead of it being a nine days' wonder, a mere flash in the pan, as transient as the lurid flare of the flashlight by which the cast were photographed, it seems that the Hardy plays have "come to stay." This is the fourth year since, following prior slighter individual efforts such as "Bathsheba Everdene and Her Lovers" and "The Dynasts," sketches, the Debating Society took up the Wessex Novels in real earnest, in succession to Shakespeare, and produced the first of the series of plays, now four in number, adapted skilfully for the stage, with Mr. Hardy's permission, by Mr. Alfred H. Evans. As year by year play has succeeded to play, "The Trumpet Major" being followed at twelvemonthly intervals by "Far From the Madding Crowd," "The Mellstock Quire," and now "The Distracted Preacher," has public interest waned? Has the Hardy humour palled upon the people's taste? Not a bit of it. Quite otherwise; appetite has come with eating. The taste that has been created locally is a growing taste, that clamours for more, if only due regard is paid to variety of theme, and the high standard of all-round excellence that has been already achieved is maintained. There remain still many popular stories of Mr. Hardy's which offer no inconsiderable dramatic promise, so that the energetic Debating Society cannot yet bewail with Alexander that they have no more worlds to conquer. What the future has in store for the Hardy-play-going public is Future's secret, yet in the bosom of the gods; but there is no reason why equally successful additions should not be made to the growing *répertoire* of which the fourth and fifth numbers were added with such *éclat* at the Municipal Buildings last week. The Dorchester Debating Society, with its big membership, its financial stability, its prestige, and officers so able and popular as Dr. Kerr, the president, Mr. Secretary Martin, and Mr. Treasurer Dawes, is not the body to rest upon its laurels. Mr. Evans's removal to London was a great loss; but Mr. T. H. Tilley has done yeoman service as coach and stage manager, and he has received valuable assistance from Mr. Percy Dawes as assistant stage manager and property man. And we—we shall see! To Mr. Thomas Hardy himself, notwithstanding his habitual modesty and reticence, the popularity of the plays and the reputation achieved by the "Casterbridge" amateurs must be not a little gratifying. Indeed, the public homage would display itself more demonstratively did not Mr. Hardy always quietly evade the burning of incense.

The society were able to present the ...County Cabinet Works, who also darkened the hall effectively for the matinée. Mr. E. L. Ling personally supervised the booking arrangements, and, with an efficient staff of assistants, saw that the hundreds of visitors who had taken reserved tickets were seated without confusion or delay. Overture and *entr'acte* music was discoursed agreeably by an experienced orchestra, led by Mr. A. Stanton Hill. All the scenery, which in both plays was highly picturesque as well as appropriate, was prepared by Mr. Harry Tilley or under his direction. The scenes shifting was done with silence and celerity under his supervision by his assistants, and Mr. Percy Dawes exercised a vigilant oversight over the considerable collection of properties which added so much to the dramatic effectiveness of the presentation. Finally, Mr. R. N. Dawes undertook the self-denying task of prompter; but, thanks to the thoroughness with which the players had memorised their lines, very little call was made for his friendly intervention.

A fine framed enlargement of a portrait of Mr. Hardy, taken by Mr. Bernard Griffin, of the High West-street Studio, and encircled by a wreath of laurels—the poet's highest tribute—was placed in the middle of the proscenium, where it was conspicuous to all eyes, especially when the lights were turned up before and between the plays. But happily Mr. Hardy was not represented at the performances by his likeness and his works only. It was a matter of great gratification both to the performers and to the crowded assemblies that the distinguished author himself was able to be present in person, and more than once. Just before the stroke of eight on Wednesday night, when the hall was crowded, Mr. Hardy was greeted with loud applause as he entered the hall and was ushered to his seat. His brother (Mr. Henry Hardy) and his younger sister (Miss Hardy), from Higher Bockhampton, were also present. Upon the fall of the curtain at the close of "The Three Wayfarers" there were loud calls for "author." For him to have responded to the call and appeared before the footlights would have hurled the house into ecstasies of delight; but—it would not have been Mr. Hardy!—the sides of the stage were beautifully decorated with plants by Messrs. Dight and Son, and Dorset ware busts of Mr. Hardy were also displayed. On this first night, and at the dress rehearsal the night before, there were present in the front "fauteuils" quite a phalanx of London dramatic critics and Press representatives.

We must now, without further to do, come to a description of the plays.

"THE THREE WAYFARERS."

Curiosity rose high, together with the curtain, at eight o'clock to-night, when "The Three Wayfarers" was presented first. "The Three Strangers" is, of course, the name of the short story in "Wessex Tales"; but, there being another play of that very same title, Mr. Hardy altered the name of his playlet to "The Three Wayfarers." It would be interesting to compare the performance of our Dorchester players with that given at Terry's Theatre over eighteen years ago, when Mr. Charles Charrington made the novel experiment of producing a quintet, or "pentalogy," of short one-act plays by English authors of note. Mr. Hardy's was the only one of the five that survived the ordeal; but as it was too short to provide an evening's entertainment unsupported, it was soon withdrawn with its less meritorious fellows.

The plot is simple, but adroitly handled so as to produce an increase of dramatic intensity as it advances, culminating in an effective climax. A condemned sheepstealer, Timothy Sommers, escapes from "Casterbridge" Prison on the eve of his execution, and seeks refuge from a storm in the lonely cottage of a shepherd at "Higher Crowstairs," a vaguely defined place on the wind-swept downs a few miles north-east of Dorchester. In the warm kitchen a christening party is going forward with a rare gaiety which seems all the merrier by contrast with the wild March night of wind and rain outside. An old fiddler plays country dances. The couples foot it bravely with sweetly serious enjoyment on the part of pretty girls in dainty high-waisted dresses, and with a great stamping of feet by their smock-frocked or velveteen-jacketed partners. After every dance mugs of mead—a now obsolete or at least obsolescent drink made of fermented honey and water—are passed round and eagerly applied to dry lips. It has a rapid effect, this "mead," in loosening tongues. Soon all the party have shaken off their shyness. Laughter and talk fill the old kitchen, and almost drown the skirling of the gale. Among the cheerful topics that are tossed to and fro is an execution due to-morrow morning at Casterbridge Gaol. A poor wretch with a starving family has stolen a sheep to feed them, and must lose his life for it. The old "officer of justice" having died, a new hangman is coming from some distance to "turn him off."

Suddenly, in the midst of the pleasant chatter, a knocking is heard. Who can it be on such a night? It must be a wayfarer seeking shelter. The shepherd takes a candle, opens the door, and admits a wild-looking scarecrow of a man who begs for shelter from the storm. So there he sits in the chimney-corner, drying his wet clothes. There is another dance—this time "Hands across, up the middle and back again to places to swing partners," all to the tune of "Because he was a Bonnie Lad"—although "The Irish Washerwoman" would have served equally well. There follows more mead and more merriment, and then—a second knocking, a second stranger wearied and wet through. This time it is a big, burly fellow, in suggestively dark attire, with a sardonic humour and a small black bag. His talk is blood-curdling. A song he sings about the peculiarity of his trade that makes the blood go chill. A whisper runs round "It's the new hangman!" The first wayfarer watches him strangely, shudders, but oblinks mugs and joins in the grisly chorus of his song. Now above the singing can be heard a third knock. The party are surprised and puzzled. A third time the shepherd opens the door and the third wayfarer comes in. But no sooner does he see the other two side by side than he trembles, turns ghastly white, and rushes out again. It is the escaped prisoner's brother, who at once has an acute perception of the situation, and causes a diversion by his incontinent flight. Before the astonishment and alarm have subsided a louder noise than the knocking startles the party. It is a gun from Casterbridge Gaol fired to give warning of the escape of a prisoner. "Why," says the hangman, "that must have been him—the man who ran out. After him and catch him in the name of the King." Pell-mell they do so. The wrong man is captured, "in the name of the Crown," as the Parish Constable solemnly says, while the right one escapes, with the sympathies of all the party except the disgusted hangman, who declares, with the true touch of Hardy irony "a deceitful rogue, to deprive an honest man of his perquisites! How am I to live?" A striking illustration of the truth of the old saw that "the death of a horse is the life of a dog."

The following was the cast:—

Shepherd Fennel, Mr. Walter R. Bawler; the Parish Constable, Mr. Thomas Pouncy; Timothy Sommers (a condemned sheep stealer), Mr. T. Harry Tilley; Joseph Sommers (his brother), Mr. Edwin J. Stevens; the Hangman, Mr. W. H. Jameson; Elijah New (one of the shepherd's guests), Mr. Dick Dawes; a Magistrate, Mr. R. A. Martin; a Turnkey, Mr. R. Norman Dawes; Mrs. Fennel (the shepherd's wife), Mrs. A. S. Hill; a Damsel (betrothed to the constable), Miss Franklin. Peasant-guests, fiddler, &c., at the Christening Party.

HAIR GROWS EIGHT INCHES IN TWO MONTHS.

Considerable interest has been aroused among hair specialists and scientists by the remarkable hair growing properties of a new discovery which seems to have upset all the old ideas of what could be accomplished in the line of hair growing on the human head. One case which has recently been investigated and found absolutely authentic is that of Miss Clara Knee, 145, Clarence Gate Gardens, London, N.W., who in an interview stated that a few years ago she cut her hair short in front, but for some unknown reason it never grew out again beyond five or six inches, although she tried many highly-recommended and expensive hair tonics and lotions; she also suffered terribly from dandruff and itching scalp and as a result her hair was falling out rapidly. At last, at the request of a friend, she tried Harriett Meta's Gold Medal Hair Tonic, and to her delighted astonishment her hair not only stopped falling out, but the intolerable itching ceased as if by magic; and, best of all, her hair began to grow in a most marvellous manner, and at the end of two months it had grown over eight inches. The phenomenal success of this new discovery in the treatment of all forms of hair or scalp trouble, such as baldness, dandruff, falling hair, grey hair, itching scalp, &c., has led the manufacturers to arrange with leading chemists everywhere to sell it under a signed personal guarantee of satisfaction or money back. If you are suffering from any form of hair or scalp trouble, we advise you to go to your own chemist a man in whom you must have confidence, and ask him for a bottle of Harriett Meta's Gold Medal Hair Tonic with his signed personal guarantee of satisfaction or money back. We are pleased to announce that you can obtain Harriett Meta's Gold Medal Hair Tonic under a signed personal guarantee of satisfaction or money back from W. S. Spicer, of 13, Cornhill; or Timothy White and Co., Ltd., of South-street, and all branches, and from leading chemists everywhere.

change from temporary relief to fear and embarrassment, and then yet another change to the boisterous hilarity which he assumed as a cloak to avert suspicion. Hitherto Mr. Tilley has generally played broadly or quaintly farcical parts. This was a new departure for him; and he came through the ordeal with undoubted success. Mr. Jameson, in the grim rôle of the hangman, gathered laurels by the handful. Just as his dark attire marked him out immediately from all the rest of the company in lighter attire, so his firm, heavy, calculating demeanour was in strong contrast to the rest of the actors in the vivid little drama. His hangman was nothing short of an artistic creation of a powerful type, convincing—to use a much-overworked word. In rich, virile tones, strongly seasoned with gruesome innuendo, he trolled out his catch "Oh my trade it is the rarest, simple shepherds all," and this and the ugly familiarity with which he fingered his "taw halter" may well have accounted for cold shudders. From appearing in minor parts Mr. Jameson has made his way to the front rank of the Wessex players. Last year we spoke in terms of the highest appreciation of his fine strong character-sketch of Geoffrey Day, in association with Mr. C. R. Selley as Enoch; and his hangman permanently establishes his reputation. Wayfarer No. 3, the innocent brother of the criminal, who also, by "the long arm of coincidence," seeks shelter from the storm and is horrified at seeing the escaped man hobnobbing with his prospective executioner, was ably impersonated by Mr. E. J. Stevens, who played the part with an intensity that was decidedly effective. In the parish constable, who declares that he can make no arrest without his staff of office, with "the crown an' the lion an' unicorn painted on en in yeller an' gwold," Mr. Tom Pouncy had a part that just suited his appreciation of whimsical humour, and he made of it a distinct character worthy to rank with his Joseph Poorgrass, his Corp'al Tullidge, and Granfer William. The magistrate and the turnkey were firmly limned into the picture by Mr. H. A. Martin and Mr. R. N. Dawes, who never make the mistake of under-estimating the value to the whole of a well and cleanly-executed small part. Sartorially Mr. Martin's smart dress of a typical Dorset 'squire of William the Fourth's time was a welcome reminder of the period of the story, as well as a picturesque touch of colour in the canvas. As the parish constable's sweetheart, so overcome with apprehension of the idea of his exposing his life to danger, Miss Franklin made a promising début on the Debating Society's stage. Mr. Dick Dawes was one of the few guests at the shepherd's party who had a speaking part, and he rendered Elijah New's grave utterances effectively. Not least, though last to be mentioned, the appearance of Mr. Harry Bailey, briskly plying his bow as the "fiddler of the reels," was not play-acting, but rather a master-stroke of realism, the transference to the scene of the genuine article, of which, as far as we know, he is the sole remaining human fragment. Such a figure might have delighted the heart of Mr. Charles McEvoy himself, for this was on the lines of the Aldbourne school of rustic drama, selection rather than impersonation. With a dance the curtain fell, just as with a dance it rose; and the loud and prolonged applause that followed showed that pleasure had been given as well as curiosity satisfied.

Another selection having been played by Mr. A. S. Hill's competent little orchestra, the house settled down to enjoy

"THE DISTRACTED PREACHER."

presented in three acts as adapted by Mr. A. H. Evans. Every reader of "Wessex Tales" is familiar with the story of how the serious young Methodist minister, Richard Stockdale, going to Nether Moynton (*i.e.*, Owermoigne) to take temporary duty, makes by degrees the disagreeable discovery that practically all the villagers, including the most attached and unctuous members of his own congregation, as well as officers and congregation of the parish church, led by the Parish Clerk himself—are habitual smugglers. While on grounds of morality and law his soul condemns and loathes the illicit traffic, the susceptible young preacher is "distracted" between love and duty, for he finds to his dismay that the bewitching young widow at whose house he lodges, and whose solicitude for his comfort quickens his capitulation to her charms, is also a seasoned smuggler, who does by night her deceased husband's *oilskins*—we are not told if *his* fatal illness was contracted in a smuggling foray—and sallies forth to "burn the lugger off" or to superintend the landing of the tubs. Mr. Evans is responsible for a large proportion of the dialogue, worked up from Mr. Hardy's narrative and description, and with a salty briskness and vigour that makes it match well with the actual Hardy text transferred to the play. The first act, where the "mothers' meeting" enjoy tea, gossip, and scandal in front of the roses embowered cottage where the widow dwells, is entirely Mr. Evans's creation, and while pretty and amusing in itself it serves to make the situation and story thoroughly intelligible to all playgoers who have not had the advantage of reading the story—one of the best smuggling stories in the world's literature. Act II. introduces us by night to the sea shore between "Ringsworth" (Ringstead) and "Lulwind" (Lulworth) Cove. It is a sight of much scenic beauty, and here we see the tubs ruthlessly landed by a hearty body of the hands, Nether Moynton boys, who stow away all they can in a secret cavity screened by the apple tree—which in most dramas assumed by the apple tree—which in most dramas ...the village to the seashore. When duty labours have been satisfactorily completed the boys are scattered by the sound of the hunters' horns of Officer Will Latimer and his posse comitatus, who have been satisfactorily completed the boys are scattered by the sound of the hunters' horns of Officer Will Latimer and his posse comitatus, who

...ETTE, NOV. 23RD, 1911.

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...r it was being thrust upon the people by the ...uillotine and by the gag, in order that it might ...y way to a Home Rule Bill for M... Redmond ...hich the country had so strikingly pronounced ...self against on two different occasions. With ...r. Bonar Law at the head he had no fear for ...he future of the Conservative party, and, during ...d during the present unsettled state of affairs in ...he country, he hoped it would not be long before ...e new leader would take them on to victory. ...applause.) In his concluding remarks Mr. ...ambra expressed his pleasure that Dalwood ...Winfrith was on the increase. Mr. Glover and Mr. ...Tinderday also addressed the meeting, which ...d with the singing of the National Anthem.

MORETON.

...SARVAR Poss, speedily recommended by an ...invigorating and strength-giving Wine Tonic. ...2s. per bottle.—Sarvar, Phasis of Pontus, ...Dorchester.

RIFLE MATCHES.—Moreton Estate Rifle Club ...have already shot two matches, and were successful in each. The annual dance has been fixed ...for Thursday, Dec. 7th, in a barn kindly lent ...for the occasion by Mr. R. Nicholas. The ...notes are already coming up with unusual ...smell out the secreted tube owing to an unlucky ...leakage. The earth being found disturbed ...around the tree, it is raised, and the tube are ...netted—only to be recovered a little later when the ...smugglers return disguised and masked, led ...by the redoubtable Owlett in woman's attire. ...Mr. Evans had intended his play to end with the ...firm refusal of the widow to give up the smuggling ...which is in her very blood; but, as a concession ...to popular desire for an ending of more amenity, ...he tacked on a third act—Sunday morning outside ...the Nether Moynton Inn, where church and chapel ...members just out from their respective places of ...worship discuss the sermons, which have dealt ...with smuggling. Parson at church, according ...to the Parish Clerk, has said that "sperrets are ...good for us if not abused," whereas the Methodist ...minister has denounced root and branch the ...unlawfulness and immorality of the contraband ...trade. When Lizzie Newberry appears with her ...smiling lover and announces that his sermon has ...completely changed her mind and induced her ...to give up her old practices, the house instinctively ...feels that here we have an unmistakable ...false note on the part of the playwright. It is ...false per se on the part of the playwright. It is ...unlikely in the extreme; it is an entire perversion ...of the story and the authentic facts upon which the ...story is founded; it is dramatically weak and ...unconvincing, and not even pleasing, because ...although the confusion foreshadows the nuptials ...of the widow and the minister, the sympathies ...of the house are all with the crestfallen smuggler, ...who have hitherto looked upon Lizzie Newberry ...as their uncrowned queen and a very tower of ...strength. Well may Joseph Hardman, the ...gruffest blacksmith, exclaim, scarcely sotto ...voce, "Well, I'm dazed!"—upon which the curtain ...falls. There were loud calls of "Author, Author," ...but Mr. Hardy refused to be drawn.

Mr. Hardy contributed to the programme the following interesting historical note upon the story:—

The story entitled "The Distracted Preacher," which Mr. Evans has chosen this year for the ...of his comedy, with some alterations of his own, ...founded on certain smuggling adventures that occurred ...in the latter year to the chief of the small company ...of the Revenue Service whose duty it was to ...Weymouth Sumner Arthur Bond, who lost his life ...in a desperate armed resistance to the Customs ...officers during the landing of a cargo of contraband ...spirits, a fight which was witnessed by many ...persons on the beach. The incidents of the story ...are, however, entirely fictitious, and the characters ...have no existence in fact. The scene is laid in ...Lulwind Cove, a name which is also fictitious, ...though the cove is a real one. The cove is in ...Lulwind Parish, and the parish is also real, but ...the village is not. The parish clerk, Timothy ...Summers, is a fictitious character, and the ...Lulwind Preventive Service is also fictitious. ...In the same part Mr. H. O. Look gave another ...interesting and well-studied reading of a clerical ...role, though this time not that of a university-bred ...Vicar of Mellstock ("Parson Maybold"), but a ...Methody minister. The two are quite of a ...different genre, and if Mr. Look exposed himself ...to any criticism in a capital performance, it ...was that he did not differentiate enough between ...the two rôles. His Methodist minister was rather ...too academical, too Anglican, both in appearance ...and in address. His scenes with Lizzy Newberry, ...especially that in which they broach the tub of ...real cognac spirits to cure his cold, were very pleasant. ...Miss Hawker won a chorus of praise for her ...performance as the young widow, as easy as ...fascinating and as compromising and mischievous ...as the minister. There was charm and grace ...and sparkling fun about her impersonation, and ...her elocution and pose were quite admirable. ...Another delightful piece of acting was Miss ...Edwards' study of the distracted Violet Gilbert, ...the scene in which she tells the story of her ...betrothal passage of spirited opposition to her decision ...refusal at the end of the second act to give up the ...smuggling at the earnest solicitation of her lover, ...Jim Owlett, Lizzy's partner and as a rejected ...suitor, jealous of his rival, the minister, was ...vigorously impersonated by Mr. H. A. Martin, ...the society's devoted honorary secretary. There ...is always something substantial and forceful to ...Mr. Martin's appearances on the stage. His ...parts are thoroughly alive and real, and his Owlett, though a smaller rôle than his ...remembered Bob Loveday and Farmer Boldwood, ...was of the same sound texture. As Harry Hall, ...the smuggling blacksmith, Mr. W. E. Bawler ...put in a bit of really clever acting in the ...manipulation of hosiery and discomfiture of the ...excise officer, and was generally effective and ...forceful. Mr. Tom Pouncy as the jolly old ...parish clerk was another invaluable member of ...the cast, his dialect and humour being ...delightful. The landlord of the Nether Moynton ...Inn, much of whose time was passed in the ...kitchen, was presented in another humorous ...study by Mr. Jameson. Mr. Dick Dawes was ...quite at home as the young farmer, Mr. Norman ...Dawes was a capital Excise officer, and Mr. ...Franklin was a good Preventive man. Miss ...Franklin was a pretty and piquant Lizzy ...Newberry, and Miss Hardman, Miss Hall, Miss ...Wright, and J. O. Jackson, Mrs. Lizzie Newberry's ...young widow and partner with Jim Owlett in smuggling ...ventures, Miss R. Hawker, Mrs. Simpkins (her ...mother), Mrs. W. Major, Martha (Mrs. Everett), ...Mrs. Barnicott, Miss M. Bawler, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. ...—Mrs. Harcourt, Miss M. Bawler, Miss Gray, Miss ...E. Tilley; Mrs. Charles, Miss M. Wells, Women of the ...(Jim Owlett's sister), Miss M. Wells, Women of the ...village, labourers, and Preventive Guardsmen.

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AT DERBY.

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AT DERBY.

A PURE FOOD.

successive year "ATORA" defined ... been awarded the Certificate of ... ated Institute of Hygiene for the ... ard of Purity and Quality. Although ... contains no preservative, it keeps ... holesome for months. Saves time ... ; saves money—goes nearly twice ... ow Suet. Your Grocer sells it— ... r puddings and pastry, and in blocks ... d cooking.

... ATORA." rdler substituted brands.

THE HARDY PLAYS.

PERFORMANCES AT THE CORN EXCHANGE.

... dy players of the Dorchester Debating ..., and Dramatic Society, like loyal members of the Church Militant, seem to go from ... to strength. Year by year they have ... substantial satisfaction of breaking their last ... by establishing a new, and triumphantly ... the pessimists' prophecies that the ... vogue would be short-lived. Instead ... being a nine days' wonder, a mere flash in ... pan, as transient as the lurid flare of the ... light by which the cast were photographed, ... seems that the Hardy plays have "come to ..." This is the fourth year since, following ... slaughter individual efforts such as "Bathsheba ... ions and Her Lovers" and "The Dynasts," ... ches, the Debating Society took up the ... ex Novels in real earnest, in succession to ... kespeare, and produced the first of the series ... plays, now four in number, adapted skilfully ... the stage, with Mr. Hardy's permission, by ... Mr. Alfred H. Evans. As year by year play has ... succeeded to play, "The Trumpet Major" being ... followed at twelvemonthly intervals by "Far ... From the Madding Crowd," "The Mellstock ... Quire," and now "The Distracted Preacher," ... has public interest waned? Has the Hardy ... humour palled upon the people's taste? Not ... a bit of it. Quite otherwise; appetite has come ... with eating. The taste that has been created ... locally is a growing taste, that clamours for ... more, if only due regard is paid to variety of ... theme, and the high standard of all-round excellence that has been already achieved is maintained. There remain still many popular stories ... of Mr. Hardy's which offer no inconsiderable ... dramatic promise, so that the energetic Debating ... Society cannot yet bewail with Alexander that ... they have no more worlds to conquer. What ... the future has in store for the Hardy-play-going ... public is Future's secret, yet in the bosom of ... the gods; but there is no reason why equally ... successful additions should not be made to the ... growing *répertoire* of which the fourth and fifth ... numbers were added with such *éclat* at the ... Municipal Buildings last week. The Dorchester ... Debating Society, with its big membership, its ... financial stability, its prestige, and officers so ... able and popular as Dr. Kerr, the president, Mr. ... Secretary Martin, and Mr. Treasurer Dawes, is ... not the body to rest upon its laurels. Mr. ... Evans's removal to London was a great loss; ... but Mr. T. H. Tilley has done yeoman service as ... coach and stage manager, and he has received ... valuable assistance from Mr. Percy Dawes as ... assistant stage manager and property man. And ... so—we shall see! To Mr. Thomas Hardy himself, notwithstanding his habitual modesty and ... reticence, the popularity of the plays and the ... reputation achieved by the "Casterbridge" ... amateurs must be not a little gratifying. Indeed, the popular homage would display itself ... more demonstratively did not Mr. Hardy always ... quietly evade the burning of incense.

This year the society were able to present the Wessex world with a novelty in the shape of a play not merely adapted from the novels, but actually prepared for the stage by Mr. Hardy himself. This was a close version of his short story from "Wessex Tales," entitled "The Three Strangers," and styled "The Three Wayfarers."

At first three performances were arranged, for Wednesday and Thursday evenings, with a matinée on Thursday especially for the convenience of county people. The bookings were larger than ever, and unless one secured one's seat beforehand one could not be sure of seeing the show, even by a stand up. So big were the houses that on Thursday it was resolved to give an extra performance for the fourth time on Friday night, so as to give an opportunity of attending to large numbers who otherwise would have been disappointed, and defrauded of one of the prettiest and most entertaining performances ever seen in Dorset. The thoroughness of the arrangements left nothing to be desired, and did credit to the forethought of the Hon. Secretary and his colleagues. All the reserved seats in the Corn Exchange were comfortably cushioned, so as to enable the house to sit the plays out with as much physical comfort as mental and emotional pleasure. This welcome task was performed again by Messrs. Hannah and Holland, of the

... Locomotives Act.—Mr. J. ..., ... owmaster, of Dorchester, was ... for an infringement of the Locomotive ... employing a third man to be in ... with a locomotive. Mr. Lock was ... by his agent, Mr. A. S. Hill, P.C. ... Puddlehinton, stated that on November ... cycling on the Dorchester-road near ...erson, when he met a traction engine ... trucks going in the direction of Puddle... rang his bell and shouted for the engine ... in to allow him to pass, but he could ... one hear. On looking into the rear ... which was covered in, he saw two men ... awoke them, and on enquiring who was ... man in charge of the engine William ... Holloway-road, said "I am, policeman, ...!" Witness told him that he had ... asleep, and Budd replied "I know I ... up all last night." Mr. Hill pointed ... Mr. Lock had been summoned for not ... more than two men, whereas he supplied ... Colonel Simonds: It is no use supplying ... they are asleep. Mr. Hill: But we did ... them asleep, sir. (Laughter.) It was ... about Budd being up all night, as ... Mr. Lock was concerned, proof of which ... obtained by his time sheet. Colonel ... observed that the Act stipulated that ... man should be provided in such a manner ... assistance. The owners of locomotives ... responsible for these offences, but they ... recover against their men, and as the third ... was not in a position to give assistance he ... guilty of an offence. Supt. Dennett ... that Mr. Lock had done all that was ... providing a sufficient number of men, ... Act he had no alternative than to ... mmons against the owner. Colonel ... ated that Mr. Lock should summon ..., and to enable this to be done, the ... urned for a fortnight.

... OF SAMUEL WILLIS.—The Magis... (Mr. A. G. Symonds) once more ... case of Samuel Willis, against ... mons for poaching had at previous ... adjourned owing to Willis being at ... ecerated in Devizes prison. The ... erstand that Willis will be liberated ... 7th, so that his case can be heard ... on the 16th, provided that in the ... is not wanted elsewhere. Colonel ... so much the better, we shan't ... with him here.

But happily Mr. Hardy was not represented at the performances by his likeness and his works only. It was a matter of great gratification both to the performers and to the crowded assemblies that the distinguished author himself was able to be present in person, and more than once. Just before the stroke of eight on Wednesday night, when the hall was crowded, Mr. Hardy was greeted with loud applause as he entered the hall and was ushered to his seat. His brother (Mr. Henry Hardy) and his younger sister (Miss Hardy), from Higher Bockhampton, were also present. Upon the fall of the curtain at the close of "The Three Wayfarers" there were loud calls for "author." For him to have responded to the call and appeared before the footlights would have hurled the house into ecstasies of delight; but—it would not have been Mr. Hardy! The sides of the stage were beautifully decorated with plants by Messrs. Dight and Son, and Dorset ware busts of Mr. Hardy were also displayed. On this first night, and at the dress rehearsal the night before, there were present in the front "fauteuils" quite a phalanx of London dramatic critics and Press representatives.

We must now, without further to do, come to a description of the plays.

"THE THREE WAYFARERS."

Curiosity rose high, together with the curtain, at eight o'clock to-night, when "The Three Wayfarers" was presented first. "The Three Strangers" is, of course, the name of the short story in "Wessex Tales"; but, there being another play of that very same title, Mr. Hardy altered the name of his playlet to "The Three Wayfarers." It would be interesting to compare the performance of our Dorchester players with that given at Terry's Theatre over eighteen years ago, when Mr. Charles Charrington made the novel experiment of producing a quintet, or "pentalogy," of short one-act plays by English authors of note. Mr. Hardy's was the only one of the five that survived the ordeal; but as it was too short to provide an evening's entertainment unsupported, it was soon withdrawn with its less meritorious fellows.

The plot is simple, but adroitly handled so as to produce an increase of dramatic intensity as it advances, culminating in an effective climax. A condemned sheepstealer, Timothy Sommers, escapes from "Casterbridge" Prison on the eve of his execution, and seeks refuge from a storm in the lonely cottage of a shepherd at "Higher Crowstairs," a vaguely defined place on the wind-swept downs a few miles north-east of Dorchester. In the warm kitchen a christening party is going forward with a rare gaiety which seems all the merrier by contrast with the wild March night of wind and rain outside. An old fiddler plays country dances. The couples foot it bravely with sweetly serious enjoyment on the part of pretty girls in dainty high-waisted dresses, and with a great stamping of feet by their smock-frocked or velveteen-jacketed partners. After every dance mugs of mead—a now obsolete or at least obsolescent drink made of fermented honey and water—are passed round and eagerly applied to dry lips. It has a rapid effect, this "mead," in loosening tongues. Soon all the party have shaken off their shyness. Laughter and talk fill the old kitchen, and almost drown the skirling of the gale. Among the cheerful topics that are tossed to and fro is an execution due to-morrow morning at Casterbridge Gaol. A poor wretch with a starving family has stolen a sheep to feed them, and must lose his life for it. The old "officer of justice" having died, a new hangman is coming from some distance to "turn him off."

Suddenly, in the midst of the pleasant chatter, a knocking is heard. Who can it be on such a night? It must be a wayfarer seeking shelter. The shepherd takes a candle, opens the door, and admits a wild-looking scarecrow of a man who begs for shelter from the storm. So there he sits in the chimney-corner, drying his wet clothes. There is another dance—this time "Hands across, up the middle and back again to places to swing partners," all to the tune of "Because he was a Bonnie Lad"—although "The Irish Washerwoman" would have served equally well. There follows more mead and more merriment, and then—a second knocking, a second stranger wearied and wet through. This time it is a big, burly fellow, in suggestively dark attire, with a sardonic humour and a small black bag. His talk is blood-curdling. A song he sings about the peculiarity of his trade that makes the blood go chill. A whisper runs round "It's the new hangman!" The first wayfarer watches him strangely, shudders, but clinks mugs and joins in the grisly chorus of his song. Now above the singing can be heard a third knock. The party are surprised and puzzled. A third time the shepherd opens the door and the third wayfarer comes in. But no sooner does he see the other two side by side than he trembles, turns ghastly white, and rushes out again. It is the escaped prisoner's brother, who at once has an acute perception of the situation, and causes a diversion by his incontinent flight. Before the astonishment and alarm have subsided a louder noise than the knocking startles the party. It is a gun from Casterbridge Gaol fired to give warning of the escape of a prisoner. "Why," says the hangman, "that must have been him—the man who ran out. After him and catch him in the name of the King." Pell-mell they do so. The wrong man is captured, "in the name of the Crown," as the Parish Constable solemnly says, while the right one escapes, with the sympathies of all the party except the disgusted hangman, who declares, with the true touch of Hardy irony "a deceitful rogue, to deprive an honest man of his perquisites! How am I to live?" A striking illustration of the truth of the old saw that "the death of a horse is the life of a dog."

The following was the cast:—

Shepherd Fennel, Mr. Walter R. Bawler; the Parish Constable, Mr. Thomas Pouncy; Timothy Sommers (a condemned sheep stealer), Mr. T. Harry Tilley; Joseph Sommers (his brother), Mr. Edwin J. Stevens; the Hangman, Mr. W. H. Jameson; Elijah New (one of the shepherd's guests), Mr. Dick Dawes; a Magistrate, Mr. H. A. Martin; a Turnkey, Mr. R. Norman Dawes; Mrs. Fennel (the shepherd's wife), Mrs. A. S. Hill; a Damsel (betrothed to the constable), Miss Franklin. Peasant-guests, fiddlers, &c., at the Shepherd's Christening Party.

Those who have followed up the Hardy plays from first to fifth must have perceived how suitably the principal characters have been cast according to the special aptitude which certain members have shown. Mr. Walter R. Bawler seems just cut out for a simple, kindly, warm-hearted dispenser of that homely hospitality which is one of the best points of the good old Dorset country life. He dispensed it liberally as Miller Loveday in "The Trumpet Major" and Reub Dewy in "The Mellstock Quire," and his Shepherd Fennel had the same old pleasing touch. His voice exerted its customary magic, and every little humorous expression brought its heave and ripple of laughter. As Mrs. Fennel, the more frugal-minded spouse, less "impulsively generous" than her husband, and grudging the grisly hangman his deep draughts of her best strong "mead," Mrs. A. S. Hill did right well, and, in the old-fashioned chintz gown, here was a very satisfying figure in the picturesque *ensemble* of this bright cottage interior. As for the three individuals who appeared in the title *rôle*, Mr. T. H. Tilley, in addition to his herculean labours as coach and stage-manager, had a delicate and exacting part to play in Timothy Sommers, one demanding, on the entry of the hangman, a change from temporary relief to fear and embarrassment, and then yet another change to the boisterous hilarity which he assumed as a cloak to avert suspicion. Hitherto Mr. Tilley has generally played broadly or quaintly farcical parts. This was a new departure for him; and he came through the ordeal with undoubted success. Mr. Jameson, in the grim *rôle* of the hangman, gathered laurels by the handful. Just as his dark attire marked him out immediately from all the rest of the company in lighter attire, so his firm, heavy, calculating demeanour was in strong contrast to the rest of the actors in the vivid little drama. His hangman was nothing short of an artistic creation of a powerful type, convincing—to use a much-overworked word. In rich, virile tones, strongly seasoned with gruesome innuendo, he trolled out his catch "Oh my trade it is the rarest, simple shepherds all," and this and the ugly familiarity with which he fingered his "taw halter" may well have accounted for cold shudders. From appearing in minor parts Mr. Jameson has made his way to the front rank of the Wessex players. Last year we spoke in terms of the highest appreciation of his fine strong character-sketch of Geoffrey Day, in association with Mr. C. R. Selley as Enoch; and his hangman permanently establishes his reputation. Wayfarer No. 3, the innocent brother of the criminal, who also, by "the long arm of coincidence," seeks shelter from the storm and is horrified at seeing the escaped man hobnobbing with his prospective executioner, was ably impersonated by Mr. E. J. Stevens, who played the part with an intensity that was decided

... chemists everywhere to sell it under a signed personal guarantee of satisfaction or money back. If you are suffering from any form of hair or scalp trouble, we advise you to go to your own chemist a man in whom you must have confidence, and ask him for a bottle of Harriett Meta's Gold Medal Hair Tonic with his signed personal guarantee of satisfaction or money back. We are pleased to announce that you can obtain Harriett Meta's Gold Medal Hair Tonic under a signed personal guarantee of satisfaction or money back from W. S. Spicer, of 12, Cornhill; or Timothy White and Co., Ltd., of South-street, and all branches, and from leading chemists everywhere.

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... prescription as a ... Extract of Glycyrrhiza B.P., one ounce of pure Glycerine B.P., one half-ounce of Marmola, and mix with peppermint water to make six ounces in all. The dose is two teaspoonfuls after each meal.

In the service of the State. The men whose noses are already "stuffed up with stinks" smell out the secreted tubs owing to an unlucky leakage. The earth being found disturbed around the true, it is raised, and the tubs are seized—only to be recovered a little later when the smugglers return disguised and masked, led by the redoubtable Owlett in women's attire. Mr. Evans had intended his play to end with the firm refusal of the widow to give up the smuggling which is in her very blood; but, as a concession to popular desire for an ending of more amenity, he tacked on a third act—Sunday morning outside the Nether Moynton Inn, where church and chapel members just out from their respective places of worship discuss the sermon, which have dealt with smuggling. Parson at church, according to the Parish Clerk, has said that "sparrets are good for us if not abused," whereas the Methodist minister has denounced root and branch the unlawfulness and immorality of the contraband trade. When Lizzie Newberry appears with her stalling lover and announces that his sermon has completely changed her mind and induced her to give up her old practices, the house instinctively feels that here we have an unmistakable *faux pas* on the part of the playwright. It is unlikely in the extreme; it is an entire reversal of the story and the authentic facts upon which the story is founded; it is dramatically weak and unconvincing, and not even pleasing, because, although the confession foreshadows the nuptials of the widow and the minister, the sympathies of the house are all with the crestfallen smugglers, who have hitherto looked upon Lizzie Newberry as their uncrowned queen and a very tower of strength. Well may Joseph Hardman, the gallant blacksmith, exclaim, scarcely audible, "Well, I'm d—d!"—upon which the curtain falls. There were loud calls of "Author, Author," but Mr. Hardy refused to be drawn.

Mr. Hardy contributed to the programme the following interesting historical note upon the story:—

The story entitled "The Distracted Preacher," which Mr. Evans has chosen this year for the basis of his comedy, with some alterations of his own, is founded on certain smuggling adventures that occurred between 1820 and 1830, and were brought to a close in the latter year by the trial of the chief actors at the Dorchester Summer Assizes before Baron Bolland for a desperate armed resistance to the Custom-house Officers during the landing of a cargo of spirits. The details of the tale were related to the writer in his boyhood by one or two of those who were engaged in the contraband, among them old men. Some incidents that came out at the trial are also embodied. In the succeeding story, a little later than the preceding used in the story, the character called Owlett was badly wounded; and several of the Preventive-men would have lost their lives through being overpowered by the far more numerous body of smugglers, but for the forbearance and manly conduct of the latter. This served them in good stead at their trial, in which Counsel for the prosecution, and the defending counsel was Baron Bolland's summing up was strongly in their favour; they were merely ordered to enter into their own recognizances for good behaviour, and discharged.

The play was performed with ability and vigour by the following cast, each player evidently entering thoroughly into the spirit of the piece:—

Richard Stockdale (Methodist minister), Mr. H. O. Look; Smugglers—Jim Owlett (miller), Mr. H. A. Martin; Joseph Hardman (blacksmith), Mr. W. R. Bawler; Matt Gray (cobbler), Mr. R. C. Barrow; Thomas Ballam (carpenter), Mr. A. Russell; Jim Clarke (parish clerk), Mr. T. Pouncy; Landlord of the Inn at Nether Moynton, Mr. W. H. Jameson. Will Latimer (Excise officer), Mr. E. J. Stevens; Preventive-guardsmen, Messrs. D. Dawes, O. G. Campfield, A. D. Wright, and J. C. Jackson; Mrs. Lizzie Newberry (a young widow and partner with Jim Owlett in smuggling ventures), Miss E. Hawker; Mrs. Simphins (her mother), Mrs. W. Major; Martha-Sarah (Mrs. Newberry's servant), Miss M. Hill; Wives of the Smugglers—Mrs. Hardman, Miss M. Dawes; Mrs. Gray, Mrs. T. H. Tilley; Mrs. Clarke, Miss Franklin; Miss Owlett (Jim Owlett's sister), Miss M. Wells. Women of the village, labourers, and Preventive-Guardsmen.

In the name-part Mr. H. O. Look gave another interesting and well-studied reading of a clerical *rôle*, though this time not that of a university-bred Vicar of Mellstock ("Pa'son Maybold"), but a "Methody minister." The two are quite of a different *genre*, and if Mr. Look exposed himself to any criticism in a capital performance, it was that he did not differentiate enough between the two *rôles*. His Methodist minister was rather too academical, too Anglican, both in appearance and in address. His scenes with Lizzy Newberry, especially that in which they broach the tub to get some spirits to cure his cold, were very pleasing.

Miss Hawker won a chorus of praise for her performance as the young widow, at once so fascinating and so compromising and mortifying to the minister. There was about her acting and speaking the same freshness and charm which made her so successful in the former plays. In her oilskins and sou'-wester she was provokingly piquant, another disguised Viola, *inter alia*. A telling passage of spirited elocution is her eloquent refusal at the end of the second act to give up the smuggling at the earnest solicitation of her lover, Jim Owlett, Lizzy's partner and, as a rejected suitor, jealous of his rival, the minister, was vigorously impersonated by Mr. H. A. Martin, the society's devoted honorary secretary. There is always something substantial and forceful in Mr. Martin's appearances on the stage. His parts are thoroughly alive and real, and his Jim Owlett, though a smaller *rôle* than his well remembered Bob Loveday and Farmer Boldwood, was of the same sound texture. As Hardman, the smuggling blacksmith, Mr. W. R. Bawler put in a bit of really clever acting, his hypocritical assumption of honesty and sincerity being delightful. Mr. Tom Pouncy as the crafty old parish clerk was another exquisitely humorous crusted character, his dialect brisk and full-bodied. The landlord of the Nether Moynton Inn, much of whose liquor was innocent of duty, was presented as another strong individualistic study by Mr. Jameson. Messrs. T. H. Tilley, R. C. Barrow, and A. Russell did good work in the smuggling gang, and the humours of the preventive guardsmen were brought out with gusto by Messrs. Dick Dawes, O. G. Campfield (a promising novitiate), A. D. Wright, and J. C. Jackson, all officiously indefatigable in the exercise of their olfactory senses. But surely no Excise officer ever served the Crown more zealously than Will Latimer as impersonated by Mr. E. J. Stevens. His truculence, determination, and uncompromising tenacity made an immense coup in this character, and, creating roars of laughter, crowned with complete success the scenes in which he was the dominant personality, Mr. Stevens is to be congratulated on a surprisingly good and painstaking piece of work.

The ladies all did well, but we must mention especially the two more important parts of the widow's mother, charmingly played by Mrs. W. Major, completely disguised as a benevolent old lady in corkscrew curls, and Miss Myfanwy Hill as Martha Sarah, her servant. Miss Hill, with a voice as clear as a bell, rolls out the Dorset dialect with truth, earnest, and not the slightest trace of hesitancy, and never fails to make a hit.

On Thursday afternoon the Corn Exchange was densely packed for the matinée, the house being composed almost entirely of county people, whose motor-cars formed a long queue up the High-street. Mr. Hardy came with Mrs. Hardy and the Hon. Mrs. A. H. Henniker, and another notable visitor was Mr. Balfour-Gardiner, the

SALES BY AUCTION.

THE MART, 74, ST. THOMAS-STREET, WEYMOUTH.

MESSRS. MILLEDGE and SON will SELL by AUCTION, at THE MART, 74, ST. THOMAS-STREET, WEYMOUTH, on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1911, at Eleven o'clock in the Forenoon.—The Remainder of the Superior

Furniture and Effects,

which could not be included in the Auction on the 23rd inst., comprising Ash Bedroom Suite, Pine and other Chests of Drawers, Washstands, Dressing Tables, Dressing Glasses, Towelhorses, Cane-seat Chairs, Toilet Ware, Trinket Sets, Bed Table, Travelling Bath, Hip Bath, Linen Baskets, Feather Bolsters and Pillows, Eiderdown Quilts, Counterpanes, Blankets, Dressing Case (fitted), handsome Oak Overmantel with 14 bevelled plates, black and gilt Overmantel, Fenders, Fire Sets, Fire Screens, Oak Sideboard with plate-glass back, set Six Oak Dining-room Chairs, Dining Table, Wicker Easy Chairs and Cushions, Two Ebonised and Gilt Occasional Chairs, Wicker Tables, Occasional Tables, Dining-room Suite, Chippendale-pattern Display Cabinet, Carved Oak Chest, Ebonised and Inlaid China Cabinet with Ormolu mounts, Walnut Sutherland Table, Mahogany Kneehole Writing Table, Pianola Piano Player, sets Book Shelves, Circular Chess Table, set Carved Ivory Draughts, Ivory Chessmen, Nursing Chair with cane seat and back, fitted Workb xes and Writing Desks, Kitchen Tables, Chairs, and Utensils, Plated Articles, including Afternoon Tea Set, Entree Dish and Cover, Coffee Pot, Tea Pot, Candlesticks, Toast Rack, Cruet, Salvers, Writing Sets, Flower Vases, &c., pair of Wedgwood Pillar Candlesticks, 12 dozen Goss and Crested China, Spode China, Metal and Ware Ornaments, new Stone Dinner Set, Breakfast Set, Tea and Breakfast Set, and other Ware and Glass, 800 Volumes of Books, Engravings, and other Pictures, nearly-new Bed and Table Linen, and many other useful items.

On View Day prior and Morning of Sale.

Auction at Eleven, Thursday, November 30th.

Dated Auction and Agency Offices and Mart, 74, St. Thomas-street, Weymouth, Nov. 18th, 1911.

SHARPFORD REPOSITORY SALE.

EVERY FORTNIGHT.

MESSRS. WAINWRIGHT, LAVER, and CREES will HOLD their NEXT SALE on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, 1911, at Twelve o'clock.

Present Entries:

12 Ripe Fat Heifers, Steers and Cows
150 Prime Fat Wethers and Ewes
35 Fat and Suckler Calves

FIXTURES.

L. and S.W.R.

CHEAP HALF-DAY TRIP to SOUTHAMPTON (2s. 6d.) and PORTSMOUTH (3s.) On SATURDAY, 25th NOVEMBER.

FROM WEYMOUTH, 11.30; DORCHESTER, 11.46; WIMBORNE, 11.37 a.m.; WAREHAM, 12.6 p.m. For return Times and full Details see Bills.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

DORCHESTER FREE CHURCH COUNCIL.

ANNUAL MEETINGS

DORCHESTER WESLEYAN CHURCH.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30th.

FOUR P.M., SERMON by Rev. J. WILSON.

7.30 P.M. PUBLIC MEETING.

CHRISTMAS, 1911.

Professor EVOL, M.M.C.,

THE LOCAL MAGICAL ENTERTAINER.

TERMS ON APPLICATION.

MINERVA HOUSE, WEYMOUTH.

DORSET FIELD CLUB.

ESSAY WRITING COMPETITION.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

THE "Cecil" Silver Medal and prize of £5 (to be spent on books or instruments) will be awarded for the best paper on "The Most Recent Discoveries in Wireless Telegraphy and their Practical Advantages in Commerce and War." The Competition will be open to any person who is between the ages of 16 and 25 on May 2nd, 1911, and either was born in Dorset or had that day lived in the county the previous twelve months. Full particulars may be obtained from Mr. H. Founey, *Dorset County Chronicle* Office, Dorchester.

IN AID OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY IN DORSET.

THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

CORN EXCHANGE, DORCHESTER,

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1st, at 8 P.M.

PLAYS—

"THE TWELVE POUND LOOK"

(By J. M. BARRIE).

"THE MOLLUSC"

(By H. H. DAVIS).

The following have kindly given their services:—The Countess of ILCHESTER, Mrs. HIRST, Sir FREDERICK ADAIR, Mrs. BATLEY, and Mr. ALAN MACKINNON.

Front Seats (Reserved and Numbered), 3s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Admission, 1s.

EDE DOGS.—Beautiful White, house-ed Dog, granddred by Queen Alexandra's also lovely Puppies.—Mrs. Kilburn Scott, Bromley, Picture Seals Theatre.

NOTICES.

BOARD OF TRADE.

SESSION 1912.

WIMBORNE MINSTER WATER.

(PROVISIONAL ORDER).

(Maintenance, alteration, and extension of the existing water works and reservoirs; Construction of additional works, extension of limits of supply, purchase of other lands, Agreements with Local Authorities and others; Increase of Capital and borrowing powers; Supply of meters and fittings; provision of cisterns, relief from constant supply; Incorporation and Amendment of Acts).

NOTICE is hereby given,—That APPLICATION is intended to be MADE by the WIMBORNE MINSTER WATER WORKS COMPANY LIMITED to the Board of Trade, on or before the 23rd day of December next, for a PROVISIONAL ORDER under the Gas and Water Works Facilities Act, 1870, for all or some of the following purposes, amongst others (that is to say):

1. To empower the said Wimborne Minster Water Works Company Limited (in this Notice referred to as "the Undertakers") to exercise all or any rights, powers, and privileges as are or may be necessary or convenient for or incidental to supplying water within the limit hereinafter described and for carrying into effect the other objects and purposes mentioned in this Notice.

2. To authorise the Undertakers to maintain, continue, alter, improve, enlarge, extend and renew, so far as shall be deemed expedient, the existing water works of the Company, and also from time to time to enlarge, alter, repair, extend, renew, improve and use the existing reservoirs, wells, tanks, conduits, cuts, drains, weirs, sluices and other works connected with the supply of water, and to construct and maintain other similar works on land now belonging to, or from time to time acquired and held by the Undertakers for the purposes aforesaid or any of them.

3. To authorise the Undertakers to supply water for all public and private purposes within the limits following (that is to say), the limits of supply as defined by Section 5 of the Wimborne Minster Water Order, 1888, and also the whole of the remainder of the parish of Colehill (except such part as lies to the South of the London and South-Western Railway from Wimborne station towards Westmoors) and also such part of the parish of Hampreston as is bounded on the South by the said railway, on the West by the parish of Colehill, on the North by the parish of Holt, and on the East starting at the Northern end at the bridge known as White Bridge, thence following the road known as Uddens Drive to the Railway Crossing at Uddens; and also such part of the parish of Pamphill as is bounded as follows:—Commencing at its North-East Corner at the centre of the stream near Hogford, thence along the Southern boundary of field No. 179 (25 inch scale Ordnance Survey, date 1901) to field No. 178 on the same plan; thence following the course of the stream in a southerly direction to the junction of the road No. 174 leading to Hound Hill, thence by road in a south-westerly direction to the junction with Chilbridge Lane on the east side of Daffodil Copse, thence South-east along the road to Hillbutts, thence along the road in a south-westerly direction crossing the main road at the cottages near Manor Yard, thence following Abbotts Street in a westerly direction to its junction with a lane known as Sandy Lane, thence in a southerly direction along Sandy Lane, crossing the road leading to Sturminster Marshall on the west side of Cowgrove Farm by a drove leading to and as far as the river Stour at the ford on the south-west side of Chaw Meadow, thence following the river Stour in an easterly direction to the boundary of the existing area near Cuthbury Allotments.

4. To confer upon the Undertakers all such powers, rights, and privileges as are usually conferred upon water companies or which may be necessary or expedient for carrying into execution any of the objects of the intended Order.

5. To confer upon the Undertakers powers for preventing the pollution, waste, illegal use, abstraction, misuse or wrongful use of the water supplied, and to adopt proper and needful regulations in reference thereto, and for preventing any improper or unauthorised interference with the water or works of the Undertakers.

6. To authorise the Undertakers to hold lands for the protection of their water works against pollution, fouling and contamination, and to construct and lay down drains, sewers and other works and conveniences for intercepting and taking all foul waters arising or flowing upon such lands and otherwise to protect the water supply of the Undertakers.

7. To authorise the Undertakers to make and carry into effect contracts and agreements with any Local Authority, Company, or person for the supply of water for all purposes either within or without the limits of supply upon such terms and conditions as may be agreed between the parties.

8. To levy and recover rates and charges for the supply of water and for the supply, hire, or use of meters, fittings, engines, and other articles, apparatus, and things supplied by the Undertakers, and to authorise them to enter houses for the removal of meters and fittings.

9. To prescribe the terms and conditions on which a supply may be given, to fix a minimum charge to be paid, to require the provision of cisterns, to authorise an additional charge for water used for washing carriages, motor cars and for garden and other purposes, and to relieve the Undertakers from the obligation to provide a constant supply.

10. To enable the Undertakers to require the owners of small houses to pay the water-charges instead of the occupiers, to require

bottle from on receipt of 6d. for packing and carriage.
Wholesale Agents: BOWEN & McKECHNIE, London E.C.

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NOTICES.

and that, in forwarding such Objections, they must state that a Copy forwarded to the Under

Dated this 7th day of

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DECLARING PARTS IV., VI. SECTIONS COMPRISED IN THE PUBLIC HEALTH ACT 1907, TO BE IN FORCE.

WIMBORNE URBAN

TO THE URBAN DIST WIMBORNE, AND TO WHOM IT MAY

WHEREAS the URBAN CIL of WIMBORNE to as "the Local pursuance of Section Acts Amendment Act, 1907 to as "the Act of 1907 Local Government Board TAIN PARTS and SECTI 1907 to be IN FORCE TRICT of WIMBORNE as "the District";

And whereas proof satisfaction of the advert sub-section (2) of Section and at least One Month date of that advertisement

NOW THEREFORE, in powers in that behalf, CLARE, SPECIFY, that is to say:—

ARTICLE I.—(1) On which this Order comes Sections 15, 16 25, 27, 28, 29, prised in Part II.; Sections 34, 35, 47, 48, 49, 50, III.; Part IV.; Part VI.; and Part X.

of the Act of 1907 SHALL THE DISTRICT.

(2) Where a Section made in the first column Order is a Section one of the Sections by Article described as Part III. and declared

SHALL BE IN FORCE to the following conditions that is to say,—

Unless and until we, made on such compliance with such described and set the Act of 1907, Specify, and Direct, its application to the relation to the exercise to the discharge of the Local Authority under

ARTICLE II.—Within the period weeks immediately following the Order, or, where in our opinion the so require, within such later period Order prescribe, the Local Authority this Order to be published by adv same once at least in one or more papers circulating in the District, a cause a statement of the effect of th be published in the *London Gazette*.

ARTICLE III.—This Order shall operation on the Thirteenth day of One thousand nine hundred and

SCHEDULE.

Parts and Sections. 1.	Conditions Adaptation 2.
Part II.—Section Twenty-five.	"The power of "or enforcing "under section "hundred and "of the Public "Act, 1875, as "by section two "of the Public "Acts Amendment "1890, with re "the paving of "open spaces in "tion with "houses, shall "exercisable."
Section Twenty-seven	"(7) Nothing in this "shall apply to "porary building "or set up for "Territorial Force
Section Thirty	"Nothing in this "shall apply to "or other structure "far as the same "either for the "any street or pub "path, or for the "tion of any "public footpath "damage or obst "by reason of the "of the street or "being above or "the level of the "the adjoining "unless the wall

Nov. 1st 1911

HARDY'S "LITTLE MINISTER."

Hearty Welcome for New Play at Dorchester.

TO BE SEEN IN LONDON.

[From Our Correspondent.]

DORCHESTER, Wednesday Night.

Before a glorious audience of genuine Dorset folk, gentry and townsfolk together, with Mr. Thomas Hardy himself modestly ensconced in the stalls, and a sprinkling of London pilgrims everywhere, the Hardy plays were duly presented to-night at the old Corn Exchange.

The success that had been predicted was confirmed beyond question. Never before has the old place echoed to such bouts of laughter and of cheers, from lungs none the weaker for having breathed the air that blows in from the sea over the Dorset downs and coombs.

To the jaded London playgoer, the heartiness of it all was more refreshing than words can tell—the heartiness on both sides of the simple rustic footlights. Neither of the plays was great. Neither of them pretended to be so. But to hear these honest burghers rolling out their Dorset talk—the true Doric, no mere trick of the tongue; to see them clumping with manly unconcern about the stage, and squaring up to the humours of the thing with a self-confidence born of sound health and a quiet life, was to come into touch with something that London hardly knows. It was to come into touch with "England and the English," with the breed of men who built our Empire, and with the language that they spoke in "eighteen hundred and war-time."

To tell the truth, Mr. Hardy himself makes no secret about his chief interest in these plays lying in the fact that they represent a life that is gone. The "decent little fellow"—as a Dorchester townsman described him to me to-day—who lives at Max Gate, has no need now to worry about a new dramatic reputation. If the dramatic revival had happened earlier—had caught him as a young novelist, as it caught Mr. Barrie—things might have been different. The author of "The Dynasts" might have given us a practical drama upon the workings of the "war god," over which even the critics would not have been unbelievers.

But drama or no, Mr. Hardy's love of the old Dorset life, out of which his art was born, is inextinguishable. In these two plays, roughly, crudely, realistically, that life lives again. It has to manage without much dower of the brooding insight which is Mr. Hardy's peculiar gift, but still it lives, after a certain plain fashion of its own.

"THE THREE WAYFARERS."

As being from Mr. Hardy's own pen, the first little play of "The Three Wayfarers" absorbed the lion's share of the interest. It tells, as some "Chronicle" readers already know, a grimly comic little story of how the Dorchester hangman and a condemned sheepstealer, whom he was on his way to hang, but who had escaped from prison, met as casual strangers at a christening feast in a lonely shepherd's cottage on the downs. Mr. Hardy confesses that he only intended the play as a light-hearted trifle. In truth the adaptation is little else but the cutting down of the story to its bare dialogue, the intervals being filled in with the homely dance and song which Mr. Hardy so lovingly describes in his story.

There is very much that goes by the board. The wonderful description of the rain on the downs has to be replaced by the customary rattle of a tin of peas or similar device behind the scenes. The delicate, patiently observed little details of cottage furniture and pastoral life in general, the subtle humour of Mr. Hardy's own view of the christening feast—all this has to go.

But much remains. The dialogue itself, spoken for once with a frank, bold breadth of West-country accent that quite startles the London ear, used to timid stage-compromises, how rich and racy it is! How absolutely right and for the right people are the simple rural apophthegms given out between the foam and the brim of the good brown mug! Some such the reader of the story passes almost unnoticed. But to-night they brought out their ready roar—the good wife's anxiety lest the hangman should empty the quart-pot, the village constable's refusal to go out without his "staff," the homely compliments about the baby itself.

From the humorous point of view, it was all spoken with splendid relish by the good folk of the company. Mr. Jameson, the tailor, was by a long way the best as the hangman. He looked impressive, and trolled out his song with a deep, rolling voice that made it overwhelmingly effective. Mr. Tilley, the ex-Mayor, as the sheepstealer, had not quite such a chance; but from both together one got at least a sense of what might be done with the play by some really fine actors—the ghastly frolic of the hangman and his prey!

As it was, the country dances to the tweaking of old Henry Bailey's fiddle, which has sent feet tripping at the village jousts since anyone in Dorchester can remember, will possibly commend the little play most to Dorchester folk. Even now just such a junketing may doubtless be seen and heard in just such a shepherd's cottage, if only one knows where to look for it within the five-mile radius of Dorset's county town. It is understood that it was chiefly in these little matters that to-night's performance differed from that at Terry's in years gone by. So far as Mr. Hardy's actual text is concerned, the townsmen have evidently treated it with all becoming reverence.

"THE DISTRACTED PREACHER."

The other play, "The Distracted Preacher," the story of the smuggling days, adapted by Mr. Evans, the chemist, is a far more elaborate piece of work, though it has not the cachet of Mr. Hardy's signature. As a comedy it reminds one of "The Little Minister" even more than it did as a story. Mr. Evans has done his work, on the whole, most cleverly. He has written in a whole scene of his own to introduce the characters, bringing in now and again little pieces

E DRAMA.

Nov. or Dec? 1911

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Tables, Chairs, and Utensils. Plated Articles, including Afternoon Tea Set, Entree Dish and Cover, Coffee Pot, Tea Pot, Candlesticks, Toast Rack, Cruet, Salvers, Writing Sets, Flower Vases, &c., pair of Wedgwood Pillar Candlesticks, 12 dozen Coits and Crested China, Spode China, Metal and Ware Ornaments, new Stone Dinner Set, Breakfast Set, Tea and Breakfast Set, and other Ware and Glass, 600 Volumes of Books, Engravings, and other Pictures, nearly-new Bed and Table Linen, and many other useful items.

On View Day prior and Morning of Sale.

Auction at Eleven, Thursday, November 30th.

Dated Auction and Agency Offices and Mart, 74, St. Thomas-street, Weymouth, Nov. 18th, 1911.

SPARKFORD REPOSITORY SALE.

EVERY FORTNIGHT.

MESSRS. WAINWRIGHT, LAVER, and CREED will HOLD their NEXT SALE on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, 1911, at Twelve o'clock.

Present Entries:

32 Rbo Fat Heifers, Steers and Cows
160 Prime Fat Wethers and Ewes
15 Fat and Scottier Calves

FIXTURES.

L. and S.W.R.

CHEAP HALF-DAY TRIP to SOUTHAMPTON (2s. 6d.) and PORTSMOUTH (3s.) On SATURDAY, 25th NOVEMBER.

FROM WEYMOUTH, 11.30; DORCHESTER, 11.46; WIMBORNE, 11.57 a.m.; WAREHAM, 12.6 p.m. For return Times and full Details, see Bills.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

DORCHESTER FREE CHURCH COUNCIL.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

DORCHESTER WESLEYAN CHURCH.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30th.

FOUR P.M., SERMON by Rev. J. WILSON.

7.30 P.M. PUBLIC MEETING.

CHRISTMAS, 1911.

Professor EVOL, M.M.C.,

THE LOCAL MAGICAL ENTERTAINER.

TERMS ON APPLICATION.

MINERVA HOUSE, WEYMOUTH.

DORSET FIELD CLUB.

ESSAY WRITING COMPETITION.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

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IN AID OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY IN DORSET.

THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

CORN EXCHANGE, DORCHESTER,

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1st, at 8 P.M.

PLAYS—

"THE TWELVE POUND LOOK"

(By J. M. BARRIE).

"THE MOLLUSC"

(By H. H. DAVIS).

The following have kindly given their services:—The Countess of ILCHESTER, Mrs. HIRST, Sir FREDERICK ADAIR, Mrs. BATLEY, and Mr. ALAN MACKINNON.

Front Seats (Reserved and Numbered), 5s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Admission, 1s.

...ing into effect the other objects and purposes mentioned in this Notice.

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3. To authorise the Undertakers to supply water for all public and private purposes within the limits following (that is to say), the limits of supply as defined by Section 5 of the Wimborne Minster Water Order, 1888, and also the whole of the remainder of the parish of Colehill (except such part as lies to the South of the London and South-Western Railway from Wimborne station towards Westmoors) and also such part of the parish of Hampreston as is bounded on the South by the said railway, on the West by the parish of Colehill, on the North by the parish of Holt, and on the East starting at the Northern end at the bridge known as White Bridge, thence following the road known as Uddens Drive to the Railway Crossing at Uddens; and also such part of the parish of Pamphill as is bounded as follows:—Commencing at its North-East Corner at the centre of the stream near Hogford, thence along the Southern boundary of field No. 179 (25 inch scale Ordnance Survey, date 1901) to field No. 178 on the same plan, thence following the course of the stream in a southerly direction to the junction of the road No. 174 leading to Hound Hill, thence by road in a south-westerly direction to the junction with Chilbridge Lane on the east side of Daffodil Copse, thence South-east along the road to Hillbutts, thence along the road in a south-westerly direction crossing the main road at the cottages near Manor Yard, thence following Abbott Street in a westerly direction to its junction with a lane known as Sandy Lane, thence in a southerly direction along Sandy Lane, crossing the road leading to Sturminster Marshall on the west side of Cowgrove Farm by a drove leading to and as far as the river Stour at the ford on the south-west side of Chaw Meadow, thence following the river Stour in an easterly direction to the boundary of the existing area near Cuthbury Allotments.

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6. To authorise the Undertakers to hold lands for the protection of their water works against pollution, fouling and contamination, and to construct and lay down drains, sewers and other works and conveniences for intercepting and taking all foul waters arising or flowing upon such lands and otherwise to protect the water supply of the Undertakers.

7. To authorise the Undertakers to make and carry into effect contracts and agreements with any Local Authority, Company, or person for the supply of water for all purposes either within or without the limits of supply upon such terms and conditions as may be agreed between the parties.

8. To levy and recover rates and charges for the supply of water and for the supply, hire, or use of meters, fittings, engines, and other articles, apparatus, and things supplied by the Undertakers, and to authorise them to enter houses for the removal of meters and fittings.

9. To prescribe the terms and conditions on which a supply may be given, to fix a minimum charge to be paid, to require the provision of cisterns, to authorise an additional charge for water used for washing carriages, motor cars and for garden and other purposes, and to relieve the Undertakers from the obligation to provide a constant supply.

10. To enable the Undertakers to require the owners of small houses to pay the water charges instead of the occupiers, to require

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...TRICT of WIMBORNE ...as "the District".

And whereas proof ... satisfaction of the ... sub-section (2) of Section ... and at least One Month ... date of that advertisement ...

NOW THEREFORE ... powers in that behalf ... CLARE, SPECIFY, ... that is to say:—

ARTICLE I.—(1) On ... which this Order comes ... Sections 15, 16, 17, ... 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, ... prised in Part II. ... Sections 34, 35, 36, 37, ... 47, 48, 49, 50, and ... III.; ... Part IV.; ... Part VI.; and ... Part X. ... of the Act of 1907 SHALL BE ... THE DISTRICT.

(2) Where a Section ... made in the first column of ... Order is a Section comprised ... one of the Sections by which ... Articles described as comprised ... Part III. and declared that ... SHALL BE IN FORCE ... to the following conditions, ... that is to say,—

Unless and until we, by ... made on such application ... compliance with such requirements ... described and set forth in ... the Act of 1907, otherwise ... Specify, and Direct, the said ... its application to the District ... relation to the exercise of the ... to the discharge of the duties ... Local Authority under that Section ... have effect as if the words and figures ... forth in the second column of the ... Schedule opposite to the reference to ... Section in the first column of that Schedule ... were added to and formed part of that ... Section.

ARTICLE II.—Within the period of ... weeks immediately following the date of this ... Order, or, where in our opinion the circumstances ... so require, within such later period as we by ... Order prescribe, the Local Authority shall cause ... this Order to be published by advertisement ... same once at least in one or more of the local ... papers circulating in the District, and shall also ... cause a statement of the effect of this Order to ... be published in the *London Gazette*.

ARTICLE III.—This Order shall come into ... operation on the Thirteenth day of December ... One thousand nine hundred and eleven.

SCHEDULE.

Parts and Sections. 1.	Conditions and Adaptations. 2.
Part II.—Section Twenty-five.	"The power of making ... "or enforcing by ... "under section ... "hundred and fifty-... "of the Public Health ... "Act, 1875, as extended ... "by section twenty-... "of the Public Health ... "Acts Amendment Act, ... "1890, with respect to ... "the paving of yards, ... "open spaces in connection ... "tion with dwelling ... "houses, shall cease to be ... "exercisable."
Section Twenty-seven	"(7) Nothing in this section ... "shall apply to any ... "porary building or ... "or set up for use by ... "Territorial Force."
Section Thirty	"Nothing in this section ... "shall apply to any ... "or other structure ... "far as the same is ... "either for the support ... "any street or public ... "path, or for the protection ... "tion of any street ... "public footpath ... "damage or obstruction ... "by reason of the ... "of the street or footpath ... "being above or ... "the level of the ... "the adjoining ... "unless the wall ...

...YEDE DOGS.—Beautiful White, house-...ned Dog, ...standred by Queen Alexandra's ... also lovely Puppies.—Mrs. Kilburn Scott, Bromley, ... Pictures Seats Theatre.

...bottle free on receipt of 6d. for packing and carriage. ... who send sample
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blows in from the
downs and coombs.

To the jaded London playgoer, the heartiness of it all was more refreshing than words can tell—the heartiness on both sides of the simple rustic footlights. Neither of the plays was great. Neither of them pretended to be so. But to hear these honest burghers rolling out their Dorset talk—the true Doric, no mere trick of the tongue; to see them clumping with manly unconcern about the stage, and squaring up to the humours of the thing with a self-confidence born of sound health and a quiet life, was to come into touch with something that London hardly knows. It was to come into touch with "England and the English," with the breed of men who built our Empire, and with the language that they spoke in "eighteen hundred and war-time."

To tell the truth, Mr. Hardy himself makes no secret about his chief interest in these plays lying in the fact that they represent a life that is gone. The "decent little fellow"—as a Dorchester townsman described him to me to-day—who lives at Max Gate, has no need now to worry about a new dramatic reputation. If the dramatic revival had happened earlier—had caught him as a young novelist, as it caught Mr. Barrie—things might have been different. The author of "The Dynasts" might have given us a practical drama upon the workings of the "war god," over which even the critics would not have been unbelievers.

But drama or no, Mr. Hardy's love of the old Dorset life, out of which his art was born, is inextinguishable. In these two plays, roughly, crudely, realistically, that life lives again. It has to manage without much dower of the brooding insight which is Mr. Hardy's peculiar gift, but still it lives, after a certain plain fashion of its own.

"THE THREE WAYFARERS."

As being from Mr. Hardy's own pen, the first little play of "The Three Wayfarers" absorbed the lion's share of the interest. It tells, as some "Chronicle" readers already know, a grimly comic little story of how the Dorchester hangman and a condemned sheepstealer, whom he was on his way to hang, but who had escaped from prison, met as casual strangers at a christening feast in a lonely shepherd's cottage on the downs. Mr. Hardy confesses that he only intended the play as a light-hearted trifle. In truth the adaptation is little else but the cutting down of the story to its bare dialogue, the intervals being filled in with the homely dance and song which Mr. Hardy so lovingly describes in his story.

There is very much that goes by the board. The wonderful description of the rain on the downs has to be replaced by the customary rattle of a tin of peas or similar device behind the scenes. The delicate, patiently observed little details of cottage furniture and pastoral life in general, the subtle humour of Mr. Hardy's own view of the christening feast—all this has to go.

But much remains. The dialogue itself, spoken for once with a frank, bold breadth of West-country accent that quite startles the London ear, used to timid stage-compromise, how rich and racy it is! How absolutely right and for the right people are the simple rural apophthegms given out between the foam and the brim of the good brown mug! Some such the reader of the story passes almost unnoticed. But to-night they brought out their ready roar—the good wife's anxiety lest the hangman should empty the quart-pot, the village constable's refusal to go out without his "staff," the homely compliments about the baby itself.

From the humorous point of view, it was all spoken with splendid relish by the good folk of the company. Mr. Jameson, the tailor, was by a long way the best as the hangman. He looked impressive, and trolled out his song with a deep, rolling voice that made it overwhelmingly effective. Mr. Tilley, the ex-Mayor, as the sheepstealer, had not quite such a chance; but from both together one got at least a sense of what might be done with the play by some really fine actors—the ghastly frolic of the hangman and his prey!

As it was, the country dances to the tweaking of old Henry Bailey's fiddle, which has sent feet tripping at the village jousts since anyone in Dorchester can remember, will possibly commend the little play most to Dorchester folk. Even now just such a junketing may doubtless be seen and heard in just such a shepherd's cottage, if only one knows where to look for it within the five-mile radius of Dorset's county town. It is understood that it was chiefly in these little matters that to-night's performance differed from that at Terry's in years gone by. So far as Mr. Hardy's actual text is concerned, the townsmen have evidently treated it with all becoming reverence.

"THE DISTRACTED PREACHER."

The other play, "The Distracted Preacher," the story of the smuggling days, adapted by Mr. Evans, the chemist, is a far more elaborate piece of work, though it has not the cachet of Mr. Hardy's signature. As a comedy it reminds one of "The Little Minister" even more than it did as a story. Mr. Evans has done his work, on the whole, most cleverly. He has written in a whole scene of his own to introduce the characters, bringing in now and again little pieces of Hardy dialogue from other stories.

Of course, it was impossible to present all the adventures of the Rev. Mr. Stockdale and his pretty landlady. We have to imagine the huddling of the smugglers in the church tower, and some other matters. But the fair Lizzie duly dons her oilskins and breeches, and goes a-smuggling by the light of the new moon with the boys of the village.

If one remembers rightly, an incident entirely fresh to the story is brought in with the binding and gagging of the minister himself by the excisemen. Moreover, Mr. Evans allows Lizzie to be duly converted from the error of her ways by Stockdale's sermon, an effect which it failed to produce in the original.

In the tittle-tattle scenes, perhaps, Mr. Evans has allowed it all to be a little bit too drawing-roomy, for Nether Moynton was the roughest of rough villages. But when once we are introduced to the smugglers, the Dorset men soon get to work, and something of the true "Margaret Catchpole," tar-and-pigtail atmosphere does get over the footlights. Miss Hawker, who played Lizzie, proved a most charming young lady, and would have done credit to any average amateur company, but there was not quite the Dorset touch. The minister himself, too, might have been brisker with advantage.

As before, the whole company will shortly pay a visit to London, and also to Weymouth and other Wessex towns.

SALES BY AUCTION.

THE MART, 74, ST. THOMAS-STREET, WEYMOUTH.

MESSRS. MILLEDGE and SON will SELL by AUCTION, at THE MART, 74, ST. THOMAS-STREET, WEYMOUTH, on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1911, at Eleven o'clock in the Forenoon,—The Remainder of the Superior

Furniture and Effects,

which could not be included in the Auction on the 23rd inst., comprising Ash Bedroom Suite, Pine and other Chests of Drawers, Washstands, Dressing Tables, Dressing Glasses, Towelhorses, Cane-seat Chairs, Toilet Ware, Trinket Sets, Bed Table, Travelling Bath, Hip Bath, Linen Baskets, Feather Bolsters and Pillows, Eiderdown Quilts, Counterpanes, Blankets, Dressing Case (fitted), handsome Oak Overmantel with 14 bevelled plates, black and gilt Overmantel, Fenders, Fire Sets, Fire Screens, Oak Sideboard with plate-glass back, set Six Oak Dining-room Chairs, Dining Table, Wicker Easy Chairs and Cushions, Two Ebonised and Gilt Occasional Chairs, Wicker Tables, Occasional Tables, Dining-room Suite, Chippendale-pattern Display Cabinet, Carved Oak Chest, Ebonised and Inlaid China Cabinet with Ormolu mounts, Walnut Sutherland Table, Mahogany Kneehole Writing Table, Pianola Piano Player, sets Book Shelves, Circular Chess Table, set Carved Ivory Draughts, Ivory Chessmen, Nursing Chair with cane seat and back, fitted Workboxes and Writing Desks, Kitchen Tables, Chairs, and Utensils, Plated Articles, including Afternoon Tea Set, Entree Dish and Cover, Coffee Pot, Tea Pot, Candlesticks, Toast Rack, Cruet, Salvers, Writing Sets, Flower Vases, &c., pair of Wedgwood Pillar Candlesticks, 12 dozen Goss and Crested China, Spode China, Metal and Ware Ornaments, new Stone Dinner Set, Breakfast Set, Tea and Breakfast Set, and other Ware and Glass, 800 Volumes of Books, Engravings, and other Pictures, nearly-new Bed and Table Linen, and many other useful items.

On View Day prior and Morning of Sale.

Auction at Eleven, Thursday, November 30th.

Dated Auction and Agency Offices and Mart, 74, St. Thomas-street, Weymouth, Nov. 18th, 1911.

SPARKFORD REPOSITORY SALE.

EVERY FORTNIGHT.

MESSRS. WAINWRIGHT, LAVER, and CREES will HOLD their NEXT SALE on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, 1911, at Twelve o'clock.

Present Entries:

12 Ripe Fat Heifers, Steers and Cows
180 Prime Fat Wethers and Ewes
55 Fat and Suckler Calves

FIXTURES.

L. and S.W.R.

CHEAP HALF-DAY TRIP to SOUTHAMPTON (2s. 6d.) and PORTSMOUTH (3s.) On SATURDAY, 25th NOVEMBER.

FROM WEYMOUTH, 11.30; DORCHESTER, 11.46; WIMBORNE, 11.37 a.m.; WAREHAM, 12.6 p.m. For return Times and full Details, see Bills.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

DORCHESTER FREE CHURCH COUNCIL.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

DORCHESTER WESLEYAN CHURCH.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30th.

FOUR P.M., SERMON by Rev. J. WILSON.

7.30 P.M. PUBLIC MEETING.

CHRISTMAS, 1911.

Professor EVOL, M.M.C.,

THE LOCAL MAGICAL ENTERTAINER.

TERMS ON APPLICATION.

MINERVA HOUSE, WEYMOUTH.

DORSET FIELD CLUB.

ESSAY WRITING COMPETITION.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

THE "Cecil" Silver Medal and prize of £5 (to be spent on books or instruments) will be awarded for the best paper on "The Most Recent Discoveries in Wireless Telegraphy and their Practical Advantages in Commerce and War." The Competition will be open to any person who is between the ages of 18 and 35 on May 2nd, 1911, and either was born in Dorset or had that day lived in the county the previous twelve months. Full particulars may be obtained from Mr. H. Pouncy, *Dorset County Chronicle* Office, Dorchester.

IN AID OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY IN DORSET.

THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

CORN EXCHANGE, DORCHESTER,

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1st, at 8 P.M.

PLAYS—

"THE TWELVE POUND LOOK"

(By J. M. BARRIE).

"THE MOLLUSC"

(By H. H. DAVIS).

The following have kindly given their services:—The Countess of ILCHESTER, Mrs. HIRST, Sir FREDERICK ADAIR, Mrs. BATLEY, and Mr. ALAN MACKINNON.

Front Seats (Reserved and Numbered), 7s.; Second Seats, 5s.; Admission, 1s.

BOARD OF TRADE.

SESSION 1912.

WIMBORNE M

(PROVISIO

(Maintenance, altera existing water Construction of sion of limits of lands, Agreeme and others; borrowing pow fittings; provi constant sup Amendment o

NOTICE is hereb TION is inte WIMBORNE MIN COMPANY LIMIT on or before the 23 a PROVISIONAL Water Works Facil of the following p is to say):

1. To empow Water Works C referred to as t all or any ri as are or may be or incidental to limit hereinafter into effect the oth tioned in this

2. To authorise continue, alter, renew, so far as the existing also from time to extend, renew, reservoirs, wells, weirs, sluices and the supply of maintain other belonging to, or held by the Un aforesaid or any

3. To supply water for all within the limits the limits of sup of the Wimborne and also the wa parish of Colehill the South of t Railway from Wi moore) and als Hampreston as the said railway of Colehill, and Holt, and on th end at the bo thence follow Drive to the and also such as is bounded at its North-E stream near Ho boundary of t Ordnance Surv on the same pa of the stream junction of the Hill, thence by tion to the Jun the east side c east along the the road in a s the main road Yard, thence westerly direct known as Sand direction along leading to Bu side of Cowgr and as far as t south-west side ing the river to the bound Cuthbury All

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8. To levy the supply or use of articles, and Undertakers enter house fittings.

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10. To enable the Undertakers to require the owners of small houses to pay the water charges instead of the occupiers, to require

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S.—Beautiful White, house-andsired by Queen Alexandra's upies.—Mrs. Kilburn Scott, Bromley, Theatre.

Daily Chronicle
Nov. 15. 1911

THOMAS HARDY DRAMA.

ANNUAL FESTIVAL AT DORCHESTER.

MANY PILGRIMS.

WESSEX PLAY ON ITS NATIVE HEATH.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

DORCHESTER, Tuesday Night.

Dear, sleepy, old Dorchester, living gallantly up to its proud position as a sort of Bayreuth of Wessex, is already in its annual throes of festival.

The famous old Corn Exchange is to see to-morrow the fourth production of a "Hardy play," acted by Mr. Hardy's own fellow townsmen. This time, too, it is not only one "Hardy play," but two, and one of them dramatised by the novelist himself. Small wonder that the whole town is agog with excitement.

The worthy burgesses who are to play in "The Three Wayfarers" and "The Distracted Preacher" have stood at their shop doors all the afternoon, with fitful glances every now and then at the Corn Exchange clock, as though impatient for it to point the hour for to-night's dress rehearsal. The old King's Head Hotel, endeared to every reader of "The Mayor of Casterbridge," has been for days filling up with London pilgrims.

The town band is at this moment blowing its lungs away in the Square, and even the cattle and sheep that periodically make their way down the High-street have a self-conscious air, as being part of the Hardy picture.

Everything points to the production itself proving one of the very best of the whole series of plays that have been the loyal tribute of Dorchester men to their great fellow-townsman. Mr. Hardy himself, with whom I had a chat this morning, and who is wonderfully cheery and well for all his 71 years, has been attending the final rehearsals every evening. He has entered into the whole thing with the kindliest zest, and has expressed himself as delighted with the efforts of his good neighbours.

His own little one-act comedy, "The Three Wayfarers," was, of course, produced some years ago at Terry's Theatre in the memorable novelist's matinée. Mr. Hardy handed over the manuscript to the Dorchester men just as it stood, and they have made of it—well, we shall see!

SOME NOTABLE PLAYERS.

Nearly all of the players are, as it happens, hardy veterans, and have played in the whole series, from "The Trumpet Major" to "The Mellstock Quire." Mr. Evans, Dorchester's chemist-dramatist, now lives in London, but he is said to have put his very best work into the adaption of "The Distracted Preacher," which is the longer of to-morrow's plays, being, in fact, a full-blown three-act affair. Once again Mr. Harry Tilley, the ex-Mayor of Dorchester, is at once painting the scenery, stage-managing, making-up the actors, and playing a condemned sheep-stealer in "The Three Wayfarers." Mr. Jameson, Dorchester's genial tailor, is doing his best to develop the grim demeanour necessary to the hangman, a famous old Dorchester character in the same play. Other remembered favourites are to reappear.

Besides the protagoniste, a record cast of honest Dorchester folk and their good ladies and their sons and daughters are going to be content just to sing. One of the blithest of the whole company is an old fiddler of 75, Henry Bailey by name, who has spent his long life fiddling in the villages around, sometimes in church, sometimes at the randy-routs and village festivals.

Both plays, it may be mentioned, are of a light-hearted order, and are based on stories to be found in Wessex Tales. "The Three Wayfarers" tells how the hangman and a condemned sheep-stealer just escaped from Dorchester Prison met accidentally at a shepherd's cottage on the Downs, where they had taken shelter from the storm, and joined together in a christening feast which they found going forward.

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How great is the interest of these Wessex stories to Dorchester people may be judged from the fact that both of them are to all intents and purposes true. Mr. Hardy himself can recall the old days when the hangman of Dorchester was a sort of hero, and remembers an old Dorchester man who fell into an incurable melancholy because he applied for the office and was rejected. Above all, the story of the smugglers of Owermoigne, a little village some seven miles out of Dorchester, which was the original of Mr. Hardy's Nether Moynton, was vouched for to-day by quite a number of actual descendants of some of the principal characters.

It is about the quaintest little village in Dorset, four miles inland from Lulworth Cove, just a little cluster of thatched roofs round a church in a hollow of the great downs, all a-tinkle with the sheep bells. Mr. Hardy himself confesses that the story was suggested by a case over an affray in which some excisemen lost their lives, the great Erskine prosecuting.

MEMORY-HAUNTED SPOTS.

I was shown this afternoon over each memory-haunted spot in the village by a prosperous farmer of the place, whose whole family had been mixed up in the affair. He told me some interesting facts of Mr. Hardy's own connection with the village. It will be remembered that the minister hero [illegible] a widow in Nether-

...aymarket production of "All ...pictures of English rural life ...important conversation with ...novelist's intentions as to ...stage in general.

...e was either writing a play ...oration. He was not par- ...er had been, except as an ...a considerable interest in ...ery year their fame brought ...r his future. He modestly ...hich have been published, ...not because of any public ...ry public interest in the

...rdy, "ranks miles ahead ...If I had written a new ...at had gone before it, I ...ver of the interest being ...ave never put a pen to ...af, and wished it to be ...urn towards the theatre. ...the past, and certainly ...Three Wayfarers" was ...s a very short play. ..." was distinctly act- ..."It was not written ..." be said.

...t and a poet.

...ade some interesting ...seen—Tree's "Mac- ...new sort of interest ...nowadays," he said. ...rtainly very good as ...joyable thrill; but, of ...ere hags and a back- ...ght have made them— ...s quite right in advo- ...uch more simple even ...drama, and vice versâ ...et such intense acting ...ehind the wings. With ...locked out. The sight ...irely distract a modern ...an the play."

...ly enjoyed. "It was ...et identical," he said, ...Shaw's play was much ...ually finds on a modern ...othing in it was true." ...s the cause of his well- ...true. But Mr. Hardy ...ealistic book had a sort ...e quickly of realism be- ...thing that was not true, ...ere was really no other

...thed his manuscripts to Mr. Hardy referred to the value my manuscripts to some of them, it is true, be first place, and I said, but to imagine that the

Wessex jollity, a boatman singing to the ...rustics:

Sung at home slept we;
Yet, all the time our gallants, after fighting through the day,
Were boozing up and down the dirt, sou'-west of Cadiz Bay.

A grim and even ghastly scene of drunken deserters and their women in a Spanish cellar—one man finds his "little chick" dead in his arms—opens the Second Part. In the next scene Napoleon in camp near Astorga is reading despatches. His pacific overtures are declined; and he resolves to "chase the flying English to the sea." A glimpse of Sir John Moore's retreat is shown—or rather at that point where, as Napier says, "turning at Corunna, he ended his glorious life amid the fires of victory." Then there is the sad office of Moore's interment just before dawn, the chaplain murmuring, "Earth to earth," and Colborne and Hope chafing to get on —"We must abridge these duties to the dead." From this juncture, as explained, much of this phase of the Peninsular campaign is passed over; and after a superfluous scene we reach the plain of Vitoria, with a camp scene and a soldier's song, leading up to a not particularly effective entrance of Wellington. Then come, in unsequent fashion Napoleon, the episode of Napoleon and his generals at Fontainebleau, the abdication, the strange part played by Roustan the mameluke with sword and whetstone, and finally Napoleon alone, in dull yet savage despair. The whole scene is finely written, ranking as the most sustained bit of drama in the play. Mr. Barker omits Napoleon's attempt at suicide—on what ground we do not know.

Lastly, to Waterloo, though with a preliminary scene of Wessex peasants burning an effigy of Boney and a girl singing a song of "My love's gone a-fighting." The Brussels ball takes up the second scene, and for the third there is a quaint episode of a girl, an elderly lady, and an old gentleman watching from two windows, columns of British soldiery marching out of Brussels by the Namur gate. The rest is mainly of the battle, alternately with the French and English positions; and after the battle Napoleon becomes dimly visible in the Wood of Lasne, solitary in the night, save for the spirits, here represented by the Chorus.

The measures taken by Mr. Barker in dealing with all these scattered scenes and the Overworld abstractions associated with the far-flung yet closely-correlated scheme of the author are ingenious and highly effective. They suggest a free theatre-producing form, one that might make the stage available for styles of dramatic writing that hitherto have seemed practicable under existing conditions. No doubt Mr. Barker's methods are derivative. For his setting he employs a stage very much akin to the Elizabethan. There is a fore-stage with two entrances, and there is a far-back stage with a considerable opening, the omitting of some little amount of scenic display. These openings are often cleverly in, presenting a fore-stage with side sides, which meet upon a line that also a straight backing. By withdrawing the latter and utilising the space be-

fellow-townsman.

whom I had a chat this morning is wonderfully cheery and well for all his 77 years, has been attending the final rehearsals every evening. He has entered into the whole thing with the kindliest zest, and has expressed himself as delighted with the efforts of his good neighbours.

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Both plays, it may be mentioned, are of a light-hearted order, and are based on stories to be found in Wessex Tales. "The Three Wayfarers" tells how the hangman and a condemned sheep-stealer just escaped from Dorchester Prison met accidentally at a shepherd's cottage on the Downs, where they had taken shelter from the storm, and joined together in a christening feast which they found going forward.

"The Distracted Preacher" is, in a most wonderful way, a Wessex anticipation of Mr. Barrie's "Little Minister." It shows how a young Wesleyan preacher found himself in the midst of a gang of smugglers, how he fell in love with the pretty widow at whose cottage he stayed, and how she proved to be as deep in the business as any of them.

How great is the interest of these particular stories to Dorchester people may be judged from the fact that both of them are to all intents and purposes true. Mr. Hardy himself can recall the old days when the hangman of Dorchester was a sort of hero, and remembers an old Dorchester man who fell into an incurable melancholy because he applied for the office and was rejected. Above all, the story of the smugglers of Owermoigne, a little village some seven miles out of Dorchester, which was the original of Mr. Hardy's Nether Moynton, was vouched for to-day by quite a number of actual descendants of some of the principal characters.

It is about the quaintest little village in Dorset, four miles inland from Lulworth Cove, just a little cluster of thatched roofs round a church in a hollow of the great downs, all a-tinkle with the sheep bells. Mr. Hardy himself confesses that the story was suggested by a case over an affray in which some excisemen lost their lives, the great Erskine prosecuting.

MEMORY-HAUNTED SPOTS.

I was shown this afternoon over each memory-haunted spot in the village by a prosperous farmer of the place, whose whole family had been mixed up in the affair. He told me some interesting facts of Mr. Hardy's own connection with the village. It will be remembered that the minister hero lodges at the house of a widow in Nether Moynton. "Well," said the bluff farmer, "I don't know anything about the love story, but in that very cottage over there Mr. Hardy's father used to lodge as a young man, when he was engaged in the building of Galton Farmhouse near by. I have often heard my mother speak of him. She knew him well, and a very charming fellow he must have been. He was living at Bockhampton then, and used to go home for weekends."

As for the Wesleyan Chapel, where Mr. Hardy's "Little Minister" officiated, even Mr. Hardy had not prepared me for the tiny little thatched cottage which was in fact a Wesleyan chapel on Sundays and a cottage all the week. There to this day is the partition which used to be taken down for service and from behind a mass of rushes in the big barn I myself helped to unearth the old pulpit, covered with the dust of years.

"In everything Mr. Hardy is telling just the truth," said the farmer, "for it was my own father who was parish clerk and sexton at the church in the morning and leader of the Wesleyan congregation at the cottage chapel in the evening. The old parson used to say that he wouldn't have any congregation at all if it weren't for the Wesleyans."

The farmer then took me to the very spot where the smugglers used to hide their kegs of spirits in a sort of a cave. This is under an apple tree which was really planted in a box. The tree was lifted and the cave exposed nearly 100 years ago, but still one can trace the now grass grown hollow.

"Yes, they were brave days in their way, those old smuggling days," said the farmer, "and there were no men in all the country-side like the Ower Moyne men. My mother had six brothers, all over six feet. It isn't the same now. I can't tell you how many of our best lads have gone to America and Canada. They were dare-devil days, and there was something to do of a winter's evening. I think Mr. Hardy is right, that it was the excitement and not the money that the men were after, for honest farming pays better than ever smuggling did.

"But they were drunken days, too. I will tell you one thing that Mr. Hardy has never mentioned. The very man who lived in the chapel took religion after a time, and he was in such a state of remorse about the life he lived as a smuggler that he cut his throat with a rusty rip hook under that tree you see yonder at the top of the gully."

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30th.

FOUR P.M., SERMON by Rev. J. WILSON.

7.30 P.M. PUBLIC MEETING.

CHRISTMAS, 1911.

Professor EVOL, M.M.C.,

THE LOCAL MAGICAL ENTERTAINER.

TERMS ON APPLICATION.

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THE "Cecil" Silver Medal and prize of £5 (to be spent on books or instruments) will be awarded for the best paper on "The Most Recent Discoveries in Wireless Telegraphy and their Practical Advantages in Commerce and War." The Competition will be open to any person who is between the ages of 18 and 35 on May 2nd, 1911, and either was born in Dorset or had that day lived in the county the previous twelve months. Full particulars may be obtained from Mr. H. Pouncy, *Dorset County Chronicle* Office, Dorchester.

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MR. HARDY AND THE DRAMA.

Nov. or Dec? 1911

AN INTERVIEW.

Mr. Charles McEvoy, whose recent Haymarket production of "All That Matters" provided some of the best pictures of English rural life ever shown on the stage, has had an important conversation with Mr. Hardy on the question of the great novelist's intentions as to playwriting, and his attitude towards the stage in general.

Mr. Hardy unequivocally denied that he was either writing a play or intended doing so, alone or in collaboration. He was not particularly interested in the drama, nor ever had been, except as an occasional playgoer. He naturally took a considerable interest in the work of the Dorchester Players, but every year their fame brought him this crop of illusory arrangements for his future. He modestly accounted for the elaborate fabrications which have been published, particularly in the last week, as happening, not because of any public interest in himself, but of an extraordinary public interest in the drama.

"News about the drama," said Mr. Hardy, "ranks miles ahead of news about any other art whatsoever. If I had written a new 'Paradise Lost' which beat everything that had gone before it, I doubt if it would have commanded a quarter of the interest being manifested in these plays of mine which I have never put a pen to."

Mr. Hardy, in fact, made it perfectly clear, and wished it to be perfectly clear, that he had no desire now to turn towards the theatre. He had not been tempted into those fields in the past, and certainly would not be to-day or to-morrow. "The Three Wayfarers" was practically his only work for the stage, and it was a very short play.

Mr. McEvoy suggested that "The Dynasts" was distinctly actable drama, but Mr. Hardy was not pleased. "It was not written with any view to being used for that purpose," he said.

So Thomas Hardy clearly remains a novelist and a poet.

As a playgoer, however, the great writer made some interesting comments on two plays which he had recently seen—Tree's "Macbeth," and "Fanny's First Play." "It is a new sort of interest which the managers seem to wish to invoke nowadays," he said. "The witches, for instance. They were certainly very good as mechanical wonders, and even provoked an enjoyable thrill; but, of course, they were less dramatic than three mere hags and a backcloth, together with Shakespeare's words, might have made them—and much more expensive. Gordon Craig was quite right in advocating simplicity, but the old people were much more simple even than Mr. Craig. The more scenery the less drama, and vice versâ—that was an obvious axiom. One used to get such intense acting that no one noticed the scene-shifters at work behind the wings. With this new scenic interest everything has to be blacked out. The sight of a shirt sleeve at the prompt-box would entirely distract a modern audience. It is apt to be more interesting than the play."

"'Fanny's First Play,'" Mr. Hardy entirely agreed, "is very like 'The Critic,' though; in fact, almost identical," he said, "if one looks into it. The acting of Mr. Shaw's play was much more like the old style of acting than one usually finds on a modern stage. And the play was good art because nothing in it was true."

Mr. McEvoy asked Mr. Hardy if that was the cause of his well-known dislike to realism—because it was true. But Mr. Hardy denied that he disliked a little of it. A good realistic book had a sort of historical interest, but one was bound to tire quickly of reading because it was not art. "Art was writing something that was not true, and making people think it was," he said. There was really no other definition.

The statement that the author had bequeathed his manuscripts to the nation has already been fully denied, but Mr. Hardy referred to the story with annoyance. "Was it for me to value my manuscripts to that extent?" he asked. "I have distributed some of them, it is true, but among friends. I was asked for one in the first place, and I said, 'You can have it if it's of any value to you,' but to imagine that the nation would want them!"

Wessex jollity, a boatman singing to the rustics:

Sang at home slept we;
Yet all the time our gallants, after fighting through the day,
Were boating up and down the dark, sad-vast of Cadiz Bay.

A grim and even ghastly scene of drunken deserters and their women in a Spanish cellar—one man finds his "little chick" dead in his arms—opens the Second Part. In the next scene Napoleon in camp near Astorga is reading despatches. His pacific overtures are declined; and he resolves to "chase the flying English to the sea." A glimpse of Sir John Moore's retreat is shown—or rather at that point where, as Napier says, "turning at Corunna, he ended his glorious life amid the fires of victory." Then there is the sad office of Moore's interment just before dawn, the chaplain murmuring, "Earth to earth," and Colborne and Hope chafing to get on—"We must abridge these duties to the dead." From this juncture, as explained, much of this phase of the Peninsular campaign is passed over; and after a superfluous scene we reach the plain of Vitoria, with a camp scene and a soldier's song, leading up to a not particularly effective entrance of Wellington. Then come, in unsequent fashion hereupon, the episode of Napoleon and his generals at Fontainebleau, the abdication, the strange part played by Roustan the mameluke with sword and whetstone, and finally Napoleon alone, in dull yet savage despair. The whole scene is finely written, ranking as the most sustained bit of drama in the play. Mr. Barker omits Napoleon's attempt at suicide—on what ground we do not know.

Lastly, to Waterloo, though with a preliminary scene of Wessex peasants burning an effigy of Boney and a girl singing a song of "My love's gone a-fighting." The Brussels ball takes up the second scene, and for the third there is a quaint episode of a girl, an elderly lady, and an old gentleman watching, from two windows, columns of British soldiery marching out of Brussels by the Namur Gate. The rest is mainly of the battle, alternately with the French and English positions; and after the battle Napoleon becomes dimly visible in the Wood of Bossu, solitary in the night save for the spirits, here represented by the Chorus.

The measures taken by Mr. Barker in dealing with all these scattered scenes and the Overworld abstractions associated with the far-flung yet closely-correlated scheme of the author are ingenious and highly effective. They suggest a fresh make the stage available for styles of dramatic writing that hitherto have not seemed practicable under existing conditions. No doubt Mr. Barker's methods are derivative. For his setting he employs a stage very much akin to the Elizabethan. There is a fore-stage with two entrances, and there is a farther stage with a considerable opening admitting of some little amount of scenic display. These openings are often closed in, presenting a fore-stage with sloping sides, which meet upon a line that affords a straight backing. By withdrawing the latter and utilising the space beyond,

portabilities lie with Mr. Sydney Va... as Napoleon, Mr. Murray Carring... Wellington, and Mr. Nicholas Ha... Nelson. Mr. Valentine is scarcely ... ceived Napoleon in either form or ... ment, but the man is strongly limn... particularly graphic power in the ... lamentable scene and in the last ... sity of ruin. Mr. Carrington acts w... ton with distinction, and makes a ... pearance in the part, though a sa... equiline might be moulded ... vantage. Mr. Hannen has an ... make-up as Nelson, well matched ... playing, which is full of sensibili... death scene, an unlabboured and ... piece of pathos, deepened by the ... of the bluff but loving Hardy ... Frederick Ross. Another death ... poignantly handled by Mr. H. R. ... as the ill-starred Moore. Mr. H... further seen to advantage as the ... Richmond. Two excellent, widely ... studies come from Mr. Clarence ... as the resolute Villeneuve and ... Roustan. A performance with ... touch of tragic colour is Mr. ... King's Duke of Brunswick. ... work, in more than one part ... done by Messrs. F. B. J. Sha... Billington, Frank Darch, A. ... Charles Koop, Charles ... Thomas, Charles Daly, and ... Miss Florence Haydon, Miss ... ningham—very pleasing inde... young girl—and Mr. Charles ... off admirably the little scene a... sels windows. Mr. Norman Pa... Esmé Hubbard should be note... capital Private Cantle and M... Mr. Sam Wilkinson for his ... touch of the grumsome cellar ... serter in the grumsome cellar ... Misses Beatrice Smith and M... Streams for their Mrs. Dubbin... Prescott in scene five. Mention ... be made of Mr. Edward Irvi... Ney, Mr. E. H. H. Brooke's M... lamount, Mr. A. Lubimoff's ... and Arthur Burrell's egregious ... Rutland Barrington gives, ... richness, the Boatman's ballad, ... songs are admirably sung by ... Chapman as Sergeant Young ... Hilda Frances as a Wessex wo... all these characters come and ... stage, the Reader and the Ch... in front of the proscenium-li... the super-master of The D... Henry Ainley, habited in ... long grey scarf flowing to the ... impressive figure as the Reader ... that he raises his fine voice ... loudly than he should, being ... torium, which does not requ... ing power of the stage, he s... facility in the difficult and ... of diction. Miss Esmé Beri...

Among those who have promised to appear next Sunday evening at both the Shakespeare and Kelly's Theatres, Liverpool, in aid of the Belgian Refugees' Relief Fund (Lord Mayor of Liverpool's Fund), are the Liverpool Vocal Ladies' Chorus, the Liverpool Vocal

At the Bonscale, Stretford.

The Girl in the Train is paying a welcome return visit to the Bonscale, Stretford. In a capital cast Miss Daisy Hindley (Jacqueline), Miss Muriel Harvey (Jacqueline), Miss Muriel Harvey (Jacqueline), Miss Muriel Harvey

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THE QUEEN'S HALL.

A new pianist, Miss Marguerite Melville, appeared at the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon with much success. In Beethoven's concerto in E flat she showed many decidedly musical qualities, a very pleasing tone, a sense of refinement of phrasing, and a natural and sympathetic style of expression. Technically she may not as yet have fully developed her powers, and there were occasions, such as at the strongest climaxes, when there seemed to be some lack of nervous force and fulness of tone, but in respect of clearness and crispness of rhythm there was no fault to be found. Later she introduced to London a concerto which won the Rubinstein Prize in Berlin. The composer, Henryk Meller, is unknown to us. In this work he displays more skill in treatment than in actual invention, for the themes did not arrest the hearer's attention as possessing any special qualities of character or inevitability. It is true here and there one seemed to trace some national influence—Polish, probably—but the general impression was of a good deal of rather superficial effectiveness. Yet, curiously enough, the orchestration was distinctly poor, commonplace, and without that certainty and command over colour combination which is nowadays expected from the youngest writer. The orchestra was the Queen's Hall, conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood, and the playing of the Beethoven slow movement demands a special word of praise for its delicacy and beauty of tone.

At this hall in the evening the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society opened its fortieth season in successful style. Under the direction of Mr. Arthur Payne the band made a spirited attempt to tackle the difficulties of a couple of movements from Tschaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony. If in the fiery third movement there was some lack of steadiness in the playing of the impetuous figures, the solid basis of the brass prevented it from becoming unduly apparent, while the general enthusiasm of attack helped to make for quite a stimulating result. The soloists were Mme. Kirkby Lunn, who sang an aria from "Don Carlos" and some songs, and Mr. Ivor Foster, whose selections included Elgar's "Pipes of Pan." There were one or two unfamiliar things for the orchestra, such as Massenet's prelude, "Le Dernier Sommeil de la Vierge," and Rubinstein's ballet "Feramors."

BECHSTEIN HALL.

In Beethoven's sonata in D minor Miss Ella Hackworth, a newcomer, showed herself to be a pianist of much promise at the Bechstein Hall last

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Professor EVOL, M.E.C.

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THE TIMES,

"THE THREE WAYFARERS."

Nov. 22. 1913

MR. HARDY'S PLAY AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

The Hangman	FRANKLIN DYALL.
Timothy Somers	FRANK RANDELL
Joseph Somers	MILES MALLESON
The Constable	THOMAS SIDNEY
The Shepherd	HUGH TABBERER
A Magistrate	A. E. WALKER

It is piquant to find plays by Mr. Hardy and Mr. Chesterton on the same bill, for they are two philosophers who will never agree—indeed, one of them has recently said as much with considerable vivacity. Mr. Chesterton declares himself an optimist, and Mr. Hardy is declared by other people to be a pessimist. That is the root of the disagreement, and when Mr. Chesterton sees that the first character in *The Three Wayfarers*, which was produced in front of his *Magic* last night, is called "The Hangman," he will probably say that he might have expected it.

The Three Wayfarers is in form a little vignette of English country life at the period immediately following the same author's play of *The Dynasts*, and though it is described as "a legendary trifle," it is a trifle weighted by the quintessence of Mr. Hardy's genius. The scene is a shepherd's cottage in a lonely part of Wessex on the eve of a christening. The neighbours are making merry and dancing when the first wayfarer arrives, a pale and haggard young man whom we should guess to be the escaped thief, with the help of Mr. Randell's splendid acting, even if he did not reveal it in a clumsy "aside." He has hardly time to efface himself in the chimney-corner when the second wayfarer (Mr. Franklin Dyall) appears, a fine old English figure of horror, with a terrifying number of capes to his coat and an ugly black bag in his hand. He is on his way to the town for to-morrow's execution, and, seating himself at the elbow of his prey, he begins to bawl the terrible songs of his trade, and presently drags the halter out of his bag. Meanwhile the third wayfarer looks in. He is the brother of the condemned man, and flies as soon as he perceives him. Naturally, therefore, when the big guns begin to signal the escape every one rushes out in pursuit of the wrong man. This is the chance taken by the fugitive to make good his escape. But before he goes he has to suffer a practical demonstration of an execution by the drunken hangman. A delightful old magistrate (Mr. A. E. Walker) now hurries in with a turnkey, but finds his bird has flown, whereupon the interrupted dance is resumed by the peasants.

We get in this brief sketch a great deal of the best of Mr. Hardy. There is, first, as in *The Dynasts*, a marvellous resuscitation of vanished social types: the amateur constable, relying, like the "specials" in "Pickwick," on the mystic virtue of his staff; the amateur magistrate, administering his district like a fussy schoolmaster; and the all-too professional hangman, with his jovial eye to "perquisites." There is also the real Hardy note of horror—the horror which touches the imagination, never the horror which racks the nerves. Finally, in the zest with which the villagers resume their interrupted rejoicings at the end of the nightmare, and in their ejaculation "'Tis not every day a baby is born in this house," there is a fresh hopefulness born of devotion to the soil and faith in the enduring life of the countryside. By this touch at the end of the play even the optimism of Mr. Chesterton should be appeased.

Wessex jollity, a boatman singing to the rustics:

Sang at home slept we;
Yet all the time our gallants, after fighting through the day,
Were hoisting up and down the dark, sou'-west of Cadiz Bay.

A grim and even ghastly scene of drunken deserters and their women in a Spanish cellar—one man finds his "little chick" dead in his arms—opens the Second Part. In the next scene Napoleon in camp near Astorga is reading despatches. His pacific overtures are declined; and he resolves to "chase the flying English to the sea." A glimpse of Sir John Moore's retreat is shown—or rather at that point where, as Napier says, "turning at Corunna, he ended his glorious life amid the fires of victory." Then there is the sad office of Moore's interment just before dawn, the chaplain murmuring, "Earth to earth," and Colborne and Hope chafing to get on—"We must abridge these duties to the dead." From this juncture, as explained, much of this phase of the Peninsular campaign is passed over; and after a superfluous scene we reach the plain of Vitoria, with a camp scene and a soldier's song, leading up to a not particularly effective entrance of Wellington. Then come, in unsequent fashion hereupon, the episode of Napoleon and his generals at Fontainebleau, the abdication, the strange part played by Roustan the mameluke with sword and whetstone, and finally Napoleon alone, in dull yet savage despair. The whole scene is finely written, ranking as the most sustained bit of drama in the play. Mr. Barker omits Napoleon's attempt at suicide—on what ground we do not know.

Lastly, to Waterloo, though with a preliminary scene of Wessex peasants burning an effigy of Boney and a girl singing a song of "My love's gone a-fighting." The Brussels ball takes up the second scene, and for the third there is a quaint episode of a girl, an elderly lady, and an old gentleman watching, from two windows, columns of British soldiery marching out of Brussels by the Namur Gate. The rest is mainly of the battle, alternately with the French and English positions; and after the battle Napoleon becomes dimly visible in the Wood of Bossu, solitary in the night, save for the spirits, here represented by the Chorus.

The measures taken by Mr. Barker in dealing with all these scattered scenes and the Overworld abstractions associated with the far-flung yet closely-correlated scheme of the author are ingenious and highly effective. They suggest a fresh theatre-producing form, one that may make the stage available for styles of dramatic writing that hitherto have not seemed practicable under existing conditions. No doubt Mr. Barker's methods are derivative. For his setting he employs a stage very much akin to the Elizabethan. There is a fore-stage with two entrances, and there is a farther stage with a considerable opening admitting of some little amount of scenic display. These openings are often closed in, presenting a fore-stage with sloping sides, which meet upon a line that affords a straight backing. By withdrawing the latter and utilising the space beyond,

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A telegram received late last night from our Special Correspondent at Petrograd gives rise to the belief that the Grand Duke Nicholas has not announced his victory in set terms. Hence a certain degree of reserve must still be maintained about this affair in the absence of definite official confirmation. But it must be confessed that the tone of all the Russian communiques during the last few days has been very confident with regard to the Grand Duke's operations. You

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mindedness of old age) of the Duke of Brunswick of Mr. C. Croker-King, an ominous figure in black, as grim as death itself.

If our public understand why "The Dynasts" was given, what it means, in slight transposition easily accomplished—and explained by Mr. Hardy's preparatory verse:

—What masters that Napoleon was our foe!
Fair France herself had no ambitious ends;
And we are happy in a change that tends
To make of nearest neighbours closest friends,

it may achieve popularity. But whatever happens let us remember that what we have seen is but a fragment of a magnum opus and that such stands above public favour and criticism.

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MESSRS. MILLEDGE and SON
by AUCTION, at THE MART, St. Thomas-street, Weymouth, on
November 30th, 1911, at Eleven o'
Forenoon,—The Remainder of the
Furniture and Effects,
which could not be included in the
23rd inst., comprising Ash Bedroom
and other Chests of Drawers, Washst
ing Tables, Dressing Glasses, Towelh
seat Chairs, Toilet Ware, Trinket Sets,
Travelling Bath, Hip Bath, Linen
Feather Bolsters and Pillows, Eiderdo
Counterpanes, Blankets, Dressing Cas
handsome Oak Overmantel with
plates, black and gilt Overmantel, Fen
Sets, Fire Screens, Oak Sideboard
glass back, set Six Oak Dining
Dining Table, Wicker Easy Chairs and
Two Ebonised and Gilt Occasional Cha
Tables, Occasional Tables, Dining
Chippendale-pattern Display Cabine
Oak Chest, Ebonised and Inlaid Cab
with Ormolu mounts, Walnut Sutherl
Mahogany Kneehole Writing Tabl
Piano Player, sets Book Shelves, Cir
Table, set Carved Ivory Draughts, Iv
men, Nursing Chair with cane seat
fitted Workb xes and Writing Desk
Tables, Chairs, and Utensils, Plate
including Afternoon Tea Set, Entree
Cover, Coffee Pot, Tea Pot, Candlest
Rack, Cruet, Salvers, Writing Set
Vases, &c., pair of Wedgwood Pillar Ca
12 dozen Goss and Crested China, Sil
Metal and Ware Ornaments, new Bre
Set, Breakfast Set, Tea and Breakfas
other Ware and Glass, 800 Volumes
Engravings, and other Pictures, Carpe
and Table Linen, and many other
On View Day prior and Morning
Auction at Eleven, Thursday, Novem
Dated Auction and Agency Offices,
74, St. Thomas-street, Weymouth,
1911.

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EVERY FORTNIGHT.

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CREES will HOLD their NEX
on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, 1911,
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Present Entries:
53 Ripe Fat Heifers, Steers and Cows
180 Prime Fat Wethers and Ewes
55 Fat and Stotkie Calves

FIXTURES.

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CHEAP HALF-DAY TRIP to
AMPTON (2s. 6d.) and PORTSMO
On SATURDAY, 25th NOVEM
FROM WEYMOUTH, 11.30; DOR
11.46; WIMBORNE, 11.37
HAM, 12.6 p.m. For return
Details see Bills.
CHAS. J. OWENS, General

DORCHESTER FREE CHURCH

ANNUAL MEETINGS
DORCHESTER WESLEYAN
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER
FOUR P.M., SERMON by Rev.
7.30 P.M. PUBLIC MEETING

CHRISTMAS, 1911.

Professor EVOL, M.R.C.
THE LOCAL MAGICAL ENTER

TERMS ON APPLICATION.

MINERVA HOUSE, WEYMOU

(in aid of the
NOW OPEN.
SHEPHERD'S WINTER EXHIBITION
of EARLY BRITISH MASTERS:
REYNOLDS
GAINSBOROU
ROMNEY
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B R
D
offers bright
exchange for
Brighton is ne
town is an ide
a sojourn at B
HOTE
the finest sea
rooms facing
Dinner, and in
and evening.
PROPRIETOR

LONDON IN TENEMEN

Mr. Frank Allen, [illegible] of
Empires (Limited), writes under yesterday's da
"In the letter of the Bishop of Southwark
his co-signatories it is said:—'The London Hi
drome and the London Coliseum, of which so
is being said, have had this restriction (against
sale of intoxicating drinks) attached to their lic
from the beginning, but are now applying fo
removal.' Kindly permit me, as the appl
in the case of the Hippodrome, to point out
so far as the Hippodrome is concerned, this
effect, a serious misstatement of the facts.
The facts are these. On November 25, 1898
full Council granted to the projected Hippod
not then built, but the plans for which had
sanctioned by the Council, a provisional li
without restriction as to the sale or consum
of alcoholic refreshment; and on the faith o
promise by the Council the Hippodrome was
on its present scale and at vast expense, acc
to plans approved by the Council. But for a
of some workmen engaged on the constr
of the Hippodrome, which delayed the op
of the theatre by eight weeks, this provisional li
granted the year before, would, as a matter of c
have been ratified and acted on in November.
That eight weeks' delay, due to circumstances
which we had no control, has cost the Hippodrome
dear. It provided its enemies with a formal oppor-
tunity to oppose the unrestricted licence and to
induce the Council (by a majority of one) to go
back on its word and commit a breach of faith at
the expense of the Hippodrome. That is the in-
justice which we ask to have rectified. . . . ."

THE WELSH PIT EXPLOSION.

The Lord Mayor's Fund for the relief of the sufferers by the colliery disaster in South Wales now amounts to about £40,000. Recent donations include the following:—

Collected at a meeting of the London Bill Posters' Protection Association	£47	16	0
Anonymous	40	0	0
Collected at Salisbury Cathedral ..	37	6	4
Hertford, per the Mayor	36	0	7
Concert given by the Officers and Men of H.M.S. Bulwark, at Weymouth	27	8	3
Readers of the *Daily Mail* (additional)	26	18	3
Customers and Friends at the King of Prussia, the Broadway, Stratford..	25	14	0
St. Paul's, Finchley	22	18	3
Bible Class of Christian Women at Aliwal North, Cape Colony ..	11	3	0

WATTS NAVAL SCHOOL.

The Duke of Somerset, president of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, accompanied by the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Leicester, Cora Lady Strafford, Lord Newton, and Lord John Cavendish, paid his first official visit to the Watts Naval School, the sea training branch of the homes, yesterday, on the occasion of the celebration of the first decade of the institution. Other visitors included Admiral of the Fleet Sir Gerard Noel, the Bishop of Thetford, Mrs. Watts (widow of the donor of the school), and Mr. William Baker (hon. director of the homes). A letter expressing his regret at his inability to attend was received from Mr. Fenwick Watts, who enclosed a cheque for £100. After the Duke and Duchess had inspected the various departments of the school the boys gave a display of drill and exercises.

In the course of an address the Duke of Somerset said that during the past five years 243 boys had been placed in the Navy and mercantile marine.

THE LONDON CONCERT SEASON.

A new pianist, Miss [illegible] yesterday afternoon wit[illegible] she showed many decide[illegible] refinement of phrasing. Technically she may no[illegible] were occasions, such as some lack of nervous f[illegible] and crispness of rhythm[illegible] duced to London a co[illegible] The composer, Henryk [illegible] more skill in treatment[illegible] arrest the hearer's atten[illegible] or inevitability. It is tr[illegible] influence—Polish, proba[illegible] of rather superficial effe[illegible] was distinctly poor, con[illegible] over colour combinatio[illegible] writer. The orchestra[illegible] Wood, and the playing [illegible] word of praise for its d[illegible]

At this hall in the ev[illegible] its fortieth season in su[illegible] Payne the band made a [illegible] of movements from Tsc[illegible] third movement there w[illegible] impetuous figures, the s[illegible] unduly apparent, while [illegible] for quite a stimulating r[illegible] sang an aria from "Do[illegible] whose selections include[illegible] unfamiliar things for [illegible] Dernier Sommeil de la [illegible] Rubinstein's ballet "Feramors."

BECHSTEIN HALL.

In Beethoven's sonata in D minor Miss Ella Hackworth, a newcomer, showed herself to be a pianist of much promise at the Bechstein Hall last

DORSET FIELD CLUB.

ESSAY WRITING COMPETITION.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

THE "Cecil" Silver Medal and prize of £5 (to be spent on books or instruments) will be awarded for the best paper on "The Most Recent Discoveries in Wireless Telegraphy and their Practical Advantages in Commerce and War." The Competition will be open to any person who is between the ages of 18 and 35 on May 2nd, 1911, and either was born in Dorset or had that day lived in the county the previous twelve months. Full particulars may be obtained from Mr. H. Pouncy, *Dorset County Chronicle* Office, Dorchester.

IN AID OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY IN DORSET.

THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT,
CORN EXCHANGE, DORCHESTER,
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1st, at 8 P.M.
PLAYS—
"THE TWELVE POUND LOOK"
(By J. M. BARRIE).
"THE MOLLUSC"
(By H. H. DAVIS).
The following have kindly given their services:—The Countess of ILCHESTER, Mrs. HIRST, Sir FREDERICK ADAIR, Mrs. BATLEY, and Mr. ALAN MACKINNON.
Front Seats (Reserved and Numbered), 7s.; Second Seats, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

[illegible] Telephone 413
GS.—Beautiful White, house-
[illegible] by Queen Alexandra's
[illegible]—Mrs. Kilburn Scott, Bromley,
[illegible] Theatre.

5. To co[illegible] for preven[illegible] use, abstra[illegible] the water [illegible] needful re[illegible] for prevent[illegible] interference[illegible] Undertake[illegible]
6. To aut[illegible] lands for th[illegible] against po[illegible] and to com[illegible] and other [illegible] cepting and[illegible] flowing up[illegible] protect the[illegible]
7. To au[illegible] and carry [illegible] ments with[illegible] or person[illegible] purposes o[illegible] of supply [illegible] as may be[illegible]
8. To le[illegible] the supply[illegible] or use of [illegible] articles, s[illegible] Undertak[illegible] enter hou[illegible] fittings.
9. To [illegible] on which [illegible] minimum [illegible] the prov[illegible]ch additiona[illegible] ing carria[illegible] other purposes[illegible] from the obli[illegible] supply.
10. To enab[illegible] the owners of [illegible] charges inste[illegible]

[illegible] themselves who send sample bottle free on receipt of 6d. for packing and carriage. Wholesale Agents: BOWEN & McKECHNIE, London E.C.

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The Daily Telegraph.
141, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
[illegible] issue dated 26 Nov. 1914

MR. HARDY'S EPIC DRAMA AT THE KINGSWAY.

"THE DYNASTS."

The Reader	Henry Ainley.
Strophe } of the Chorus	Esmé Beringer.
Antistrophe } of the Chorus	Carrie Haasa.
Private Cantle	Norman Page.
Mrs. Cantle	Esmé Hubbard.
First Old Man	Charles Daly.
Admiral Villeneuve	Clarence Derwent.
Nelson	Nicholas Hannan.
Captain Hardy	Frederick Rous.
First Citizen	A. G. Poulton.
The Boatman	Rutland Barrington.
Napoleon	Sydney Valentine.
Sir John Moore	H. R. Hignett.
Sir John Hope	Bert Thomas.
Duke of Wellington	Murray Carrington.
Marshal Ney	Edward Irwin.
Marshal Caulaincourt	E. H. Brooke.
A Young Officer	Franklyn Bellamy.
His Partner	Vera Cunningham.
Her Mother	Florence Haydon.
Duchess of Richmond	Mary Fenner.
Duke of Brunswick	Croker King.
Fitzroy Somerset	Henry Hargreaves.

History in glimpses—a set of coloured illustrations to history. Such is the effect of Mr. Hardy's epic drama as Mr. Granville Barker puts it on the stage. The enterprise was indeed almost overwhelming. In its latest edition "The Dynasts" packs close more than 500 pages, with heaven knows how many characters and scenes. This huge scope is essentially necessary to Mr. Hardy's method and purpose. He wanted to be cosmic. He meant to give you a sense of the universe and introduce you to fundamental principles of being. Nor is it to be denied that in some measure, and after his own fashion, he succeeded. You may not like the sombre negations which go for so much in his philosophy. You may feel that even when his spiritual choruses raise the flag of hope they are only trying to give substance to abstractions. And as a mere matter of art you may think that the spirits are often rather stiff and stilted fellows, with an ear not very acute for humour. But however you choose to quarrel with it, you still rise from "The Dynasts" with a keener sense of the mystery of things and the strange irony of human fate. You do feel in it at once the immensity of the world and the blindness and the agony of men. Through its strange pages, in spite of their oddity and their recurring stiffness, "all creation groaneth and travaileth in pain."

A FRAGMENT.

Of that you get upon Mr. Barker's stage almost nothing. Unless it was a fault to bring the book into the theatre at all we cannot blame him. A vast deal had to be cut out, and even Mr. Barker's speedy methods only enable him to give a fragment of the book. He has cut out his fragment very neatly, and the fragment which he has chosen was obviously the one to take. But inevitably the effect of it is something quite different from the effect of the whole. The cosmic quality of the drama is gone altogether. Instead of the universe we are thinking about Nelson and Wellington and Napoleon, at most of the national spirit of England. As for the ironies of fate or the ultimate mysteries of our being, they trouble us not at all.

What Mr. Barker has taken may be easily described. He gives us Trafalgar, the Peninsula, and Waterloo. The struggle with Napoleon becomes merely England's affair. The Continental dynasts are ruled out. As for the various spirits, very little indeed is left of them, and that little not wholly typical. They are represented by two grey-robed ladies seated on either side of the stage, who give us antiphonically from time to time the gentler and simpler poetry of the drama. In the middle, in front of the stage, and below, Mr. Henry Ainley sits at a reading-desk to expound to us the scheme of things and give us Mr. Hardy's elaborate stage directions, which are, of course, essentially a succinct history of the period.

ILLUSION AND IMAGINATION.

Upon the stage, with no more scenery than the simplest suggestion, we have a swift procession of animated pictures, almost all of real moments. After glimpses of the Wessex rustics at Weymouth we are at Trafalgar. To Villeneuve's quarter-deck succeeds Nelson's. We owe Mr. Barker many thanks, no doubt, for sparing us the old-fashioned stage battle, with its lurid coloured fire and its headache of bangs. But we do not know that the new style is much more impressive. If we are to leave so much to our imagination, if we can have no more illusion than actors made up after the portraits saying, more or less, the historical things, as well abandon all attempt at illusion, and take your battle from the printed page. When Trafalgar is fought without smoke or sound, when we behold Nelson smitten from an invisible ship by a noiseless shot, we remain cold. The truth is that all battles, except the old knightly single combats, are impossible upon the stage.

Some such criticism applies to many of the scenes. When we behold by turns Napoleon and Wellington storming in the crisis of Waterloo, we are not more but less impressed than when we read again the familiar story. If we have to hear from behind a curtain invisible actors repeating that supremely characteristic dialogue, Lord Uxbridge's "I've lost my leg, by God!" and Wellington's "Have you, by God!" we begin to ask why we should come to the theatre at all. Whose emotions are stirred by such a pretence of reality as this?

What went best were the scenes which could simply and naturally pass upon the stage—Nelson's death in the cockpit, the women seeking [illegible] through the outposts at [illegible] before Waterloo. This

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What went best were the scenes which could simply and naturally pass upon the stage—Nelson's death in the cockpit, the women seeking their husbands through the outposts at Salamanca, or the ball before Waterloo. This missed, indeed, Byron's melodramatic thrill, but was, we suspect, the more real, as it was certainly the more affecting. In the great battles sometimes a fine touch of acting, as Mr. Sydney Valentine's Napoleon, for example, might quicken the blood, but for the most part we were left restless and cavilling.

READING HISTORY.

There is another phase of this matter of illusion. Mr. Barker, who relies confidently on our imagination, has no opinion of our knowledge. The amount of historical explanation left to Mr. Ainley to read was enormous. These summaries of fact are not the strongest part of Mr. Hardy's work. It is not, for instance, to him, but to Napier that we owe our thrill over the grim glory of Albuera, and we are not much grateful for having to sit under a long reading of the story. On the printed page these bits of compressed history are, at the worst, not disturbing. They detain you only a moment or not at all. But in the theatre they destroy all feeling. You seem again to be enduring that worst kind of university lecture, which need never be delivered if only the don, your enemy, would write a book.

There is evidently not in all this much opportunity for acting. Mr. Ainley had the heaviest burden, and he read his task with great vigour. Apart from a tendency to fortissimo which was at times rather alarming, the work could not have been better done. The two ladies who were chorus, Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Haase, succeeded very well, though one of them gave us a false quantity in a scrap of Latin. Mr. Sydney Valentine's Napoleon was a fine, spirited bit of work on the traditional lines. Mr. Nicholas Hannen and Mr. Frederick Ross as Nelson and Hardy made the death scene sincere and affecting. Mr. Murray Carrington's Wellington was sound and vigorous, with a touch of character. Mr. A. G. Poulton found a good deal of fun in several parts. Miss Vera Cunningham played a soldier's sweetheart prettily. Mr. Hignett, Mr. Norman Page, and a good many others did clever work. The reception was very favourable.

SALES BY AUCTION.

THE MART, 74, ST. THOMAS-STREET, WEYMOUTH.

MESSRS. MILLEDGE and SON will SELL by AUCTION, at THE MART, ST. THOMAS-STREET, WEYMOUTH, on TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1911, at Eleven o'clock Forenoon,—The Remainder of the Superior

Furniture and Effects,

which could not be included in the Auction on 22nd inst., comprising Ash Bedroom Suite and other Chests of Drawers, Washstands, ing Tables, Dressing Glasses, Towelhorses, seat Chairs, Toilet Ware, Trinket Sets, Travelling Bath, Hip Bath, Linen, Feather Bolsters and Pillows, Eiderdown Counterpanes, Blankets, Dressing Case, handsome Oak Overmantel with 16 plates, black and gilt Overmantel, Fenders, Sets, Fire Screens, Oak Sideboard with glass back, set Six Oak Dining-room Dining Table, Wicker Easy Chairs and Two Ebonised and Gilt Occasional Chairs Tables, Occasional Tables, Dining-room Chippendale-pattern Display Cabinet, Oak Chest, Ebonised and Inlaid Cabinet with Ormolu mounts, Walnut Sutherland, Mahogany Kneehole Writing Table, Piano Player, extra Book Shelves, Centre Table, set Carved Ivory Draughts, Fender mat, Nursing Chair with cane seat, Fitted Workb xes and Writing Desk, Tables, Chairs, and Utensils, Plated including Afternoon Tea Set, Entree Cover, Coffee Pot, Tea Pot, Candlesticks, Rack, Cruet, Salvers, Writing Slope, Vases, &c., pair of Wedgwood Pillar Cups, 12 dozen Goss and Crested China, Brass, Metal and Ware Ornaments, new Fender Set, Breakfast Set, Tea and Breakfast other Ware and Glass, 300 Volumes, Engravings, and other Pictures, new and Table Linen, and many other useful

On View Day prior and Morning of Auction at Eleven, Thursday, Nov. Dated Auction and Agency Offices, 74, St. Thomas-street, Weymouth, 1911.

SPARKFORD REPOSITORY

EVERY FORTNIGHT.

MESSRS. WAINWRIGHT, LAVERS & CREES will HOLD their NEXT SALE on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, 1911, at o'clock.

Present Entries:
23 Kipe Fat Heifers, Steers and Cows
160 Prime Fat Wethers and Ewes
55 Fat and Suckler Calves

FIXTURES.

L. and S.W.R.

CHEAP HALF-DAY TRIP to AMPTON (2s. 6d.) and PORTSMOUTH. On SATURDAY, 25th NOVEMBER, FROM WEYMOUTH, 11.30; DORCHESTER, 11.45; WIMBORNE, 11.37 a.m.; RINGHAM, 12.6 p.m. For return Times, Details, see Bills.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

DORCHESTER FREE CHURCH

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

DORCHESTER WESLEYAN CHURCH

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30th.

FOUR P.M., SERMON by Rev. J. [illegible]

7.30 P.M. PUBLIC MEETING

CHRISTMAS, 1911.

Professor EVOL, M.H.S.

THE LOCAL MAGICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

TERMS ON APPLICATION.

MINERVA HOUSE, WEYMOUTH.

DORSET FIELD CLUB.

ESSAY WRITING COMPETITION.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

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IN AID OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY IN DORSET.

THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT,
CORN EXCHANGE, DORCHESTER,
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1st, at 8 P.M.

PLAYS—

"THE TWELVE POUND LOOK"
(By J. M. BARRIE).

"THE MOLLUSC"
(By H. H. DAVIS).

The following have kindly given their services:—The Countess of ILCHESTER, Mrs. HIRST, Sir FREDERICK ADAIR, Mrs. BATLEY, and Mr. ALAN MACKINNON.

Front Seats (Reserved and Numbered), 5s.; Second Seats, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

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ARMISTICE REFUSED.

THE RUSSIAN BATTLES.

Yesterday afternoon the following official statement was issued:

PRESS BUREAU, Wednesday, 1 p.m.

"The situation is unchanged.

"The Indian Corps has gallantly retaken some trenches which were lost yesterday, and has captured three German officers and more than 100 men, together with one mortar and three machine guns."

The official communiqué issued in Paris yesterday afternoon was as follows:

"From the North Sea to Ypres there has been no further infantry attack.

"Between Langemarck and Zonnebecke we have gained ground.

"Near La Bassée the Indian troops have retaken from the enemy some of the trenches out of which they were driven the day before.

"From La Bassée to Soissons things are very quiet.

"We have made slight progress near Berry au Bac and in the Argonne.

"At Bethincourt, to the north-west of Verdun, a German attack has been repulsed. An armistice asked for by the enemy was refused.

"In the region of Pont à Mousson our artillery was able to bombard Arnaville.

"There is nothing to report in the Vosges."

The following communiqué was issued last night:

PARIS, Wednesday (10.30 p.m.).

"The day passed off quietly, and there [illegible] along the entire

GE'S

SELFRIDGE & CO LTD

Morning Post.
340, STRAND, W.C.
from issue dated 16 Nov 1911

"THE DYNASTS."

Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mr. Granville Barker last night at the Kingsway Theatre made their contribution to the war-drama of the day. It was not to be expected that they would be content to produce the war-play of ordinary commerce. Theirs is an intellectual management; theirs, too, an intellectual public, and naturally they go for really big game. All honour to them for doing so, but the question remains whether "The Dynasts" is within range of the theatre. In it Mr. Hardy has written a multitude of diffuse scenes bearing on the history of Bonaparte. Quite apart from its high literary value his work, which covers many years, is an almost inexhaustible storehouse of materials for drama dealing with the subject; it contains also an endless number of dramatic hints. Nobody writing a serious play on Napoleon, or for the matter of that on Nelson or on Wellington, could afford to ignore it, and anybody who wanted to write a dozen such plays would not need to go very much further. That Mr. Hardy has a keen sense of drama is known not only to his readers but to such as have seen, say, "The Two Wayfarers." But a long drama is not much in his line, and he has cheerfully acquiesced in the dramatisation of his novels by others. "The Dynasts" is no drama, and in attempting to stage some of it Mr. Granville Barker has been influenced not so much by its dramatic possibilities as by the resemblance, dwelt on in prologue and epilogue, of Napoleonic times and conditions to our own. The result is a series of *tableaux vivants* in which the characters speak and move, interspersed with explanatory passages read by Mr. Henry Ainley, stationed about where the conductor of the orchestra might be, but facing the audience, or chanted by two women draped in drab robes enthroned on either side of the stage. The combination of the three about makes up in function Chorus in, say, "Henry V.," a piece in which matter no less finely patriotic is given in strict dramatic form. The scenery is purely formal, neutral-tinted walls with apertures, local colour being lent, however, by the introduction of a beacon when the scene is the Dorsetshire coast, a bivouac fire near Corunna, a settee in a village inn parlour, a taffrail on the *Victory*, and so on. Costumes are of course used, and to them much care appears to have been devoted. The result is sure to create different feelings, for while some will be intellectually entertained others will scarcely be at their ease with a show that suggests to the elderly an old Polytechnic entertainment taken in hand by the Elizabethan Stage Society.

There is really very little to be said of the production. What can one say of a series of over twenty scenes connected only by a story more or less known to all? Here and there one gets a scene of some substance, as that of the death of Nelson in the *Victory's* cockpit; elsewhere merely a glimpse of the life of the day, as where a barrierful of citizens gathered to see the King and Pitt on their way to the Guildhall—the procession, like perhaps too much else, is imagined to pass in the Kingsway auditorium. Nor do the actors get the full play to which they are accustomed. Mr. Sydney Valentine is a grim and dour Napoleon, but by no means so much like Napoleon in his prime as is Mr. Ainley, who does his reading beautifully, and is well seconded by Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Carrie Haase as Strophe and Antistrophe. Mr. Norman Page and Miss Esmé Hubbard are amusing as a boastful private and his rustic wife. Mr. Nicholas Hannen looks like some of the portraits of Nelson and plays the death scene with discretion. Mr. Frederick Ross, who at His Majesty's is playing Drake, is another sea-worthy of renown, Captain Hardy, and plays with bluff tenderness. Mr. Rutland Barrington as a Boatman pleased not only his cronies at the inn but the audience by his singing of "The Night of Trafalgar," not the only well-sung song in the piece. Mr. H. R. Hignett is a pathetically distinguished Sir John Moore and a dignified Duke of Richmond. Mr. Murray Carrington is an admirable Wellington, alert, decided, and not without humour. Mr. Clarence Derwent is an affective Roustan, Napoleon's Mameluke, who at his master's signing his abdication invites him to commit suicide as a matter of etiquette. Miss Florence Haydon makes an excellent fussy old dowager, whose daughter falls in love at the historic ball. Indeed, everything is done as well as it can be done, and the sole question will be not the quality of Mr. Barker's endeavour or performance but just whether one likes things done that way. Last night's audience evidently did, and in answer to enthusiastic calls at the close Mr. Barker had to explain that Mr. Hardy was unable to be present.

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from the Sunday Times
Dated Nov 9 1913
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Review.

THE WEEK'S PREMIERES

By J. T. GREIN.

KINGSWAY: "The Dynasts."

By Thomas Hardy. Wednesday, November 25.

As an act of homage the production of "The Dynasts" will call forth a chorus of praise. We all revere Thomas Hardy as one of the glories of British literature and since he chose the dramatic form to narrate stirring plays of the nation's history it was right and timely to make at least an effort to plasticise competently some of the scenes on the stage whereby they would become accessible to the general public, ever readier to hear the poet's work than to read it. It would be idle to inquire whether at the theatre in normal times we would be so avid to absorb the lofty martial spirit of the work; its gentle humour aptly describing the feeling of the man-in-the-street who hears much and knows little; its human portrayal of heroes, hallowed by history, who fought and died, yet also were spared to live for their country—Nelson, Moore, Wellington; its fierce indictment of overvaulting ambition, tyranny, egotism personified in Napoleon —a figure by itself disconnected by character from the French nation's great heart. But among the audience at the Kingsway there was a triple *entente* of feeling—understanding, reverence, enthusiasm. Yet curiously enough it was not the drama that fascinated us so intently as the epic illustration in the words of the Reader and the chant of the Chorus, now consonant in comment, now cadencing it in turn to magnify the effect. Some of the stage-pictures, projected by Mr. Barker with Mr. Norman Wilkinson in the telling primitiveness of the Elizabethan method, amplified by influences of Reinhardt and Craig, were just sufficient to let our imagination complete the intention. It remained for us to visualise the sea, the battlefield, the deck of the man-of-war, the loftiness of the palace, and undoubtedly this tax on our mental eye increased our interest, although now and again the scenic groundwork was all too reminiscent of the toy-box. But when the stage-picture was complete, when we had merely to look on and to listen, we felt the power of the drama. Thus in the episode of Nelson's death, the pathos of which was not quite reached by the young actor; of Moore's mortal wounding; in gayer note in the country inn of Wessex, where the wiseacres discussed war and Rutland Barrington sang a tune by Mr. Cecil Sharp which sounded like an echo of old-times. The one unimpressive part was the Napoleon-phase. It never reached the height of power, nor the depth of fall. The fault lay with the actor, Mr. Sidney Valentine. For once the romantic touch failed him; he was imperious without being imperial. We felt that he knew little of the man and his ways. The towering figure had become a boisterous mortal of the common-clay. Yet Napoleon was the embodiment of the spirit of the play. Thus it remained for the Reader of Mr. Henry Ainley to guide us like an imaginative cicerone through the chapters of Trafalgar, the Peninsula, Waterloo. It fell to him to depict the times, the thoughts of the men and women of the time, to herald the episodes which anon we would in dramatic vitalisation, to let us feel the ...grandeur of events. He did it with the inspiration of the poet and the ... with a voice now full of melody, now charged with unfeigned emotion. In his wake the Chorus, Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Carrie Haase, attached the moral to his narrative, and they, too, were aglow with the sincerity of conviction although more modulation of attack would have deepened the impressiveness of their splendid tirades. Mr. Ainley's voice was wholly attuned to the space of the theatre; the chorus, magnificent in clarity of diction, would seem to break beyond its bounds. In a production of so many fragments of characters it remains difficult to apportion equitable appreciation. Among the historical figures the Sir John Moore of Mr. Higuett and the Wellington of Mr. Murray Carrington dwell uppermost in memory. Among lesser lights we think of a Chaplain (Mr. V. Tarver Penna) wonderfully natural; of a painful scene in Spain among deserters and women (Mr. Charles Koop, Messrs. F. Bellamy, Wilkinson, King, and Tippett), whose abjectness and abandon was touching; of Miss Florence Haydon, a Matron greeting the victorious troops with all the delightful absentmindedness of old-age; of the Duke of Brunswick of Mr. C. Croker-King, an ominous figure in black, as grim as death itself.

If our public understand why "The Dynasts" was given, what it means, in slight transposition easily accomplished—and explained by Mr. Hardy's preparatory verse;

—What matters that Napoleon was our foe?
Fair France herself had no ambitious ends;
And we are happy in a change that lends
To make of nearest neighbours closest friends.

It may achieve popularity. But whatever happens let us remember that what we have seen is but a fragment of a magnum opus and that such stands above public favour and criticism.

SALES BY AUCTION.

THE MART, 74, ST. THOMAS-... WEYMOUTH.

MESSRS. MILLEDGE and SON w... by AUCTION, at THE MART, THOMAS-STREET, WEYMOUTH, on ... NOVEMBER 30th, 1911, at Eleven o'cl... Forenoon,—The Remainder of the Supe...

Furniture and Effects,

which could not be included in the Auct... 23rd inst., comprising Ash Bedroom S... and other Chests of Drawers, Washstan... ing Tables, Dressing Glasses, Towelhor... seat Chairs, Toilet Ware, Trinket Sets, B... Travelling Bath, Hip Bath, Linen ... Feather Bolsters and Pillows, Eiderdow... Counterpanes, Blankets, Dressing Cas... handsome Oak Overmantel with 14 ... plates, black and gilt Overmantel, Fen... Sets, Fire Screens, Oak Sideboard w... glass back, set Six Oak Dining-roo... Dining Table, Wicker Easy Chairs and ... Two Ebonised and Gilt Occasional Cha... Tables, Occasional Tables, Dining-ro... Chippendale-pattern Display Cabine... Oak Chest, Ebonised and Inlaid Ca... with Ormolu mounts, Walnut Suther... Mahogany Knechole Writing Tab... Piano Player, sets Book Shelves, Cir... Table, set Carved Ivory Draughts, Iv... men, Nursing Chair with cane seat, ... fitted Workb xes and Writing Des... Tables, Chairs, and Utensils, Plate... including Afternoon Tea Set, Entre... Cover, Coffee Pot, Tea Pot, Candlest... Rack, Cruet, Salvers, Writing S... Vases, &c., pair of Wedgwood Pillar C... 12 dozen Goss and Crested China, ... Metal and Ware Ornaments, new ... Set, Breakfast Set, Tea and Breakf... other Ware and Glass, 800 Volume... Engravings, and other Pictures, nea... and Table Linen, and many other us...

On View Day prior and Morning ... Auction at Eleven, Thursday, Nov... Dated Auction and Agency Offices ... 74, St. Thomas-street, Weymouth, ... 1911.

SPARKFORD REPOSITORY ...

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L. and S.W.R.

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FROM WEYMOUTH, 11.30; DOR... 11.46; WIMBORNE, 11.27 a.m... HAM, 12.6 p.m. For return Tim... Date, see Bills.
CHAS. J. OWENS, General ...

DORCHESTER FREE CHURCH C...

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CHRISTMAS, 1911.

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Front Seats (Reserved and Numbered), 7s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Admission, 1s.

...GE'S

SELFRIDGE & CO. LTD.

...Grove End, Harrow. Telephone 423

...GS.—Beautiful White, house-...randstred by Queen Alexandra's ...ppies.—Mrs. Kilburn Scott, Bromley, ...a Theatre.

...not be kept open. ... until 3.30, when daylight having come but failing to penetrate the mist to any purpose, all hands were startled into alertness by the sound of a gun. No results were heard, however, and beyond calling the captain from where he was snatching a nap in the chart-house, we did nothing. A moment later came two gun-reports in quick succession, and this time we thought, though we could not be sure, that the firing was on our port side. Away to windward across our bows rose a great column of spray, not so large as to deceive practised eyes into the idea that it was anything but a ricochet. There was a pause of perhaps five seconds, then came another boom, followed instantly by a short, sharp sound, very high in tone without being shrill, and then there arose a great column of spray a good 100ft. high on our port beam, about 800 yards away, succeeded by the "whither, whither, whither" of a 6in. projectile hurtling tip over base between our masts. Almost immediately another came, this time passing over our quarter-deck, and the "owner" slewed the ship round to port, and we went plunging away at full speed straight for the spot where the spot of light had heralded the arrival of the last discharge. As we tore our way along through the steep seas a dim shape came into view a little over half-a-mile ahead, and to our quick-flashed challenge came the reassuring winking of a friendly searchlight. Then as she came more clearly into view there was a heaving at her bows, a tremendous flurry and commotion of angry waters, lashed by the wind, and now rent and outraged by big contending forces, after which there came to our peering eyes a glimpse of a torn, whale-like side, quickly suppressed in the foam by the *Birmingham's* bows, and a moment later there was nothing to be seen but the familiar cruiser tearing towards us. The owner flashed the query, "Any help wanted?" To which the drunken winks out of the mist made, "No, thanks, all over." And we resumed our stations.

THE "BIRMINGHAM'S" SUCCESS.

We managed subsequently to intercept the *Birmingham's* report that she had "sighted a submarine on the surface, fired five rounds at her, and sunk her by ramming, after which she resumed her station. The name of the submarine painted on her side was *U 15*. No damage was sustained." That was all. A laconic account of the first violent engagement of the war, and a mention of the fact that she was again at her station, comprised all that needed to be said. I had been down at my quarters among our eager men, all longing to get at something, when it all occurred, and I was duly impressed. We returned to our wearying sweeping game as if nothing had happened, but the mental picture conjured up at the time of those unfortunate wretches, stifled within their close prison, coming

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PARIS, Wednesday (10.30 p.m.).

"The day passed off quietly, and there has been no change along the entire

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Furniture and Effects,

which could not be included in the Auction on 23rd inst., comprising Ash Bedroom Suites and other Chests of Drawers, Washstands, Dressing Tables, Dressing Glasses, Towelhorses, Cane Chairs, Toilet Ware, Trinket Sets, Brass Travelling Bath, Hip Bath, Linen, Feather Bolsters and Pillows, Eiderdown, Counterpanes, Blankets, Dressing Case, handsome Oak Overmantel with 14 plates, black and gilt Overmantel, Fenders, Fire Screens, Oak Sideboard with glass back, set Six Oak Dining-room Dining Table, Wicker Easy Chairs and Two Ebonised and Gilt Occasional Chairs, Tables, Occasional Tables, Dining-table, Chippendale-pattern Display Cabinet, Oak Chest, Ebonised and Inlaid Cabinet with Ormolu mounts, Walnut Sutherland, Mahogany Kneehole Writing Table, Piano Player, sets Book Shelves, Circular Table, set Carved Ivory Draughts, Fire-irons, Nursing Chair with cane seat, fitted Workb xes and Writing Desks, Tables, Chairs, and Utensils, Plated Ware, including Afternoon Tea Set, Entree Dish and Cover, Coffee Pot, Tea Pot, Candlesticks, Cruet Rack, Crust, Salvers, Writing Stand, Vases, &c., pair of Wedgwood Pillar Vases, 12 dozen Goss and Crested China, Electro-Metal and Ware Ornaments, new Tea Set, Breakfast Set, Tea and Breakfast other Ware and Glass, 800 Volumes Engravings, and other Pictures, new and Table Linen, and many other useful

On View Day prior and Morning of Auction at Eleven, Thursday, Nov

Dated Auction and Agency Offices, 74, St. Thomas-street, Weymouth, 1911.

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Professor EVOL, M.M.C

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Front Seats (Reserved and Numbered), 3s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Admission, 1s.

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The bath is open daily from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m. On Sunday from 7 a.m. to 1 p.m. (entrance by side door). Splendid Café in connection. Every variety of baths and treatments—Vapour, Pine, and Electric Light Baths. Vichy Douches, Galvanic and Sinusoidal Treatments. Electric Vibrators and Liver-Packs.

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York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.
from issue dated 3 Dec. 1914 Review.

LONDON THEATRES.

THE KINGSWAY.

"The Dynasts."

On Wednesday evening, November 25, 1914, was produced here an acting version, in three parts, made by Granville Barker, of the epic drama by Thomas Hardy, entitled:—

The Dynasts.

The Reader ..... Mr. Henry Ainley
Chorus
Strophe ..... Miss Esmé Beringer
Antistrophe ..... Miss Carrie Hasse

Part One.—Trafalgar.

Scene one.—England: A Ridge in Wessex. (Book, Part one, act one, scene one.)

First Passenger ..... Mr. Cecil Bevan
Second Passenger .... Mr. Clifford Marquand
Third Passenger ..... Mr. C. Croker-King
Pedestrian ..... Mr. Allan Wade

Scene two.—South Wessex, near the Coast. (Book, Part one, act two, scene four.)

First Spectator ..... Mr. F. B. J. Sharp
Second Spectator ..... Mr. John Sargent
Third Spectator ..... Mr. Charles Koop

Scene three.—South Wessex, Egdon Heath. (Book, Part one, act two, scene five.)

First Old Man ..... Mr. Charles Daly
Second Old Man ..... Mr. W. O. Billington
Mrs. Cantle ..... Miss Esmé Hubbard
Private Cantle ..... Mr. Norman Page

Scene four.—Off Cape Trafalgar. On board the "Bucentaure." (Book, Part one, act five, scene one.)

Admiral Villeneuve .... Mr. Clarence Derwent
Flag-Captain Magendie Mr. Nicholson Tucker
Lieutenant Dandignon .... Mr. John Astley
Petty Officer ..... Mr. Gerrard Clifton

Scenes five and six.—Off Trafalgar. First, Quarter-deck of the "Victory"; then the Cockpit. (Book, Part one, act five, scenes two and four.)

Nelson ..... Mr. Nicholas Hannen
Dr. Scott ..... Mr. Frank Darch
Captain Hardy ..... Mr. Frederick Ross
Officer ..... Mr. Henry Hargreaves
A Lieutenant ..... Mr. William Muir
Pollard ..... Mr. Franklyn Bellamy
Dr. Magrath ..... Mr. Charles Maunsell
Dr. Beatty ..... Mr. A. Harding Steerman

Scene seven.—London Street near the Guildhall. (Book, Part one, act five, scene five.)

First Citizen ..... Mr. A. G. Poulton
Second Citizen ..... Mr. Charles King
Boy ..... Mr. Arthur Burrell
Third Citizen ..... Mr. Charles Stone

Scene eight.—South Wessex Coast. "Old Rooms" Inn. (Book, Part one, act five, scene seven.)

Boatman ..... Mr. Rutland Barrington

Part Two.—The Peninsular.

Scene one.—Spain. A Cellar on the road to Astorga. (Book, Part two, act three, scene one.)

First Deserter ..... Mr. Charles Koop
Second Deserter ..... Mr. Franklyn Bellamy
Third Deserter ..... Mr. Bam Wilkinson
Fourth Deserter ..... Mr. Charles King
Fifth Deserter ..... Mr. Reginald Tippett
Sergeant ..... Mr. John Sargent
Officer ..... Mr. John Astley

Scene two.—Spain. Road near Astorga. (Book, Part two, act three, scene two.)

Napoleon ..... Mr. Sydney Valentine
French Officer ..... Mr. Gerrard Clifton
Marshal Soult ..... Mr. A. Harding Steerman

Scene three.—Before Coruña. (Book, Part two, act three, scene three.)

Straggler ..... Mr. Clifford Marquand
Colonel Graham ..... Mr. Cecil Bevan
Captain Hardinge ..... Mr. Charles Maunsell
Sir John Moore ..... Mr. H. R. Hignett
Sir John Hope ..... Mr. Bert Thomas
Major Colborne ..... Mr. William Muir
Surgeon ..... Mr. F. B. J. Sharp

Scene four.—Coruña, near the Ramparts (Book, Part two, act three, scene four.)

Chaplain ..... Mr. V. Tarver Penna

Scene five.—Santa Marta, Salamanca (Book, Part three, act one, scene two.)

Sentinel ..... Mr. A. G. Poulton
Mrs. Dalbiac ..... Miss Beatrice Smith
Mrs. Prescott ..... Miss Pauline Strauss

Scene six.—Plain of Vitoria. (Book, Part three, act two, scene one.)

Lord Fitzroy Somerset Mr. Henry Hargreaves
Lord Wellington ..... Mr. Murray Carrington
Sergeant Young ..... Mr. Albert Chapman
Second Hussar ..... Mr. Allan Wade

Scene seven.—Fontainebleau. Room in Palace. (Book, Part three, act four, scene four.)

Marshal Ney ..... Mr. Edward Irwin
Marshal Caulaincourt .... Mr. E. H. Brooke
Marshal Macdonald .... Mr. Frank Darch
Roustan ..... Mr. Clarence Derwent
Constant ..... Mr. A. Lubimoff

Part Three.—Waterloo.

Scene one.—Wessex, Casterbridge. (Book, Part three, act five, scene six.)

Rustic ..... Mr. Charles Daly
Yeoman ..... Mr. W. O. Billington
A Girl ..... Miss Dorothy Warren
A Woman ..... Miss Hilda Francis
Longwaye ..... Mr. Reginald Tippett
Vicar ..... Mr. F. B. J. Sharp
Private Cantle ..... Mr. Norman Page
A Coach Guard ..... Mr. John Sargent

Scene two.—Brussels. A Ball-room. (Book, Part three, act six, scene two.)

Young Officer ..... Mr. Franklyn Bellamy
His Partner ..... Miss Vera Cunningham
General Sir Thomas Picton .. Mr. Cecil Bevan
The Duke of Richmond .... Mr. H. G. Hignett
The Duchess of Richmond .. Miss Mary Fenner
The Duke of Wellington
Mr. Murray Carrington
Muffling ..... Mr. Allan Wade
The Prince of Orange .... Mr. Frank Darch
The Duke of Brunswick .. Mr. C. Croker-King
Gentleman next door .... Mr. Charles Stone

Scene three.—Brussels. Window overlooking street. (Book, Part three, act six, scene four.)

Younger Lady ..... Miss Vera Cunningham
Elder Lady ..... Miss Florence Haydon
Old Gentleman ..... Mr. Charles Stone

Scene four.—Field of Waterloo. French position. (Book, Part three, act seven, scene two.)

Napoleon ..... Mr. Sydney Valentine
Marshal Soult ..... Mr. A. Harding Steerman
Another Marshal ..... Mr. E. H. Brooke
A Third Marshal ..... Mr. V. Tarver Penna
An Aide ..... Mr. Eric H. Messiter

Scene five.—The same. (Book, The same.)

Napoleon ..... Mr. Sydney Valentine
Another Aide ..... Mr. Clifford Marquand
Colonel Marfoot ..... Mr. Gerard Clifton
A Prussian Prisoner ..... Mr. Charles Koop

Scene six.—Field of Waterloo. English position. (Book, Part three, act seven, scene four.)

Wellington ..... Mr. Murray Carrington
Brotherman ..... Mr. Charles Maunsell
Earl of Uxbridge ..... Mr. Nicholson Tucker
Lord Fitzroy Somerset Mr. Henry Hargreaves
An Aide ..... Mr. Albert Chapman

Scene seven.—Field of Waterloo. French position. (Book, Part three, act seven, scene five.)

Napoleon ..... Mr. Sydney Valentine
Colonel Haymes ..... Mr. Bert Thomas
An Aide ..... Mr. H. Brough Robertson
Another Aide ..... Mr. Charles King

Scene eight.—Field of Waterloo. English position. (Book, Part three, act seven, scene eight, abridged, and some of the action obscured from view.)

Wellington ..... Mr. Murray Carrington
Lord Hill ..... Mr. Edward Irwin
Colonel Colborne ..... Mr. William Muir
Lord Saltoun ..... Mr. William Moore

Scene nine.—Wood of Bossu. (Book, Part three, act seven, scene nine.)

Napoleon ..... Mr. Sydney Valentine

"The Dynasts" is a great achievement in literature, and from the point of view of theatrical production the same [illegible] of Mr. Granville Barker [illegible] and with dramatis personæ—it is yet not drama, not practicable stage drama. There are to it three parts, nineteen acts, a hundred and thirty scenes, and characters innumerable — characters mute as well as characters speaking, invisible as well as visible, super-terrestrial as well as terrestrial. For Mr. Hardy not merely aims at a spacious chronicle of the Napoleonic wars—from the time that Buonaparte was proclaimed Emperor of the French to the fatal field of Waterloo—but also seeks after something of that inner unity belonging to the universal destiny, to "the Immanent Will and Its designs," of which men and women are relatively the puny instruments—

These flesh-hinged mannikins lift hand upwards
To click-clack off its pre-adjusted laws.

For this purpose he employs, more or less interrogatively, the Pities, much as the Greeks employed the Chorus, whom Schlegel described as "the universal sympathy of human nature—the spectator idealised"; while to the cold and passionless Spirit of the Years and other phantom Intelligences he assigns some elements of a philosophy of Causation. It is a philosophy a good deal on the negative side—

O Immanence! that reasonest not
In putting forth all things begot,
Thou build'st thy house in space—for what?
Yet there is the final note of hope:—
But—a stirring thrills the air,
Like to sounds of joyance there,
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered
From the darts that were,
Consciousness of Will informing, till it fashion
All things fair.

This philosophy plays upon a theme of sufficient immensity in the ambitions of Napoleon and the world-war that they brought about. The book unrolls a panorama of the war, not military only, but political, social, domestic. Nothing is too large for Mr. Hardy's imagination, nothing too small for his wonderful power of detail. In all that, needless to say, Mr. Barker cannot follow him. Mr. Barker confines his abridgment—a fragment, as he called it on the first night, of a great English classic—to some of the battle portions by land and sea, and further to those portions relating to British and French arms. They are the portions, however, vital to the whole scheme, which works to its predestined climax in the scene of the broken Napoleon in the Wood of Bossu at midnight—

Napoleon.

O hideous hour . . .
Great men are meteors that consume themselves
To light the earth. This is my burnt-out hour.

Spirit of the Years.

Thou sayest well. Thy full meridian-shine
Was in the glory of the Dresden days,
When well nigh every monarch throned in Europe
Bent at thy footstool.
Save only England's—

Napoleon.

Rightly dost say "well nigh." Not England—
Whose tough, enisled, self-centred, trailless craft
Has tracked me, springed me, thumbed me by the throat,
And made herself the means of mangling me.

And the historic parallel is of course not to be missed. Mr. Hardy, is his prologue to the play, does not blink it. It may seem to some that, if the theme is peculiarly apposite to German militarism to-day, it is not altogether generous so to find an illustration in Napoleon's. But, at the least, Mr. Hardy makes his excuse ingeniously:—

What matters that Napoleon was our foe?
Fair France herself had no ambitious ends:
And we are happy in a change that tends
To make of nearest neighbours dearest friends.

It will be convenient here to go a little into the portions actually taken by Mr. Barker. The programme offers no information, no hint about them. We have therefore supplied the cast with a numbered scene synopsis, giving the different scenes as they are titled in the book, and also indicating their respective places in Mr. Hardy's own scheme. Without some such annotation the cast is a meaningless mass of names. Mr. Barker uses, it will be noted, the first scene and the last of the book; and out of the other hundred and twenty-eight he makes a judicious selection for his purpose. The book is so packed with rich material that there are many scenes that, even from Mr. Barker's point of view, one is loath to let go, especially that of the death of Pitt—Pitt, one of the greatest forces in the long-drawn struggle—that death scene, with its cry, "My country, how I leave my country!" If this scene would perhaps be difficult to introduce, Mr. Barker might have continued his sixth scene in Part One to the point where Pitt, after he has been toasted at the Guildhall as the saviour of England, says:—

My lords and gentlemen, you have toasted me
As one who has saved England and her cause.
I thank you, gentlemen, unfeignedly.
But—no man has saved England, let me say:
England has saved herself by her exertions.
She will, I trust, save Europe by her example.

This would have formed a better end to the First Part than the song in the Wessex inn—that well-beloved Wessex of Mr. Hardy, which in the acting version has a prominence that is disproportionate to its historical value. It must be said for these scenes, however, that with their rustic colour and humour they make pleasant patches against the strenuous and sombre ground-work of the action. Historically also Part Two is not all that it might be. This Part, which is called the Peninsular, begins after Sir John Moore's retreat. There is later a big jump to Salamanca, also another—leaving out the Russian campaign—to Vitoria; and a third to Napoleon's abdication at Fontainebleau, which is very misleading as though following upon Vitoria. In dealing with Waterloo and the incidents immediately preceding it, Mr. Barker has had a task of no such complexity in the matter of sequence; and the problem of the battle scenes he has tackled in his own way.

The starting-point is early in 1805, when Napoleon was preparing to invade England. There are three opening Wessex—otherwise Dorset—scenes, showing the local fears and some of the preparations against invasion. Thence to a point off Cape Trafalgar, with the naval action about to begin, viewed from the deck of the "Bucentaure," the flagship of Villeneuve. The action proceeds, and the scene is changed to the quarter-deck of the "Victory," with Nelson surrounded by Hardy and other officers. Nelson falls; and his death is shown in the cockpit of the "Victory"—a very poignant moment, heightened by the direct and Wessex jollity, a boatman singing to the rustics:

Sang at home sings we;
Yet all the time our gallants, after fighting through the day,
Were heating up and down the dark, sore-wet of Cadiz Bay.

A grim and even ghastly scene of drunken deserters and their women in a Spanish cellar—one man finds his "little chick" dead in his arms—opens the Second Part. In the next scene Napoleon in camp near Astorga is reading despatches. His pacific overtures are declined; and he resolves to "chase the flying English to the sea." A glimpse of Sir John Moore's retreat is shown—or rather at that point where, as Napier says, "turning at Corunna, he ended his glorious life amid the fires of victory." Then there is the sad office of Moore's interment just before dawn, the chaplain murmuring, "Earth to earth," and Colborne and Hope chafing to get on —"We must abridge these duties to the dead." From this juncture, as explained, much of this phase of the Peninsular campaign is passed over; and after a superfluous scene we reach the plain of Vitoria, with a camp scene and a soldier's song, leading up to a not particularly effective entrance of Wellington. Then come, in unsequent fashion hereupon, the episode of Napoleon and his generals at Fontainebleau, the abdication, the strange part played by Roustan the mameluke with sword and whetstone, and finally Napoleon alone, in dull yet savage despair. The whole scene is finely written, ranking as the most sustained bit of drama in the play. Mr. Barker omits Napoleon's attempt at suicide—on what ground we do not know.

Lastly, to Waterloo, though with a preliminary scene of Wessex peasants burning an effigy of Boney and a girl singing a song of "My love's gone a-fighting." The Brussels ball takes up the second scene, and for the third there is a quaint episode of a girl, an elderly lady, and an old gentleman watching, from two windows, columns of British soldiery marching out of Brussels by the Namur Gate. The rest is mainly of the battle, alternately with the French and English positions; and after the battle Napoleon becomes dimly visible in the Wood of Bossu, solitary in the night, save for the spirits, here represented by the Chorus.

The measures taken by Mr. Barker in dealing with all these scattered scenes and the Overworld abstractions associated with the far-flung yet closely-correlated scheme of the author are ingenious and highly effective. They suggest a fresh theatre-producing form, one that may make the stage available for styles of dramatic writing that hitherto have not seemed practicable under existing conditions. No doubt Mr. Barker's methods are derivative. For his setting he employs a stage very much akin to the Elizabethan. There is a fore-stage with two entrances, and there is a farther stage with a considerable opening admitting of some little amount of scenic display. These openings are often closed in, presenting a fore-stage with sloping sides, which meet upon a line that affords a straight backing. By withdrawing the latter and utilising the space beyond, purposes of perspective and distance can be served. But for these purposes Mr. Barker also adopts another device, which has been employed before. The characters front the audience and survey a scene—a battle, for instance—supposed to lie beyond the auditorium-line. It is a device, in suitable circumstances, capable of strong effects of verisimilitude. It is a good and legitimately artistic way out of scenic difficulties in which a play on the lines of *The Dynasts* necessarily abounds. As we know, the Greeks made it a principle, in stage-imitation, either to require a perfect representation, or where that was impossible to content themselves with simple allusion and conventional assumption. It is a principle much applied, in the alternative respect, by Mr. Barker. The noise of battle, for example, is generally assumed. There is a lack of any full realism of course; but, a true battle-scene being an impossibility on the stage, a frank convention is preferable to a feeble and ludicrous simulacrum. Thus we see Nelson fall, but we hear no sound from the gun that deals him his death. Waterloo is without the boom of cannon. Here Mr. Barker throws at times nearly everything on the imagination, especially at the climax of the battle, when the stage is so darkened that the figures thereon become indiscernible. Out of the darkness we hear Uxbridge say, "I have lost my leg, by God," and Wellington reply, "By God, and have you!" But the imagination responds to the call. Lest, however, the imagination should be taxed too much, Mr. Barker instals a Reader, seated as a sort of lectern, placed centrally in the auditorium just below the apron-stage. To him falls the delivery of stage directions and also of passages carrying forward the course of battles or linking up with explanatory details these parts of the stage action incomplete in themselves. This is a bold innovation, but though the Reader is out of the strict sphere of the stage the effect is seldom disconcerting and generally good, providing at times a real and profoundly moving dramatic factor. How far the Reader should encroach on the domain of the Chorus, as he does, is open to question. And the Chorus, composed of two figures, Strophe and Antistrophe, enthroned, niche-like, on either side of the stage, jutting into the auditorium, is not altogether satisfactory, especially in relation to the scheme of the original work. The Chorus might reasonably represent the Spirit of the Pities, but the work of other impersonated abstractions is thrown upon it, and thus the nicely-differentiated Overworld of the book is confusedly thrown into a mere dual form of expression and representation. All in all, however, Mr. Barker introduces us to a new medium at once elastic and impressive, and it must be recognised as nothing less than an enlargement of the boundaries of dramatic art. He handles it with a fine sense of line and atmosphere; and here he is much aided by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, who is responsible for the decorations, which include some occasional hints of scenery, as a tailpiece for the quarter-deck of the "Victory," some bunting and a table for an inn parlour, a few touches of luxury for a room at Fontainebleau. The one essential part of keeping up the illusion of the stage and so-called "fourth wall"—the flimsy and sometimes front cloth—is also employed—representing the upper part of the facade of a house.

Little space remains to take the setting in what may be regarded as a production setting an special mark in the theatre [illegible] day. The acting, however, finishes

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...ber, of the epic drama by Thomas Hardy, entitled:—

The Dynasts.

The Reader ..... Mr. Henry Ainley
Chorus
Strophe ..... Miss Esmé Beringer
Antistrophe ..... Miss Carrie Hasse

PART ONE.—TRAFALGAR.

Scene one.—England: A Ridge in Wessex. (Book, Part one, act one, scene one.)

First Passenger ..... Mr. Cecil Bevan
Second Passenger .... Mr. Clifford Marquand
Third Passenger ..... Mr. C. Croker-King
Pedestrian ..... Mr. Allan Wade

Scene two.—South Wessex, near the Coast. (Book, Part one, act two, scene four.)

First Spectator ..... Mr. F. B. J. Sharp
Second Spectator ..... Mr. John Sargent
Third Spectator ..... Mr. Charles Koop

Scene three.—South Wessex, Egdon Heath. (Book, Part one, act two, scene five.)

First Old Man ..... Mr. Charles Daly
Second Old Man ..... Mr. W. O. Billington
Mrs. Cantle ..... Miss Esmé Hubbard
Private Cantle ..... Mr. Norman Page

Scene four.—Off Cape Trafalgar. On board the "Bucentaure." (Book, Part one, act five, scene one.)

Admiral Villeneuve .... Mr. Clarence Derwent
Flag-Captain Magendie Mr. Nicholson Tucker
Lieutenant Daudignon .... Mr. John Astley
Petty Officer ..... Mr. Gerrard Clifton

Scenes five and six.—Off Trafalgar. First, Quarter-deck of the "Victory"; then the Cockpit. (Book, Part one, act five, scenes two and four.)

Nelson ..... Mr. Nicholas Hannen
Dr. Scott ..... Mr. Frank Darch
Captain Hardy ..... Mr. Frederick Ross
Officer ..... Mr. Henry Hargreaves
A Lieutenant ..... Mr. William Muir
Pollard ..... Mr. Franklyn Bellamy
Dr. Magrath ..... Mr. Charles Maunsell
Dr. Beatty ..... Mr. A. Harding Steerman

Scene seven.—London Street near the Guildhall. (Book, Part one, act five, scene five.)

First Citizen ..... Mr. A. G. Poulton
Second Citizen ..... Mr. Charles King
Boy ..... Mr. Arthur Burrell
Third Citizen ..... Mr. Charles Stone

Scene eight.—South Wessex Coast. "Old Rooms" Inn. (Book, Part one, act five, scene seven.)

Boatman ..... Mr. Rutland Barrington

PART TWO.—THE PENINSULAR.

Scene one.—Spain. A Cellar on the road to Astorga. (Book, Part two, act three, scene one.)

First Deserter ..... Mr. Charles Koop
Second Deserter .... Mr. Franklyn Bellamy
Third Deserter ..... Mr. Sam Wilkinson
Fourth Deserter ..... Mr. Charles King
Fifth Deserter ..... Mr. Reginald Tippett
Sergeant ..... Mr. John Sargent
Officer ..... Mr. John Astley

Scene two.—Spain. Road near Astorga. (Book, Part two, act three, scene two.)

Napoleon ..... Mr. Sydney Valentine
French Officer ..... Mr. Gerrard Clifton
Marshal Soult ..... Mr. A. Harding Steerman

Scene three.—Before Corunna. (Book, Part two, act three, scene three.)

Straggler ..... Mr. Clifford Marquand
Colonel Graham ..... Mr. Cecil Bevan
Captain Hardinge ..... Mr. Charles Maunsell
Sir John Moore ..... Mr. H. R. Hignett
Sir John Hope ..... Mr. Bert Thomas
Major Colborne ..... Mr. William Muir
Surgeon ..... Mr. F. B. J. Sharp

Scene four.—Corunna, near the Ramparts (Book, Part two, act three, scene four.)

Chaplain ..... Mr. V. Tarver Penna

Scene five.—Santa Marta, Salamanca (Book, Part three, act one, scene two.)

Sentinel ..... Mr. A. G. Poulton
Mrs. Dalbiac ..... Miss Beatrice Smith
Mrs. Prescott ..... Miss Pauline Strauss

Scene six.—Plain of Vitoria. (Book, Part three, act two, scene one.)

Lord Fitzroy Somerset Mr. Henry Hargreaves
Lord Wellington ..... Mr. Murray Carrington
Sergeant Young ..... Mr. Albert Chapman
Second Hussar ..... Mr. Allan Wade

Scene seven.—Fontainebleau. Room in Palace. (Book, Part three, act four, scene four.)

Marshal Ney ..... Mr. Edward Irwin
Marshal Caulaincourt .... Mr. E. H. Brooke
Marshal Macdonald .... Mr. Frank Darch
Roustan ..... Mr. Clarence Derwent
Constant ..... Mr. A. Lubimoff

PART THREE.—WATERLOO.

Scene one.—Wessex, Casterbridge. (Book, Part three, act five, scene six.)

Rustic ..... Mr. Charles Daly
Yeoman ..... Mr. W. O. Billington
A Girl ..... Miss Dorothy Warren
A Woman ..... Miss Hilda Francks
Longwaps ..... Mr. Reginald Tippett
Vicar ..... Mr. F. B. J. Sharp
Private Cantle ..... Mr. Norman Page
A Coach Guard ..... Mr. John Sargent

Scene two.—Brussels. A Ball-room. (Book, Part three, act six, scene two.)

Young Officer ..... Mr. Franklyn Bellamy
His Partner ..... Miss Vera Cunningham
General Sir Thomas Picton .. Mr. Cecil Bevan
The Duke of Richmond .... Mr. H. G. Hignett
The Duchess of Richmond .. Miss Mary Fenner
The Duke of Wellington
Mr. Murray Carrington
Muffling ..... Mr. Allan Wade
The Prince of Orange ..... Mr. Frank Darch
The Duke of Brunswick .. Mr. C. Croker-King
Gentleman next door .... Mr. Charles Stone

Scene three.—Brussels. Window overlooking street. (Book, Part three, act six, scene four.)

Younger Lady ..... Miss Vera Cunningham
Elder Lady ..... Miss Florence Haydon
Old Gentleman ..... Mr. Charles Stone

Scene four.—Field of Waterloo. French position. (Book, Part three, act seven, scene two.)

Napoleon ..... Mr. Sydney Valentine
Marshal Soult ..... Mr. A. Harding Steerman
Another Marshal ..... Mr. E. H. Brooke
A Third Marshal .... Mr. V. Tarver Penna
An Aide ..... Mr. Eric H. Meanlter

Scene five.—The same. (Book, The same.)

Napoleon ..... Mr. Sydney Valentine
Another Aide ..... Mr. Clifford Marquand
Colonel Marbot ..... Mr. Gerard Clifton
A Prussian Prisoner ..... Mr. Charles Koop

Scene six.—Field of Waterloo. English position. (Book, Part three, act seven, scene four.)

Wellington ..... Mr. Murray Carrington
Bridgeman ..... Mr. Charles Maunsell
Earl of Uxbridge ..... Mr. Nicholson Tucker
Lord Fitzroy Somerset Mr. Henry Hargreaves
An Aide ..... Mr. Albert Chapman

Scene seven.—Field of Waterloo. French position. (Book, Part three, act seven, scene six.)

Napoleon ..... Mr. Sydney Valentine
Colonel Heymès ..... Mr. Bert Thomas
An Aide ..... Mr. H. Brough Robertson
Another Aide ..... Mr. Charles King

Scene eight.—Field of Waterloo. English position. (Book, Part three, act seven, scene eight, abridged, and some of the action obscured from view.)

Wellington ..... Mr. Murray Carrington
Lord Hill ..... Mr. Edward Irwin
Colonel Colborne ..... Mr. William Muir
Lord Saltoun ..... Mr. William Moore

Scene nine.—Wood of Bossu. (Book, Part three, act seven, scene nine.)

Napoleon ..... Mr. Sydney Valentine

"The Dynasts" is a great achievement in literature, and from the point of view of theatrical production the same thing may be said of Mr. Granville Barker's acting version at the Kingsway. One speaks relatively, of course. Mr. Barker has not attempted the impossible. "The Dynasts" is a piece of writing as unique as it is vast. In the form of a play—arranged in acts and scenes Buonaparte was proclaimed Emperor of the French to the fatal field of Waterloo—but also seeks after something of that inner unity belonging to the universal destiny, to "the Immanent Will and Its designs," of which men and women are relatively the puny instruments—

These flesh-hinged mannikins Its hand upwinds
To click-clack off its pre-adjusted tans.

For this purpose he employs, more or less interrogatively, the Pities, much as the Greeks employed the Chorus, whom Schlegel described as "the universal sympathy of human nature—the spectator idealised"; while to the cold and passionless Spirit of the Years and other phantom Intelligences he assigns some elements of a philosophy of Causation. It is a philosophy a good deal on the negative side—

O Immanence! that reasonest not
In putting forth all things begot,
Thou build'st thy house in space—for what?
Yet there is the final note of hope:—
But—a stirring thrills the air,
Like to sounds of joyance there,
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered
from the darts that wore,
Consciousness of Will informing, till it fashion
all things fair.

This philosophy plays upon a theme of sufficient immensity in the ambitions of Napoleon and the world-war that they brought about. The book unrolls a panorama of the war, not military only, but political, social, domestic. Nothing is too large for Mr. Hardy's imagination, nothing too small for his wonderful power of detail. In all that, needless to say, Mr. Barker cannot follow him. Mr. Barker confines his abridgment—a fragment, as he called it on the first night, of a great English classic—to some of the battle portions by land and sea, and further to those portions relating to British and French arms. They are the portions, however, vital to the whole scheme, which works to its predestined climax in the scene of the broken Napoleon in the Wood of Bossu at midnight—

NAPOLEON.

O hideous hour . . .
Great men are meteors that consume themselves
To light the earth. This is my burnt-out hour.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS.

Thou sayest well. Thy full meridian shine
Was in the glory of the Dresden days,
When well nigh every monarch throned in Europe
Bent at thy footstool.
Save only England's—

NAPOLEON.

Mightily dost say "well nigh." Not England—
also
Whose tough, cuisled, self-centred, kindless craft
Has tracked me, springed me, thumbed me by the throat,
And made herself the means of mangling me.

And the historic parallel is of course not to be missed. Mr. Hardy, is his prologue to the play, does not blink it. It may seem to some that, if the theme is peculiarly apposite to German militarism to-day, it is not altogether generous so to find an illustration in Napoleon's. But, at the least, Mr. Hardy makes his excuse ingeniously:—

What matters that Napoleon was our foe?
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And we are happy in a change that tends
To make of nearest neighbours dearest friends.

It will be convenient here to go a little into the portions actually taken by Mr. Barker. The programme offers no information, no hint about them. We have therefore supplied the cast with a numbered scene synopsis, giving the different scenes as they are titled in the book, and also indicating their respective places in Mr. Hardy's own scheme. Without some such annotation the cast is a meaningless mass of names. Mr. Barker uses, it will be noted, the first scene and the last of the book; and out of the other hundred and twenty-eight he makes a judicious selection for his purpose. The book is so packed with rich material that there are many scenes that, even from Mr. Barker's point of view, one is loath to let go, especially that of the death of Pitt—Pitt, one of the greatest forces in the long-drawn struggle—that death scene, with its cry, "My country, how I leave my country!" If this scene would perhaps be difficult to introduce, Mr. Barker might have continued his sixth scene in Part One to the point where Pitt, after he has been toasted at the Guildhall as the saviour of England, says:—

My lords and gentlemen, you have toasted me
As one who has saved England and her cause.
I thank you, gentlemen, unfeignedly.
But—no man has saved England, let me say:
England has saved herself by her exertions.
She will, I trust, save Europe by her example.

This would have formed a better end to the First Part than the song in the Wessex inn—that well-beloved Wessex of Mr. Hardy, which in the acting version has a prominence that is disproportionate to its historical value. It must be said for these scenes, however, that with their rustic colour and humour they make pleasant patches against the strenuous and sombre ground-work of the action. Historically also Part Two is not all that it might be. This Part, which is called the Peninsular, begins after Sir John Moore's retreat. There is later a big jump to Salamanca, also another—leaving out the Russian campaign—to Vitoria; and a third to Napoleon's abdication at Fontainebleau, which is very misleading as though following upon Vitoria. In dealing with Waterloo and the incidents immediately preceding it, Mr. Barker has had a task of no such complexity in the matter of sequence; and the problem of the battle scenes he has tackled in his own way.

The starting-point is early in 1805, when Napoleon was preparing to invade England. There are three opening Wessex—otherwise Dorset—scenes, showing the local fears and some of the preparations against invasion. Thence to a point off Cape Trafalgar, with the naval action about to begin, viewed from the deck of the "Bucentaure," the flagship of Villeneuve. The action proceeds, and the scene is changed to the quarter-deck of the "Victory," with Nelson surrounded by Hardy and other officers. Nelson falls; and his death is shown in the cockpit of the "Victory"—a very poignant moment, heightened by the direct and simple beauty of the verse. There follows a scene of London citizens, gathered outside the Guildhall, cheering Pitt on his way to the banquet. The Part is rounded off—rather anti-climatically—with a Second Part. In the next scene Napoleon in camp near Astorga is reading despatches. His pacific overtures are declined; and he resolves to "chase the flying English to the sea." A glimpse of Sir John Moore's retreat is shown—or rather at that point where, as Napier says, "turning at Corunna, he ended his glorious life amid the fires of victory." Then there is the sad office of Moore's interment just before dawn, the chaplain murmuring, "Earth to earth," and Colborne and Hope chafing to get on—"We must abridge these duties to the dead." From this juncture, as explained, much of this phase of the Peninsular campaign is passed over; and after a superfluous scene we reach the plain of Vitoria, with a camp scene and a soldier's song, leading up to a not particularly effective entrance of Wellington. Then come, in consequent fashion hereupon, the episode of Napoleon and his generals at Fontainebleau, the abdication, the strange part played by Roustan the mameluke with sword and whetstone, and finally Napoleon alone, in dull yet savage despair. The whole scene is finely written, ranking as the most sustained bit of drama in the play. Mr. Barker omits Napoleon's attempt at suicide—on what ground we do not know.

Lastly, to Waterloo, though with a preliminary scene of Wessex peasants burning an effigy of Boney and a girl singing a song of "My love's gone a-fighting." The Brussels ball takes up the second scene, and for the third there is a quaint episode of a girl, an elderly lady, and an old gentleman watching, from two windows, columns of British soldiery marching out of Brussels by the Namur Gate. The rest is mainly of the battle, alternately with the French and English positions; and after the battle Napoleon becomes dimly visible in the Wood of Bossu, solitary in the night, save for the spirits, here represented by the Chorus.

The measures taken by Mr. Barker in dealing with all these scattered scenes and the Overworld abstractions associated with the far-flung yet closely-correlated scheme of the author are ingenious and highly effective. They suggest a fresh theatre-producing form, one that may make the stage available for styles of dramatic writing that hitherto have not seemed practicable under existing conditions. No doubt Mr. Barker's methods are derivative. For his setting he employs a stage very much akin to the Elizabethan. There is a fore-stage with two entrances, and there is a farther stage with a considerable opening admitting of some little amount of scenic display. These openings are often closed in, presenting a fore-stage with sloping sides, which meet upon a line that affords a straight backing. By withdrawing the latter and utilising the space beyond, purposes of perspective and distance can be served. But for these purposes Mr. Barker also adopts another device, which has been employed before. The characters front the audience and survey a scene—a battle, for instance—supposed to lie beyond the auditorium-line. It is a device, in suitable circumstances, capable of strong effects of verisimilitude. It is a good and legitimately artistic way out of scenic difficulties in which a play on the lines of *The Dynasts* necessarily abounds. As we know, the Greeks made it a principle, in stage-imitation, either to require a perfect representation, or where that was impossible to content themselves with simple allusion and conventional assumption. It is a principle much applied, in the alternative respect, by Mr. Barker. The noise of battle, for example, is generally assumed. There is a lack of any full realism of course; but, a true battle-scene being an impossibility on the stage, a frank convention is preferable to a feeble and ludicrous simulacrum. Thus we see Nelson fall, but we hear no sound from the gun that deals him his death. Waterloo is without the boom of cannon. Here Mr. Barker throws at times nearly everything on the imagination, especially at the climax of the battle, when the stage is so darkened that the figures thereon become indiscernible. Out of the darkness we hear Uxbridge say, "I have lost my leg, by God," and Wellington reply, "By God, and have you!" But the imagination responds to the call. Lest, however, the imagination should be taxed too much, Mr. Barker insists a Reader, seated at a sort of lectern, placed centrally in the auditorium just below the apron-stage. To him falls the delivery of stage directions and also of passages carrying forward the course of battles or linking up with explanatory details those parts of the stage action incomplete in themselves. This is a bold innovation, but though the Reader is out of the strict sphere of the stage the effect is seldom disconcerting and generally good, proving at times a real and profoundly moving dramatic factor. How far the Reader should encroach on the domain of the Chorus, as he does, is open to question. And the Chorus, composed of two figures, Strophe and Antistrophe, enthroned, niche-like, on either side of the stage, jutting into the auditorium, is not altogether satisfactory, especially in relation to the scheme of the original work. The Chorus might reasonably represent the Spirit of the Pities, but the work of other impersonated abstractions is thrown upon it, and thus the nicely-differentiated Overworld of the book is confusedly thrown into a mere dual form of expression and representation. All is all, however, Mr. Barker introduces us to a new medium at once elastic and impressive, and it must be recognised as nothing less than an enlargement of the boundaries of dramatic art. He handles it with a fine sense of line and atmosphere; and here he is much aided by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, who is responsible for the decorations, which include some occasional bits of scenery, as a taffrail for the quarter-deck of the "Victory," some benches and a table for an inn parlour, a few touches of luxury for a room at Fontainebleau. The one scene out of keeping is the flimsy and toy-like front cloth—the sole one employed—representing the upper part of the façade of a house.

Little space remains to note the acting in what may be regarded as a production setting an epochal mark in the theatre of the day. The acting, however, finished and complete as it is episode by episode, is made up of a fleeting succession of variegated thumbnail sketches. The best op-

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SHERBORNE, DORSET.

Sir Richard's Biography at Kelly's. Miss Moore will be supported in chief by Mr. Eric Lewis and Mr. Sam Sothern. The performance will commence at two o'clock prompt, and the company will return immediately after the performance.

Alien Musicians.

On Sunday last Mr. James Glover delivered an address at the Marlborough Hall, Liverpool, on the alien musician question. Mr. Glover represents a committee of leading composers who have combined in London for the purpose of replacing the German and Austrian musicians. During his address he mentioned that he came to Liverpool about thirty-four years ago as a touring conductor. When at the old Prince of Wales he found that the foreign musician was not then a serious competitive element, but since that time the units in orchestras had developed into thousands as the increase in places of amusements had taken place, with the result that cheap foreign players, particularly those who were now our enemies, had cut the feet from under the Britisher. The result of this was that our native players were compelled to dress themselves in foreign uniforms and pretend to be other than British performers. Mr. Glover mentioned that in one season alone, a few years ago, foreign musicians earned in this country £19,700, whilst many Britishers were walking about looking for work. If the musicians of this country intended to seize and hold that which belonged to them now was the time to do so before the War ended.

Theatrical Ladies' Guild.

Mrs. Gay took the chair at the Sewing Bee held at the Theatrical Ladies' Guild on Friday. There were forty-five members present. To-morrow (Friday) the chair will be taken by Mrs. Fred Wright. Gifts have been received from Mrs. Kenneth Bruce, Mrs. Arthur Scott, Mrs. Michael Dwyer, Mrs. Tuke, Miss Carroll, Hon. Mrs. Crichton, Mrs. and Miss Reynall, Miss Emily Hewitt, Miss Mary Williams, Miss Pocock, Miss E. Campbell, Miss Sophie Harris, Mrs. Atholl Stewart, Miss May Whitty, Miss Helen Ferrers, Miss Walkes, Miss Lando Henry, Miss Bachelor, Miss Vane Featherston, Miss Gwen Garland, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Maitland, Mrs. Fleming, Misses Penrhyn, Mrs. Cathie, Mrs. Brown, Miss Cunningham, Mrs. Bingen, Miss Henderson, Mrs. Frend, Miss May Warley, Mrs. Winter, Mrs. Danvers, Miss Welbeck, Miss Clara Jecks, London Needlework Guild, 200 garments. Subscriptions—Miss Claire Pauncefort, 2s. 6d.; Miss Reynall, 1s.; Mrs. Lyall Swete, 15s. 6d.; Misses Penrhyn, 5s.; Miss Jean Anderton, 1s.; Mrs. and Miss Waghorn, 5s. The Arts Fund has sent a donation of £100.

War Losses at Cheltenham.

According to the twenty-fourth annual report and statement of accounts which the directors of the Cheltenham Theatre

The Actors' Fund of America.

The Actors' Fund of America, according to reports to hand, is in serious financial straits, and badly in want of money. Mr. Daniel Frohman, the president of the Fund, has issued a statement to the effect that a large sum would be required in two months. The resources of the Fund are rapidly disappearing, and an effort is to be made to secure its maintenance and to devise ways and means. It has been decided to invite representatives from the various organisations in New York allied with theatrical enterprises to a special meeting of the Fund for a conference. The Fund is now taking care of nearly 200 sick and destitute actors weekly all the year round. In addition, the Actors' Fund Home on Staten Island is being maintained.

Full Salaries in the Provinces.

Mr. John Cecil writes:—"You have announced in your last two issues the names of managements who have paid full salaries to their artists during the period of the War. Will you kindly add to their number those of Messrs. Max Allen and Edwin T. Heys, who have done the same since July last, and are continuing to do so, believing that 'business as usual' is a motto applying to the theatrical profession equally with other undertakings."

Mr. Chas. M. Julian, general manager for Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers-Mackey, writes:—"Will you allow me to remind you that I wrote you some weeks ago saying Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers-Mackey had paid full salaries since the War broke out, and they intend to continue to do so."

Mr. Henry Danson, general manager for Mr. and Mrs. J. Rice Cassidy, writes:—As a fortunate member of another company carrying on "business as usual," I should like to mention that Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy, with their *Beggar Princess* company, are paying salaries without any reduction. It was the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy to run for a period of eight weeks only, but business has been so uniformly good that they have decided to run up to next Easter without any cutting down.

Mr. Sam Livesey's Company.

Mr. Sam Livesey informs us that his production, *A Heritage of Hate*, is having a successful career, being booked ahead through the spring and well into the autumn of 1918. Mr. Livesey adds that he deemed it advisable, some time after the outbreak of War, to place the company on War salaries, with the understanding that the balance should be made up to them should business permit. He is happy to say that his receipts have been such that all salaries will be paid in full. Congratulations to Mr. Livesey and his company.

Miss Henrietta Schrier.

Owing to the sudden indisposition of Miss Henrietta Schrier last week, her part of Fuschia Leach in *Moths* was undertaken, at very short notice, by Miss Doriel Hicks, and was played by her during the remainder of the week at Grand, Stockton. Miss Schrier is resting by the doctor's orders, but will resume work on Monday next at Leicester, where she is billed to appear as Cigarette in *Under Two Flags* and Fuschia Leach in *Moths*.

"Shock-Headed Peter."

Messrs. Hornfield and Woodward will present the children's play *Shock-Headed Peter* at the West Pier, Brighton, opening on Christmas Eve, and playing there Boxing Day and the following week. Afterwards the piece goes for a short tour. Mr. Hubert Woodward will figure in the cast, taking the part of Fidgety Phil, originally played by his cousin at the Garrick. Amongst other artists engaged are Mr. Charles Ray, Mr. Reginald Purdell, Mr. Stanley Brereton, and Miss Grannie Pickford.

Good Business at Blackpool.

All the Blackpool places of amusement have done excellently this last season, considering the circumstances, and no doubt records would have been broken if there had not been War. The North Pier Company have paid 12 per cent., the Central Pier 6 per cent., the Tower, Palace, Grand, Company 6 per cent., and the Winter Gardens Company—which includes the Opera House—4 per cent.

New Plays at the Court.

At a *matinée* on December 8 at the Court, organised by Major Bathurst in aid of the ambulance attached to the 1st Battery Motor Machine-Gun Service, R.F.A. (under command of Col. Lord Lyveden), Mr. Marshall Moore will produce two playlets, written by Amy Whinyates. One, *A Fairy Fantasy*, a Christmas idyll, tells of the love of Jack Frost for Little Dewdrop—with a moral. Miss d'Enéréaz (from whose and at whose dramatic and dancing academy the casts have been selected and rehearsed) has introduced a number of dances and *ensembles*. The music is arranged by Miss Wright, the musical directress of the schools. The second piece is a romance

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Scout, Mr. Stanley Liston; Tommy Green, Miss Minnie Fisher; Little Bo-Peep, Miss Dorothy Sinclair; Margery Daw, Miss Joan Grey; Fairy Firefly, Miss Elsie Norris.

Belfast Pantomime.

Mr. Fred W. Warden's annual Christmas pantomime, *Dick Whittington*, to be staged at the Opera House, Belfast, on Christmas Eve, contains the following cast:—Dick Whittington, Miss Ouida Macdermott; Alice, Miss Katie Kay; Idle Jack, Mr. Tom Foy; Dame, Mr. J. M. Campbell; Alderman Fitzwarren, Mr. Geo. McCloskie; Capt. Barnacle and his Mate, Gallagher and West; Boatswain, Mr. Will Matthews; Emperor, Mr. Alec Johnstone; the Princess, Miss Minnie Silcott; Polly, Miss Aida Errestine; the Donkey, Mr. A. S. James; King Rat, Mr. Jack Fry; Spirit of the Chimes, Miss Violet Romaine. Specialities will be given by the Lottie Stone troupe of dancers and members of the company.

Pantomime at the Dalston.

Aladdin is the subject of the pantomime which is to be presented by Messrs. Leslie Norton and Guyton Heath's company at the Dalston.

Mr. W. H. Denny.

Mr. W. H. Denny, writing from Michigan, where he is staying in the Battle Creek Sanatorium, informs us that the illness which caused him to go there is not so serious as he first imagined, that an operation will not be necessary, and that he hopes to be back at work in a week. Mr. Denny adds the strong advice: "Theatrical matters are rotten here, and if you hear of anybody wanting to try their luck out here, tell them not to come until next season."

Repertory Plays.

Messrs. Selwyn and Walter Dennis will, in January next, commence a lengthy provincial tour with a repertory of both costume and modern plays. Several new productions will be presented, as well as several plays which have been successful with West-End managements. The new management are engaging a number of artists, and at the present moment the bookings are very promising.

Death of Mrs. Terence Ramsdale.

The death occurred in Madras on October 26 of Mrs. Terence Ramsdale (professionally known as Miss Edith le Marie), the wife of the entertainer, Mr. Terence Ramsdale. The Ramsdales went to India in 1904 and toured throughout the country with their drawing-room entertainment, visiting also Burma, the Straits, China, Japan, the Philippines, Borneo, Egypt, and the Mediterranean. Attacked by illness about nine months ago, Mrs. Ramsdale was taken by her husband to Madras in August last, and was for a time a patient in the General Hospital.

A Book of Autographs.

Those who collect autographs or facsimiles of autographs should be interested in the little booklet just issued by Frank and Cecil Palmer (12, Red Lion Court). It is entitled "A Call from the Stage," and contains reproductions of the autographs of twenty-five of our leading actors and actresses underneath quotations from the poets chosen, we presume, by the actors and actresses concerned. The book is published at 6d., and the entire profits resulting from the sale are to go to the National Relief Fund.

Miss Mary Austin.

Miss Mary Austin's company, playing *The Cotton Spinner*, are paying their first visit to the south-eastern district of London this week, where at the Elephant and Castle they are meeting with a good recep-

weeks, proposed to be run at the Grand Spa Hotel, Clifton. The application, which was opposed by the management of the local Prince's and Royal, was refused.

Owing to the sudden indisposition of the lady who was playing the part of Bonnie Mary in Mr. Charles Locke's *Bonnie Mary* company, on Monday, at North Shields, Miss Lynda Spinner took up the part at short notice, and played the title-*rôle*, together with her own part of Doris Fairfax.

Little Miss Muffit, by J. James Hewson, will be the pantomime at the Royal, Glasgow. The cast will include Misses Maie Ash, Nancy Langtyre, Lily Drury, Maisie Barrie, Muriel Dancie, and Messrs. Percy Mayne, Ernie Mayne, Marriott Edgar, Fred Conquest, Fred Allandale, Fred Dark, and George Lupino, John Tiller's Eight Sunshine Girls.

In aid of the National Relief Fund and the Red Cross Fund a *matinée* performance of *The Witness for the Defence* will be given by the Proteus Dramatic company at the Dalston on Saturday. For the occasion Sir George Alexander has lent some scenery and costumes, and the author, Mr. A. E. W. Mason has waived his fee.

On Friday last, in her absence from London on tour with *Anna Karenina*, Mme. Yavorska, Princess Baristinsky, had her house at Hampstead broken open and a large quantity of silver stolen.

ACTORS' ASSOCIATION.

The usual Council meeting was held at 32, Regent Street on Tuesday afternoon, there being present:—Messrs. W. G. Fay (in the chair)), Frederick James (Deputy Chairman), H. W. Mote (Hon. Solicitor), J. B. Butler, John Mortimer, J. C. Taylor, C. F. Collings, and F. J. Arlton, Miss Laura Leycester, and Mr. Adnam Sprange, Secretary.

The Chairman read a letter from Miss Judith Kyrle with reference to an article appearing in last week's STAGE, which was dealt with later.

The Secretary read a letter from Mr. Jackson Wilcox, and he was instructed to write to say that the Council were quite willing to arbitrate if he would see the Secretary when he was in town.

Mr. Mortimer suggested that a correct list of the vacancies on the Council be got out by next week.

The Council passed a vote of condolence with the relatives of the late Miss Fanny Brough.

Miss Leycester proposed, seconded by Mr. Butler, that Mr. Fay be elected permanent chairman of the Council until the end of the year. Carried unanimously.

Mr. James proposed that a letter be sent to all members of the Association, asking for the outstanding subscriptions, and with a strong appeal for the co-option of new members, and enclosing two or three entrance forms.

The Secretary reported *re* subscriptions; also regarding an interview with Sir George Alexander. The Secretary was instructed to thank Sir George for his very kind offer.

The Finance Committee report was read by Mr. John Mortimer, and adopted.

The Agency report was read by the Secretary, and adopted.

Mr. Fay suggested that a circular letter be sent to all the agents, stating that the Council would be much obliged if they would telephone to the Association at any time that they are requiring artists.

The House Committee report was read by Miss Leycester, and adopted.

The Kitchen Committee report was tendered by Miss Leatham, and adopted.

NOMINATION.—Wal E. Kirby.

ELECTIONS.—Myra Selwyn, Eileen Dagmar.

The Council have much pleasure in stating that through the kindness of Sir George Alexander they are in a position to open a War Emergency Fund, to give members who may require it temporary financial assistance.

FINANCIAL NEWS.

NEW COMPANIES.

Vint and McKenzie, Ltd.—Registered on November 24, with a capital of £1,000 in £1 shares, to carry on the business of music-hall, theatrical, opera house, etc., proprietors, etc. The subscribers are: L. Vint, 142, Long Acre, W.C., theatrical proprietor, 450 shares;

Mr. ALAN MACKINNON.
Front Seats (Reserved and Numbered), 7s.; Second Seats, 5s.; Admission, 1s.
SAMOYEDE DOGS.—Beautiful White, house-trained Dog, grandsired by Queen Alexandra's "Jacko"; also lovely Puppies.—Mrs. Kilburn Scott, Bromley, Kent. See Pictures Duke Theatre.
SWISS COTTAGE; near station and buses; superior apartments or Board-residence; terms moderate.—211, Adelaide-rd., Hampstead. 'Phone 4165 Hampstead. (d.12)
12, NOTTINGHAM-TERRACE, near Baker-street.—Suite vacant, first floor, 2½ gns. Bed sitting-rooms from 12s. 6d.—Telephone, Mayfair 3604. Moderate catering. (d.13)
TWO LADIES (young, sisters), owning secluded house in West End square, wish to let charmingly furnished

the war made universal, at first, and their patient faces only await a chance of getting illuminated with kindliness; but rich people are becoming stiff and stingy again already, and people in power, say guards on board the train, have a tendency to bully you as in more comfortable seasons. There was a soldier in my compartment; of course, I lent him my newspapers, and the young woman in the corner offered him some sweets, but soldiers have ceased to be the centre of attention, and we did not speak to this one as if he were a hero until, feeling warm, he turned down the collar of his sweater and disclosed a frightful scar, partly still a gash, in his neck. He told us all about it, but he himself was tired of speaking about that, and he promptly diverged to his real interest, which, being a butcher's boy at Dakar, on the West African coast, was chiefly living in the bush in great leisure and freedom.

Nevers is a perfect country town seated on a hill above two beautiful rivers, with a cathedral and a Palais des Ducs on the top and a marvellous cascade of terraces, old houses, and old stairways running down to the banks of the Nièvre. As a rule, apart from the lively season when the great fairs are held and the tall white oxen from the Morvan solitudes are shipped off to our own richer meadows to get fat, killed, and eaten, Nevers is the cathedral town in all its dull beauty. At present it is rather startling to see it distinctly more busy than Paris: the station is crowded, and, outside, the fiacres that never look like fiacres are taken by storm; the avenue de la gare and the rue du Commerce are strewn with people, and opposite the Préfecture, near the Arch on the walls of which M. de Voltaire boasts so politely about "les Anglois", there is positively a mob. But this mob is only waiting for the Bordeaux despatch, and the crowd in the streets consists of refugees, the everlasting refugees—two thousand a day—or reservists, good-natured, smiling chaps whom by and bye you will see being drilled in the park, a few of them still in their wooden sabots. Everything is as you have seen it elsewhere, with a great deal of disciplined kindness for the poor, and the only tremendous surprise is a poster on which the mayor complains that the price of beef, which you think ridiculously small, is quite out of keeping with what this magistrate has heard of the low quotations on the cattle market, and takes measures accordingly.

The little colony of exiles whom I have come to visit are also getting used to their fate. One young woman, indeed, who has not heard a word about her husband since the fall of Maubeuge, talks in a strangely optimistic tone, which does not befit her thin face and anxious, roving eyes; but a routine of life and a train of conversation has been established. Day after day they meet in the apartment of their senior and try to be cheerful. They retail and embellish little odds and ends of doubtful information, which help to give a fresh appearance to stale news one might have thought decidedly dead, and they work for the wounded whom you can see in the vast grounds of the Hôtel Dieu opposite.

What one sees there is no novelty to them, but it is to me. Nevers is positively gorged with wounded, and the Hôtel Dieu is the chief operating place. The result is that the broad walks of the garden are full of convalescents, who, alas, will never be quite themselves again! They look young and well, no doubt, after a few days in the bracing air, and they seem active and cheerful; but the activity is visible mostly in the brisk motion of their crutches on the gravel, and the poor boys will never be without those crutches. It is strange that in almost every case it should be crutches that are needed. Only once did I see an instance of an arm being removed. It was a young officer who rode a bicycle at full speed in boyish triumph. He knew that one arm gone is no obstacle to a successful career. His gaiety was contagious.

I saw him again on All Souls' Day in the immense cemetery where the Bishop conducted a procession of six or seven thousand people. He was in his best uniform, with one sleeve neatly tucked in, and walked gravely with a heavily bandaged friend under the tall pine trees of the avenues. We all found our way to where the "victims of the war", as the phrase goes, already lie: two endless lines of little wooden crosses, with a crescent here and there where the soldier happened to be an Algerian. There was something preternaturally quiet in the sameness and repetition of these graves. The tombs of the French were covered with flowers, and people were crossing themselves over them. Then you came to the tombs of the Germans, in every point similar to those of their comrades, but without any flowers and with one solitary woman, a lady, kneeling in prayer at the grave of one Otto Tulle.

Later in the afternoon I saw more Germans, alive this time, and they were pathetic again. They were wounded prisoners, sufficiently recovered to be removed farther south in order to make room for more of their compatriots. If they had been arrogant, as German prisoners sometimes are, it would have been nothing, but they were not. They walked slowly and docilely in two files in their long, loose grey coats, and although the crowd was perfectly respectful, it was a staring crowd, and the curious eyes fixed upon them made the poor wretches look guilty. An hour or so afterwards, as I passed the bridge over the railway, I asked the sentry, a grey-haired reservist, if he had seen them and whether they had been safely put into their train. "Yes, sir", he answered, with some severity; "they are going to Algeria, and, shortly after they left, two trains full of *our* wounded passed through, and some were horribly sick". . . . .

Horrid war! horrid Kaiser! more horrid Kronprinz! And the horrid necessity not to be foolishly soft, to be strong and resolute, lest these horrors should be repeated in ten or fifteen years, instead of being made impossible for a few generations!

"THE DYNASTS."

By John Palmer.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER apologised for the first performance of Mr. Hardy's "The Dynasts". He admits the mutilation. He has necessarily been compelled to devastate this epic drama and to destroy its character. Three packed hours of stage representation, giving us at one time and another some 140 different people of the tale, allow us to see no more than a few picked fragments of this mighty work; and these fragments are naturally taken from pages best fitted for treatment in a theatre. It follows that Mr. Hardy's panoramic vision of mankind herded and driven by powers unmeasured and unseen has virtually disappeared. The persistent chorus of spirits, ironic and pitiful, has little opportunity of being heard amid the more insistent clamour of their mortal instruments. Mr. Hardy's "pale, pathetic peoples" take the drama into their own hands at the Kingsway, bulking as the masters of their fate. We are less systematically asked to realise that the deeds of men, viewed from a position unshaken by human joys and sorrows, are possibly of less importance than they seem. On the contrary, we are asked to realise that the deeds of men are very critical and poignant for those who are involved in their catastrophe. At the Kingsway Theatre it is the men who matter. The Superior Spirits are quite outfaced.

Perhaps this is not wholly a disadvantage. Mr. Hardy's readers have become unwarrantably persuaded that Mr. Hardy frames his people merely to illustrate a conviction that they might just as well never have been born. A visit to the Kingsway may perhaps dispel this misconception. The view of Mr. Hardy's world as a place inhabited by creatures whose only chance of pleasure or success is to be afflicted with inertia on all notable occasions, and thus saved from thrusting their necks under the wheel of things, will

hardly survive the life in full measure of Mr. Barker's stage. The human element in "The Dynasts"—an element too little appreciated and recognised, owing to its persistent oppression by Superior Spirits, in Mr. Hardy's page—is in Mr. Barker's version emphasised by a necessary isolation. Nelson, Napoleon, Wellington, Brunswick, and Sir John Moore are palpable heroes not to be put out of countenance by a desultory trickle of ironic commentary from Mr. Barker's feminine chorus. The soldiers, watchmen and rustics of the play no less palpably sing their songs and go actively about their affairs unchallenged by Immanent Purposes or Cosmic Decrees. The noisy and swarming life of Mr. Hardy's page, too frequently missed by readers prejudiced to find him a creator who grudges his creatures warmth and will, achieves in Mr. Barker's theatre an emphasis which will hardly allow it to be overlooked.

It is obvious, of course, that sooner or later Mr. Barker was bound to produce a version of "The Dynasts". It gives him just the chance he requires to underline all the virtues of his method and to cut the vices. Mr. Barker's method is hard, bright, definite, rational, abrupt, direct and clear. He always takes the shortest way to his idea, and his idea is always as strictly severe in outline as an isosceles triangle. No better method could be applied to the production of a masterpiece whose intention begins and ends with getting something said as crisply and accurately as possible. Mr. Barker uses all the resources of the theatre to go straight to the point he desires to make. Mr. Hardy uses all the resources of the English language with a similar object. These two craftsmen were clearly intended to work together. Their work is inspired with a common contempt for infirmity or indirection of purpose. They refuse to have anything to do with blurred, wandering or fugitive effects. Mr. Hardy commands his readers with sudden adjectives and nouns that hit the ear like a word of command. His visions are carved in the granite of a craggy style whose very individuality consists in its utter indifference to smooth literary surface, to anything beyond the impulse to be exact and faithful. Similarly Mr. Barker commands his audience, holding it at attention like a regiment. At one moment he stares at us defiantly from where the footlights used to be, bidding us at his mere word assume we are the English Channel or a Royal Review. At another he commands us to hear the noise of a battle in a theatre where there is not a mouse stirring. The pretences whereby he grips us are as merciless as the swift grasp of Mr. Hardy's prose and verse at the throat of our attention. Mr. Hardy and his producer have equally the air of brandishing the weapons of their craft with the purpose only of hitting their man. There is no fencing for display.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Barker's production of "The Dynasts" is one of the supreme successes of his career. It exhibits at all points an almost perfect fitting of means to ends. We are not irritated, as too often in Mr. Barker's Shakespeare, by perfectly reasonable things which defeat their own object. The producer of Shakespeare must be careful before all things to leave open everywhere vistas for the mind and fancy of his audience. It must be his purpose to start his audience upon journeys of which he himself cannot see the end. Hitherto Mr. Barker has failed in that; but where he failed with Shakespeare he triumphantly succeeds with Thomas Hardy. Mr. Hardy's epic world of "The Dynasts" requires just those clean, decisive lines which Mr. Barker knows how to draw. Mr. Barker's positive qualities as a producer, which in Shakespeare closed the gate upon his absolute success, in "The Dynasts" ensure him his greatest triumph of recent years.

The main lines of Mr. Barker's production have already been reported in the Press. Briefly, he has selected a dozen of the most striking episodes of the story for dramatic presentation, and he has presented them upon a stage where imagination must, at a hint, supply the setting. These episodes are linked up by a Reader, who, fronting the audience in a conductor's chair, recites from the book all that is necessary to connect the story or describe the scene. Mr. Hardy's supernatural choruses are given to two declaiming ladies who sit in sentry-boxes upon either side of the stage. The stage is built up in the familiar formal and geometric manner of Mr. Norman Wilkinson. It is not possible to notice in detail the acting of so vast a company. The brunt of the work falls on Mr. Henry Ainley, who calmly faces the audience for three hours without showing any trace of weariness or embarrassment. Beautiful reading is a most necessary part of the production, and no one could do it better than Mr. Ainley. He is one of the two or three living players who have a natural sense of language. With most of our actors, and virtually all our actresses, English seems to have been added as an afterthought when the more serious business of their profession had already been mastered. There is one other performance at the Kingsway which we can place without hesitation in the same rank with Mr. Ainley's performance as Reader. This is Mr. Rutland Barrington's mariner, who sings the ballad of Trafalgar and justifies the men of the "Victory" in their broaching of the Admiral. As to our historic heroes, the Nelson and Wellington were good in a traditional way, and Mr. Sydney Valentine's Napoleon was a welcome substitute for the stage idiot who usually wears the form of Napoleon in the English theatre.

Everyone who cares that courage and good work shall be rewarded must support this enterprise of Mr. Barker. His production of "The Dynasts" is a rare and happy exception to the general collapse of our theatre at this time. Here, indeed, is matter for the present hour. The reality of war has never been more magnificently depicted in a theatre than in the great Albuera passage of "The Dynasts" as it is rendered at the Kingsway. Here is something which comes almost unendurably pat upon its dreadful hour, which is also for all time.

This prompts me to end this short appreciation with a note of advice. Mr. Barker should chasten a little the delivery of his chorus. "Albuera" certainly gets home in the Kingsway, but it gets home at a rather unnecessary expense of the speakers' energy and of the audience's nerves. Strophe and Anti-strophe may safely take their verses with less agitation of tone and stress. Mr. Hardy's choruses are rugged enough. They do not require to be bitten and worried into a further disorder.

THE VIOLIN CONCERTO.

By John F. Runciman.

IT sets us wondering somewhat when first we realise, as I did at some recent concerts, that though some very great organists and pianists have been also composers of the very first rank, no violinist has ever written music of the first or the second rank, or indeed of any rank at all. There was never any doubt in the minds of those competent to judge that Bach and Handel were the foremost organists of their day; and I suppose it will be admitted that some of their music was first-rate. Mozart and Beethoven were recognised as fine pianists before their compositions were understood and appreciated. Chopin was a virtuoso of quite a modern type, and if his music cannot be compared with that of those two mighty men, at least in his best moments he rose to noble heights. Mendelssohn, too, must have played both the piano and the organ magnificently—and after all he gave us the "Hebrides" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" overtures and the wonderful first chorus in "Elijah". To go back a moment, if the piano works of Mozart and Beethoven do not suggest the virtuoso, we know some of the technical feats in their improvisations took their hearers' breath away; it was Czerny, I think, who said that Beethoven, when he extemporised, indulged in

dramatic and dancing academy the casts have been selected and rehearsed) has introduced a number of dances and ensembles. The music is arranged by Miss Wright, the musical directress of the schools. The second piece is a romance
Mr. ALAN MACKINNON.
Front Seats (Reserved and Numbered), 2s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Admission, 1s.
Miss Mary Austin's company, playing *The Cotton Spinner*, are paying their first visit to the south-eastern district of London this week, where at the Elephant and Castle they are meeting with a good recep-
Vint and McKenzie, Ltd.—Reg. on November 26, with a capital of £1,000 in £1 shares, to carry on the business of music-hall, theatrical, opera house, etc., proprietors, etc. The subscribers are: L. Vint, 142, Long Acre, W.C., theatrical proprietor, 490 shares;
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Nov. or Dec. 1914

"THE DYNASTS," A DRAMA OF EUROPEAN WAR.

Produced by Lilian McCarthy and Granville Barker at the Kingsway Theatre.

"The Dynasts," Thomas Hardy's epic drama of the Napoleonic wars, was first published as a whole in 1908. It was received, as masterpieces usually are, with the puzzled, respectful attention of the few; to the many Mr. Hardy continued to be known as a writer of picturesque and slightly embittered novels. Six years went by, and all but a hundred years had passed since the day of Waterloo. Then the Immanent Will, as Mr. Hardy would say, working upon some strange, far-off design, or perhaps only weaving with absent heed

"... Like a knitter drowsed,
Whose fingers ply in skilled unmindfulness,"

chose again to plunge all civilised Europe into the tragic irony of war. Thousands and thousands have already perished to bring about some end, which, the hopeful believe, will be more effective for good than the victory of 1815. And one strange little by-product of the whole turmoil is that the "Dynasts," whose scenes of fortitude, misery and humour on the vast battlefield of Europe touch us very closely now, has found representation on the stage. Through Mr. Granville Barker's version of it, some hundreds of people have at least been made aware of Thomas Hardy's mighty achievement; and perhaps a score of these will buy the book of the "Dynasts," and acquaint themselves with the finest piece of literature of the twentieth century. This is something gained. But the volume is expensive, and will hardly find its way to the people for half a century yet.

Naturally Mr. Granville Barker's production gives us only a series of pinhole glimpses, tiny and clear, over the whole vast scope of Hardy's drama, which has, not only all Europe, but "the Overworld" as well for its stage. In the book the clumsy, tortuous, long-drawn-out conflict of rulers and races is given a cosmic significance, because the spectator is placed in the Overworld, among those supernal forces which weave the fate of man. Hardy's philosophy of life is a mystic automatism. He conceives mankind, individually and collectively, as the sport of certain "streams of tendency." They flow through the life of man, change, cast him from one to another, and finally drop him to oblivion, while he holds himself for an independent being exercising judgment and free will. These streams of tendency are personified in the book by such shadowy Titans as the Spirit of the Pities, the Spirit of the Years, the Shade of Earth, the Spirit Ironic and the Immanent Will. All these are of necessity contracted in the playing version to "Strophe" and "Antistrophe" of the chorus, two grey-clad sisters who are enthroned on either side of the stage. Esmé Beringer and Carrie Hase, who take these parts, recite movingly and well some of the finest poetry in the book, such as the Chant of Albuera, the Chant before Waterloo, and the Pities' final chorus.

Readers of the "Dynasts" are often delighted and amazed by the descriptions entitled "Dumb Show." In these prose passages, so strikingly vivid and brief without one needless word, the spectator's point of vision is supposed to be lifted up, so that he sees vast spaces of landscape and sometimes all Europe, "like a prone emaciated figure, the Alps shaping a backbone"—or the Grande Armée "like a dun-piled caterpillar shuffling its length in painful heaves" along the frozen Lithuanian plain. As far as may be these descriptions are recited by the "Reader," a man in an old-fashioned black suit draped with grey, who sits at a desk, between Strophe and Antistrophe, on the forefront of the stage.

The scenery is carried out in an admirable and restrained scheme of decoration, which rightly leaves much to the inward eye of the beholder. There are three square arches, two filled with curtains of prevailing grey, while the centre and largest is backed with a plain canvas, which, according to the lighting, suggests the sky by day, dusk or dark. Upon this, when needful, come simple flat, conventional backgrounds, suggesting a street in London, the quarter-deck of the Victory, the cockpit of the same, an inn fireside, a room at the Tuileries, a street in Brussels, and so on. The characters appear in costume, and by the nature of the play there are no large parts except those of Nelson, Wellington and Napoleon. But peasants, privates and citizens bear the chief weight of action and criticism—much more in the book than even in the stage version. There are three acts, Trafalgar, the Peninsula and Waterloo, developing round the three central figures. In the first act we find the jolly Wessex peasants despising threats of invasion then as now; afterwards comes a London crowd cheering Pitt and commenting on the valour of thousands of unknown soldiers, which builds up a Minister's glory and covers his mistakes now as then. The scene passes on to Admiral Villeneuve's ship, and ends with the Victory and the death of Nelson. The second act, laid in the Peninsula, opens with the horribly poignant scene of the cellar full of English deserters, and continues with Napoleon's appearance at Astorga, where, in an interview with Soult, he decides to turn back from Spain—which is "the turning of this great meteor from his apogee." Then follows the battle of Albuera and the death and burial of Sir John Moore. Finally, with bewildering suddenness, we are made spectators of Napoleon's abdication. This is the one weak spot in the play. Had it been possible to give an act to Napoleon's Moscow campaign we should better have followed the course of events, but this would have destroyed the unity of the drama as Mr. Barker wished to see it—the huge Anglo-French struggle at sea, in Spain and in Belgium at the last.

We learn from Reader and Chorus of Napoleon's escape from Elba during the Congress of Vienna when

"The priests of Peace begin once more
To fight as they have fought before,"

and then comes the famous ball at Brussels, given on the eve of Waterloo. This, with the boding presence of the black-clothed Duke of Brunswick, is fine; but more clever is the little scene of the "Elder Lady" and her daughter, who watch the troops march out of Brussels. The homely, bitter wisdom of that Elder Lady! Five brief and stirring scenes on either side of the opposing forces make clear the progress of the battle of Waterloo. I venture to think that Scene 5, Act VII. of Part Third—the women's camp at Mont Saint Jean—would have been a good contrast to the glittering groups of generals, but doubtless space did not allow. Finally, Napoleon appears, beaten and alone in the summer night, near the wood of Bassu, above the horrible fields of the slain. Strophe and Antistrophe, speaking as the Spirit of the Years, address him, and though he claims

"I found the crown of France in the mire,
And with the point of my prevailing sword I picked it up,"

yet they bid him learn:—

"Such men as thou, who wade across the world
To make an epoch, bless, confuse, appal,
Are in the elemental ages chart
But incidents and grooves of Earth's unfolding,
Or as the brazen rod which stirs the fire
Because it must."

The play concludes with the chorus of the Pities uttering the pathetic sempiternal belief of mankind in "The Well-Wisher, the Kindly Might," which, they persuade themselves, has framed our human destinies. And this should have been the end. A subtler philosophy closes the book of the "Dynasts," but it is not such that all who run may read. The acted version concludes with an epilogue, spoken by the Reader, which, fine though it is—for Mr. Hardy never writes without distinction—has only a temporary interest. We may prefer to end with the words of those "half-convinced Compassionates," as the Spirit of the Years calls them, who finally sing of the Immanent Will:—

"Nay: Shall not Its blindness break?
Yea: Must not Its heart awake?
Promptly tending
To its mending
In a genial germing purpose, and for loving-kindness' sake?"

In days such as these we dare not allow our vision of Man and the Cosmos to go further than this trembling hope.

ROSALIND TRAVERS HYNDMAN.

"The world is saved by the breath of the school children."—Talmud.

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FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Audacious?

The prophet said in his heart that all men are—Russians.

We call it the Home Office because there's no place like it.

If our soldiers are "heroes," what are their wives? Ask a policeman.

"Let us go to the war of our own free will and not wait until we must."—Recruiting advt. Who says must?

"What Belgium needs is less culture and more bread."—"Washington Post."

There is said to be a lack of chloroform in France. Our Press Bureau can doubtless oblige.

Many Liberal and Tory clubs are now used for hospitals. It is better to succour the physically marred than to maim the mentally sound.

"I left Leeds in fog. I arrived at Manchester in fog."—Verhaeren. Lucky Belgian.

Yves Guyot calculates that six months of this war means the destruction of over 4,000 million pounds of material wealth. And this is a capitalists' war!

It takes four months to collect four millions for the Prince of Wales Fund and one week to collect 350 millions, at 4 per cent., for the war loan.

A man, his wife and six children in Southwark tried to live on 12s. 6d. a week. Result: A coroner's inquest and "death from natural causes."

We wonder what profits English financiers and contractors are making out of their "allies"—Servia, France and Belgium.

In Germany 15,000 members of the International Transport Workers are unemployed and 53,000 are "at the front." Of the latter 36,000 are married. There are now some widows.

Horatio Bottomley wants a new religion. Capitalism is truly a ghastly failure.

After the war Sir Wm. Priestley, President of the Textile Industry, wants the State to "leave them alone in a free country and we will make the country great." We know that greatness.

"And the people bleed. Yes, it is always the people who bleed."—Edward Carpenter.

"By and by we shall learn what our Continental comrades are doing. Meanwhile let us remember that Germany, France and Belgium are all threatened with invasion, of which we run no risk."—Keir Hardie, "Daily Citizen," September 4. Has Keir Hardie yet heard of the invasion of Belgium and of what our Belgian and German comrades are doing?

"Organised charity, all cold and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ."

"A principle is at best a guide; it is certainly not an open sesame to the future to be applied without hesitation by any pamphleteer."—Walter Lippmann.

THE WORLD OF CAPIT

According to an announcement i
"Board of Trade Labour Gazette"
reduction in imports of manufac
articles for October last, as com
with the corresponding month of
was £7,440,000, or 43.6 per cent. A
every article showed a decline.
was a heavy fall in iron and steel m
factures due, of course, to stoppages
Germany and Belgium. In the mat
textiles, the most noticeable decline
in woollen and worsted yarns and fa
the drop in yarns being 90 per cent

The recent War Office co
scandals are made the occasion for
plain speaking, on the general qu
of trade combinations, in the colum
"Machinery Market." "Usu
writes a contributor to last Satur
issue, "when these industrial 'comb
'rings,' 'associations,' or whatever
may be pleased to call themselves,
into being, they put forward as their r
d'être the elimination of competitio
operation in manufacturing, the re
tion of prices, and so on . . . . but b
it all is the great object of squeezin
the small producer who will not jo
and then raising prices artificially ag
the consumer. Call such scheme
what name you like, they are nothing but
an importation of the American 'trust'
idea." The writer advocates drastic
Government action with a view to the
suppression of such combinations; but
that, judging by recent experiences in the
United States, is more easily said than
done.

Standard Oil, for example, does not seem to be finding much difficulty in extending the scope of its activities, having lately absorbed two new concerns—the Lagunitos Oil Co., Ltd., and the London and Pacific Petroleum Co., Ltd. The former was purchased a short time ago through the Imperial Oil Co., Ltd., of Canada, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Co., and is to be transferred to another Canadian subsidiary known as the International Oil Co., Ltd. In the case of the London and Pacific Co. control was acquired some time ago. The company in question holds properties extending over an area of about 600 square miles in the Negritos district of Peru. Some of these are considered by experts to be among the finest of their kind in the world.

It is proposed by the Port Madryn (Argentina) Company to distribute among their shareholders practically all the shares of the Central Railway of Chubut Company. The railway, it appears, was constructed by the land company, which owns all the share capital, in order to facilitate the development of its properties. The distribution is to be on the basis of four £1 shares in the railway for every five £1 shares in the Port Madryn Company.

A correspondent writes to the "Evening News": "Amsterdam was a revelation. I found all the best hotels full of Germans and English doing business in the most friendly manner possible."

A French actuary has been amusing himself reducing (or is it raising?) the loss of life in the present war to terms of £ s. d. He estimates the "capital value" of a working man in the four principal countries concerned as follows: Great Britain, £828; Germany, £676; France, £580; Russia, £404. The loyal British workman should be very proud of the compliment bestowed upon him.

The profits of Tate & Sons for the year ended September last amounted to £314,956, compared with £119,158 the

dramatic and dancing academy the casts have been selected and rehearsed) has introduced a number of dances and

Miss Mary Austin's company, playing *The Cotton Spinner*, are paying their first

Vint and McKenzie, Ltd. Registered on November 28, with a capital of

(Published by the Outlook Publishing Co.)

...g from issue dated ..... 5 Dec 191 4

...ER :
...e Dynasts" ...he Stage.

"THE DYNASTS." (acted)

On earth below
Are men . .
Wheeling them to and fro
In moves dissociate from their souls' demand,
For dynasts' ends that few even understand.

"READERS will readily discern," wrote Mr. Hardy in his preface to the first of the volumes, "that *The Dynasts* is a play intended simply for mental performance, and not for the stage." A practicable compromise might conceivably result, he added, taking the shape of a monotonic delivery of speeches, with dreamy conventional gestures, "something in the manner traditionally maintained by the old Christmas mummers." Gauzes and screens, he thought, might serve to blur outlines and shut off the actual still farther. But on this branch of the subject—the branch which ten years ago, when *The Dynasts* was written, was just coming to be called "production"—Mr. Hardy wrote himself down as unqualified to speak. He left *The Dynasts* with us—the finest epic of our times.

The hour has struck, and Mr. Granville Barker at the Kingsway Theatre has done the work for which Mr. Hardy did not feel himself to be qualified. Let it be said at once that while *The Dynasts* of the theatre is not *The Dynasts* of the book (it is impossible that it should have been) no suggestion can be made as to how the work of Mr. Granville Barker could have been better done. He has proceeded upon a method of simplification, and Mr. Hardy's drama in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes has become merely a drama in three parts, which group themselves respectively about the central English incidents of Trafalgar, of the Peninsula, and of Waterloo, as is proper in a patriotic drama. But while Mr. Barker has abridged Mr. Hardy's work he has not pithed it. He has not presented it as a play without a philosophy. Those words which I have set out at the head of this article, for example, are duly spoken in the theatre, and not omitted, as the temptation might have been in the making of a patriotic drama. The glories of war are exemplified, but war itself is not glorified. The kiss-me-Hardy-up-Guards-and-at-'em scenes are there; but there also is a scene so characteristic of the poet's mind as that of the English deserters and their doxies in the basement room upon the road near Astorga.

On what may be described as the terrestrial plane, then, Mr. Barker has done the work of abridgment well. He has left the work firm-rooted in the soil of Wessex, and in the lives of the common people. He has not robbed the scenes, by a selection too guardedly judicious, of their intrinsic irony. But there is a super-terrestrial plane also, as all readers of the volumes will remember. It will not be out of place if we recall here that the particular machinery of objective vision employed by Mr. Hardy in the printed page was that of a gigantic eye alternately approaching and receding, so that at one moment the form of Europe lay beneath us like an emaciated skeleton, and at the next we were enjoying the intimate humours of Private Cantle at a point of the English coast between Blackdon and Kingsbere. As the eye moved thus in its socket, proving nothing to be too vast for the scope of its vision and nothing too minute, we listened to strange alternate voices that urged on or remonstrated with the brain behind, a brain that even on occasions became curiously and horribly palpable. We came to earth with the Spirit Sinister, we stayed sorrowing in the heavens with the Spirit of the Pities; we did, in a word, all kinds of remarkable things, and anything which best assisted Mr. Hardy at the moment to impart his philosophy to us. That, or something like that, with choruses of spirits and whole choirs of recording angels, was the machinery of the printed page, and quite obviously that could not be the machinery of the stage. Mr. Barker, we may take it, as the expert in that branch in which the author has confessed his lack of practical knowledge, was faced by two alternatives: either to cut out the super-terrestrial drama altogether, or to devise a means of retaining as much of it as would heighten the intensity of the human action and serve to represent the author's chosen corrective to its heroism. In selecting the second and more difficult course Mr. Barker is deserving of all praise. In presenting the scenes of human action he has followed a method with which we are now familiarised by his productions of Shakespeare, the method of a simplified symbolic setting making possible a rapid change of scene. While the change of scene is being made Mr. Henry Ainley reads to us out of Mr. Hardy's stage directions. On either side of Mr. Ainley in the orchestra, but not so pleasing as he is to look upon, are two impassioned ladies who deliver a number of Mr. Hardy's choral lyrics and philosophic commentaries at short range. That, at the Kingsway Theatre, is the super-terrestrial machinery. The whole has been brought to consistency and form by a new prologue and epilogue which Mr. Hardy has written for this production, in which he has emulated very happily the modest helpfulness of the Shakespearean chronicle Chorus.

The question is, then, what kind of an entertainment for these exceptional days is provided by *The Dynasts* at the Kingsway Theatre? I think there can only be one answer, and that is, the best. It is a brave series of scenes that passes before us, if viewed in that light alone. Here we may see Nelson walk the quarter-deck careless of death, and die happy so that his work is done. Here we may see ill-fortuned Moore dying that the English arms may live, and buried at daybreak in a moment which his comrades can scarcely spare from battle. Here we may see Wellington ... Napoleon fall. Mr. Barker, too, with his dramatist's ... Mr. Hardy's

POEM ON THE WAR

By
THOMAS HARDY.

...tern times of ours, when crimson strife
...ade on every thoroughfare of life,
... comely countries with its gore,
... back mangled heroes to our shore,
...f gifts is sturdy hardihood,
... it firm through each vicissitude,
... hour by hour, but year by year,
..., till life's lurid skies are clear.

Arrested by perceptions such as this,
We gather that it may not be amiss—
During the few brief minutes you can spare
From the innumerous claims that call your care—
To raise up visions of historic wars
Which taxed the endurance of our ancestors;
That such reminders of the feats they did
May stouten hearts now strained by issues hid.

Therefore have we essayed to represent,
By our faint means, event upon event
That Europe saw a hundred years ago. . . .
What matters that Napoleon was our foe?
Fair France herself had no ambitious ends;
And we are happy in a change that tends
To make of nearest neighbours closest friends.

The Prologue to "The Dynasts"

produced by Mr. Granville Barker at the Kingsway Theatre, London, and recited by Mr. Henry Ainley

...different feelings, for ... intellectually enter... ...arcely be at their ease ...suggests to the elderly ...entertainment taken in ...abethan Stage Society. ...r little to be said of ...at can one say of a ...ty scenes connected ... or less known to all? ...gets a scene of some ... the death of Nelson ...pit; elsewhere merely ... of the day, as where ...e gathered to see the ...ir way to the Guild... ...like perhaps too much ... pass in the Kingsway ... the actors get the ...y are accustomed."

...he *Literary* ...1,280.

... to us and ... revealed by ... observer in ...d is dramatic ...s than when ...r conceived ...o knew his ... world in which they lived and ...d had their being, and for whom ...s like a story of his own making, ... could make it his own story when he ...

...t easy to quote from *The Dynasts*. ... more clearly in the theatre than in ... that the longest and most elaborate ...are not the best. What tells most ... short speech as that of Wellington ... is warned that he exposes himself ... at Waterloo :—

..., I know. It matters not one damn!
... as well be shot as not perceive
...ills are raging here.

...when he is asked by Hill what com... ...e leaves if he is shot :—

... simply: To hold out unto the last,
...g as one man stands on one lame leg
...one ball in his pouch!—then end as I.

...on is more emotional than he was ...l speech; but that is only because ...re expressive; and the aim of poetic ... is to express more than real men ... The Wellington of *The Dynasts* ... Wellington of Goya's portrait rather ...e typical English gentleman admired ... English and disliked by foreigners. ...e may believe that Goya, and Mr. ... have understood him better than ...ho did not see beyond his exterior ...se manners which he put on until ...t of them became second nature to ...hat he might protect himself against

trouble too m... or verse that ... best he can ... to know his ... Still less ... theatrical or ... play. He is ... and cumulati... in *King Lear* ... drama is act... momentous ... drama as act... That is what ... is why his d... reads.

The perfo... throughout, ... absence of ... scenes. Mr. ... sits in front ... background ... whenever po... scene-directi... sit one on ... selection of ... spirits of th... presenting ... and yet w... mood and ... But all this ... as it is ... modern ac... thing impe... Shelley he ... in a play ... chorus ar... times she ... general c... mands t... rigid and ... is needed ... clearly ... yet it is ... to do, ... capable ... poetic ... on our ... or any ... poetry ... room

Mr. Hardy wrote himself down [illegible]
He left *The Dynasts* with us—the finest epic of our times.

The hour has struck, and Mr. Granville Barker at the Kingsway Theatre has done the work for which Mr. Hardy did not feel himself to be qualified. Let it be said at once that while *The Dynasts* of the theatre is not *The Dynasts* of the book (it is impossible that it should have been) no suggestion can be made as to how the work of Mr. Granville Barker could have been better done. He has proceeded upon a method of simplification, and Mr. Hardy's drama in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes has become merely a drama in three parts, which group themselves respectively about the central English incidents of Trafalgar, of the Peninsula, and of Waterloo, as is proper in a patriotic drama. But while Mr. Barker has abridged Mr. Hardy's work he has not pithed it. He has not presented it as a play without a philosophy. Those words which I have set out at the head of this article, for example, are duly spoken in the theatre, and not omitted, as the temptation might have been in the making of a patriotic drama. The glories of war are exemplified, but war itself is not glorified. The kiss-me-Hardy-up-Guards-and-at-'em scenes are there; but there also is a scene so characteristic of the poet's mind as that of the English deserters and their doxies in the basement room upon the road near Astorga.

On what may be described as the terrestrial plane, then, Mr. Barker has done the work of abridgment well. He has left the work firm-rooted in the soil of Wessex, and in the lives of the common people. He has not robbed the scenes, by a selection too guardedly judicious, of their intrinsic irony. But there is a super-terrestrial plane also, as all readers of the volumes will remember. It will not be out of place if we recall here that the particular machinery of objective vision employed by Mr. Hardy in the printed page was that of a gigantic eye alternately approaching and receding, so that at one moment the form of Europe lay beneath us like an emaciated skeleton, and at the next we were enjoying the intimate humours of Private Cantle at a point of the English coast between Blackdon and Kingsbere. As the eye moved thus in its socket, proving nothing to be too vast for the scope of its vision and nothing too minute, we listened to strange alternate voices that urged on or remonstrated with the brain behind, a brain that even on occasions became curiously and horribly palpable. We came to earth with the Spirit Sinister, we stayed sorrowing in the heavens with the Spirit of the Pities; we did, in a word, all kinds of remarkable things, and anything which best assisted Mr. Hardy at the moment to impart his philosophy to us. That, or something like that, with choruses of spirits and whole choirs of recording angels, was the machinery of the printed page, and quite obviously that could not be the machinery of the stage. Mr. Barker, we may take it, as the expert in that branch in which the author has confessed his lack of practical knowledge, was faced by two alternatives: either to cut out the super-terrestrial drama altogether, or to devise a means of retaining as much of it as would heighten the intensity of the human action and serve to represent the author's chosen corrective to its heroism. In selecting the second and more difficult course Mr. Barker is deserving of all praise. In presenting the scenes of human action he has followed a method with which we are now familiarised by his productions of Shakespeare, the method of a simplified symbolic setting making possible a rapid change of scene. While the change of scene is being made Mr. Henry Ainley reads to us out of Mr. Hardy's stage directions. On either side of Mr. Ainley in the orchestra, but not so pleasing as he is to look upon, are two impassioned ladies who deliver a number of Mr. Hardy's choral lyrics and philosophic commentaries at short range. That, at the Kingsway Theatre, is the super-terrestrial machinery. The whole has been brought to consistency and form by a new prologue and epilogue which Mr. Hardy has written for this production, in which he has emulated very happily the modest helpfulness of the Shakespearean chronicle Chorus.

The question is, then, what kind of an entertainment for these exceptional days is provided by *The Dynasts* at the Kingsway Theatre? I think there can only be one answer, and that is, the best. It is a brave series of scenes that passes before us, if viewed in that light alone. Here we may see Nelson walk the quarter-deck careless of death, and die happy so that his work is done. Here we may see ill-fortuned Moore dying that the English arms may live, and buried at daybreak in a moment which his comrades can scarcely spare from battle. Here we may see Wellington rise, and Napoleon fall. Mr. Barker, too, with his dramatist's eye for the judiciously intensive, has found in Mr. Hardy's work several little vignettes of a lesser fame but an equal beauty and effectiveness, such as that of the scene in the basement room already mentioned, the scene of the First Boatman singing a chanty of Cadiz Bay in the Wessex inn, and the scene of the old lady and her daughter viewing from an upper storey the departure of the troops for Waterloo. These were some of the best of the evening's moments. If the general view should prove to be that these occurred between too much reading and a super-terrestrial eloquence too little direct in its application, I do not think the substantial success of an admirable enterprise will be thereby jeopardised. One might suggest that more point would have been given to Mr. Hardy's philosophic commentary had the retained spirits definitely kept the characters of the Chorus Pitiful and the Chorus Sinister and Ironic; but perhaps this was not found to be possible. One might suggest also that Mr. Ainley, admirable reader as he is, should read to us only about what we have seen or are about to see, and not venture into reproducing from the printed page scenes which have evaded the theatre's stricter purposes. Mr. Hardy's prose account of Albuera deserves a better fate than that the baser sort should be bored with it. After all, the book is still there, and once the play of the moment had been made from it, we might have been trusted to go home and read it to ourselves.

A word is due to the boatman of Mr. Rutland Barrington, to the old lady of Miss Florence Haydon, and to the Napoleon of Mr. Sydney Valentine. Mr. Hannen's Nelson was authentic, but the Wellington of Mr. Murray Carrington failed to impose itself.

P. P. H.

To raise up visions of historic wars
Which taxed the endurance of our ancestors;
That such reminders of the feats they did
May stouten hearts now strained by issues hid.

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[illegible] different feelings, for [illegible] intellectually enter- [illegible]rcely be at their ease [illegible]ggests to the elderly [illegible]ertainment taken in [illegible]thian Stage Society. [illegible] little to be said of [illegible]t can one say of a [illegible] scenes connected [illegible]r less known to all? [illegible]gets a scene of some [illegible] the death of Nelson [illegible]it; elsewhere merely [illegible]of the day, as where [illegible]e gathered to see the [illegible]ir way to the Guild- [illegible]like perhaps too much [illegible]ass in the Kingsway [illegible] the actors get the [illegible]y are accustomed."

[illegible] the *Literary* [illegible]41,280.

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[illegible] the world in which they lived and [illegible]d had their being, and for whom [illegible]as like a story of his own making, [illegible] could make it his own story when he [illegible]t.

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[illegible] trouble too much [illegible] or verse that he [illegible] best he can fi[illegible] to know his cha[illegible] Still less need [illegible] theatrical or to[illegible] play. He is not [illegible] and cumulative p[illegible] in *King Lear*. B[illegible] drama is action, [illegible] momentous actio[illegible] drama as action [illegible] That is what Mr. [illegible] is why his dram[illegible] reads.

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It is not surprising, theref
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FROM VARIO

Audacious?

The prophet said
men are—Russians.

We call it the H
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If our soldiers are
their wives? Ask a

"Let us go to th
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"What Belgium
and more bread."—

There is said to be
in France. Our Pre
less oblige.

Many Liberal and
used for hospitals.
the physically marr
mentally sound.

"I left Leeds in fog. I a
chester in fog."—Verhaeren
gian.

Yves Guyot calculates th
of this war means the destr
4,000 million pounds of ma
And this is a capitalists' war

It takes four months to
millions for the Prince of
and one week to collect 35
4 per cent., for the war loan

A man, his wife and
Southwark tried to live o
week. Result: A coroner'
"death from natural causes

We wonder what profits
ciers and contractors are
their "allies"—Servia, Fr
gium.

In Germany 15,000 me
International Transport W
employed and 53,000 are
Of the latter 36,000 are m
are now some widows.

Horatio Bottomley wan
ligion. Capitalism is tr
failure.

After the war Sir Wm. P
dent of the Textile Indus
State to "leave them al
country and we will mak
great." We know that gr

"And the people bleed.
ways the people who bl
Carpenter.

"By and by we shall
Continental comrades are
while let us remember
France and Belgium are
with invasion, of which w
—Keir Hardie, "Daily Ci
ber 4. Has Keir Hardie
invasion of Belgium and
gian and German comrade

"Organised charity, all
In the name of a cau
Christ."

"A principle is at bes
certainly not an open seas
to be applied without
pamphleteer."—Walter L

then, the "cultural" state of Germany may be said to have been satisfactory, if it was essentially provincial. For, in considering the products of the German muses, I am never able to get away from the feeling that I am studying the works of a local school—as it might be of an English county. You had, for instance, Barnes, the West-Country poet. Well, the West Country was a very pleasant country and Barnes was a very pleasant poet. If then Barnes and the West Country, with Exeter, Bideford, Taunton, Tintagel, and South Molton, had fostered a school of local poets, all singing of Devonshire coombes, of red apples, red deer, of clotted cream and pixies, and the Bristol Channel and the "bore" on the Severn, you might have had a very pleasant, charming, and indigenous output of verse. And if, then, there had been universities in Exeter, in Barnstaple, in Torridge, in Gloucester and Worcester and Hereford, and if these universities had turned out very erudite, learned, and eminent professors whose minds ranged through the classics, the works of the Fathers, and the chronicles from Asser to Richard of Gloucester, and if the students attracted to those venerable seats of learning had been gay and independent young men, with a desire for freedom and wrong-headed and right-headed theories of the arts, you might have evolved a kindly and pleasant provincial cultural spirit, such as distinguished Germany from the years 1815 to 1848.

From this date onward the history of German culture as it was affected by the German university system—and again, I must point out that in Germany the universities play an enormous part in "cultural" life—becomes every year increasingly gloomy. Professor Bartels puts the date for the grand climacteric, the day when German learning finally became pure "philology," as 1876. "The *Philolog*," he says, "ruled over the spiritual life of Germany from 1876 onwards and German culture took on its notorious weakness." Professor Bartels, it will be observed, uses the word "Bildung" and not "Kultur."* And in this connection it may be interesting to use another short quotation from the same professor, in which once more the difference between culture, as we understand it, and "Kultur" in the German sense is very plainly shown. Speaking of the German school of poets which had its origin in these years and which began to practise shortly afterwards, the professor says that their work is so entirely worthless that: "One might as well absolutely pass them over in the

* "Der Philolog beherrschte seit 1876 das geistige Leben in Deutschland und die Deutsche *Bildung* nahm seine wohlbekannten Schwächen an" (Professor Bartels' *Die Deutsche Dichtung*, p 62). The similarity and at the same time the dissimilarity between English and German academic terminologies make writing about these matters an extremely tricky affair. It should be understood that "Philolog" is not the equivalent of the English word philologist. The proper translation of the English word "philologist" into German is "*Linguist*." "Philolog," derived as it is from Greek words meaning "lover of the word," may be exactly understood if it be read in the scriptural sense of "the letter which killeth and the spirit which giveth life." A "Philolog" is a scholar who of set purpose avoids paying attention to the spirit of the work he is criticising and who pays, on the other hand, an extremely minute and industrious attention not only to the philology of the work in its English sense, but to the biography of the producer, to the methods of production, to the punctuation, the syntax, the dialect variations, and to every possible department of fact connected with the work.

dramatic and dancing academy the casts have been selected and rehearsed) has introduced a number of dances and ensembles. The music is arranged by Miss Wright, the musical directress of the schools. The second piece is a romance

Miss Mary Austin's company, playing *The Cotton Spinner*, are paying their first visit to the south-eastern district of London this week, where at the Elephant and Castle they are meeting with a good recep-

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TWO LADIES (young, sisters), owning secluded house in West End square, wish to let charmingly furnished

DOGS.—Beautiful White, house-, granddaughter of Queen Alexandra's Puppies.—Mrs. Kilburn Scott, Bromley, Scala Theatre.

ompanying cutting from The Athenæum of
Dec 5 1914

A LITERARY LETTER :

"The Dynasts" on the Stage.

It is always hard for a world which is stubbornly emphatic in its literary taste to recognise that an author is great as a writer of prose and of poetry. That is why only a select few really accept Mr. Thomas Hardy as a great poet, while all who read permit him readily enough the pre-eminent place among living men of letters by virtue of his novels. Yet that Mr. Hardy, in spite of perhaps a certain lack of the "lyric cry," takes rank among great poets is beyond question. I find it made clear by many a haunting verse in his new volume, *Satires of Circumstance* (Macmillan). It would be easy did space permit to quote verse after verse to demonstrate that throughout this volume we are in the region of high poetry.

But those of Mr. Hardy's admirers who had the good fortune to be present at the Kingsway Theatre the other day when Mr. Granville Barker placed *The Dynasts* on the stage will have found still more emphatic evidence of Mr. Hardy's genius as a poet. It was not a great first night as such things are managed by Sir Herbert Tree and Sir George Alexander, functions where everybody who is anybody is present. Among the audience, it is true, I caught sight of Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Masefield, but I have seen more of our men of letters on occasion at a musical comedy than I saw at Mr. Granville Barker's great production. Yet to me it was a notable function. The three volumes of *The Dynasts* is a record of events in European history that have thrilled that select band of literary enthusiasts who love great drama. *The Dynasts* placed Mr. Hardy in the front rank of our poets as *The Return of the Native* placed him in the front rank of our novelists.

Had anyone told me, however, that here in *The Dynasts* was an acting play I should have been utterly incredulous, and my admiration for Mr. Granville Barker is enhanced tenfold in that he was able to take these three volumes and carve them down into a fine acting play. He was able to bring together a company which declaimed this verse in such a manner as to carry the conviction that one was listening to a great dramatic performance, a performance, moreover, vastly superior to any of the poetic dramas to which we have been treated during the past ten years or so. Every lover of literature should visit the Kingsway Theatre during the next few weeks and see this great epitome of the doings of Napoleon and of Wellington and of Nelson. You will find a thrill in every scene, and will come away as vividly impressed as from a well-acted drama by one of the great Elizabethan dramatists.

We owe to Sir Frederic G. Kenyon a valuable addition to

A POEM ON THE WAR

By

THOMAS HARDY.

In these stern times of ours, when crimson strife
Throws shade on every thoroughfare of life,
Disfigures comely countries with its gore,
And sends back mangled heroes to our shore,
The gift of gifts is sturdy hardihood,
That holds it firm through each vicissitude,
Not only hour by hour, but year by year,
If need be, till life's lurid skies are clear.

Arrested by perceptions such as this,
We gather that it may not be amiss—
During the few brief minutes you can spare
From the innumerous claims that call your care—
To raise up visions of historic wars
Which taxed the endurance of our ancestors;
That such reminders of the feats they did
May stouten hearts now strained by issues hid.

Therefore have we essayed to represent,
By our faint means, event upon event
That Europe saw a hundred years ago. . . .
What matters that Napoleon was our foe?
Fair France herself had no ambitious ends;
And we are happy in a change that tends
To make of nearest neighbours closest friends.

The Prologue to "The Dynasts"

As produced by Mr. Granville Barker at the Kingsway Theatre, London, and recited by Mr. Henry Ainley

patriotic platitudes. The reviewer for The Daily Telegraph and his article gives a fairly clear impression of what Mr. Barker accomplished and his means and methods with poem and performance. "History in glimpses," he begins, "a set of colored illustrations to history. Such is the effect of Mr. Hardy's epic drama as Mr. Granville Barker puts it on the stage. The enterprise was indeed almost overwhelming. In the latest edition 'The Dynasts' packs close more than five hundred pages with heaven knows how many characters and scenes. This huge scope is essentially necessary to Mr. Hardy's method and purpose. He wanted to be cosmic. He meant to give you a sense of the universe and introduce you to fundamental principles of being.

is sure to create different feelings, for while some will be intellectually entertained others will scarcely be at their ease with a show that suggests to the elderly an old Polytechnic entertainment taken in hand by the Elizabethan Stage Society. There is really very little to be said of the production. What can one say of a series of over twenty scenes connected only by a story more or less known to all? Here and there one gets a scene of some substance, as that of the death of Nelson in the Victory's cockpit; elsewhere merely a glimpse of the life of the day, as where a barrierful of citizens gathered to see the King and Pitt on their way to the Guildhall—the procession, like perhaps too much else, is imagined to pass in the Kingsway auditorium. Nor do the actors get the full play to which they are accustomed."

the *Literary* 41,280.

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moved and had their being, and for whom history was like a story of his own making, so that he could make it his own story when he wrote of it.

It is not easy to quote from *The Dynasts*. One sees more clearly in the theatre than in the study that the longest and most elaborate speeches are not the best. What tells most is such a short speech as that of Wellington when he is warned that he exposes himself too much at Waterloo :—

> I know, I know. It matters not one damn!
> I may as well be shot as not perceive
> What ills are raging here.

Or this, when he is asked by Hill what commands he leaves if he is shot :—

> These simply: To hold out unto the last,
> As long as one man stands on one lame leg
> With one ball in his pouch!—then end as I.

Wellington is more emotional than he was in actual speech; but that is only because he is more expressive; and the aim of poetic drama is to express more than real men ever do. The Wellington of *The Dynasts* is the Wellington of Goya's portrait rather than the typical English gentleman admired by the English and disliked by foreigners. But we may believe that Goya, and Mr. Hardy, have understood him better than those who did not see beyond his exterior and those manners which he put on until the habit of them became second nature to him, so that he might protect himself against

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That is what Mr. Hardy has
is why his drama acts even
reads.

The performance is rig
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sits in front of the stage a
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und in our Toy Galleries.

With Turtle Deck and Bulwarks. Beautifully painted and varnished.
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Debenham

erudite, learned, and eminent professors whose minds ranged through the classics, the works of the Fathers, and the chronicles from Asser to Richard of Gloucester, and if the students attracted to those venerable seats of learning had been gay and independent young men, with a desire for freedom and wrong-headed and right-headed theories of the arts, you might have evolved a kindly and pleasant provincial cultural spirit, such as distinguished Germany from the years 1815 to 1848.

From this date onward the history of German culture as it was affected by the German university system—and again, I must point out that in Germany the universities play an enormous part in "cultural" life—becomes every year increasingly gloomy. Professor Bartels puts the date for the grand climacteric, the day when German learning finally became pure "philology," as 1876. "The *Philolog*," he says, "ruled over the spiritual life of Germany from 1876 onwards and German culture took on its notorious weakness." Professor Bartels, it will be observed, uses the word "Bildung" and not "Kultur."* And in this connection it may be interesting to use another short quotation from the same professor, in which once more the difference between culture, as we understand it, and "Kultur" in the German sense is very plainly shown. Speaking of the German school of poets which had its origin in these years and which began to practise shortly afterwards, the professor says that their work is so entirely worthless that: "One might as well absolutely pass them over in the

* "Der Philolog beherrschte seit 1876 das geistige Leben in Deutschland und die Deutsche *Bildung* nahm seine wohlbekannten Schwächen an" (Professor Bartels' *Die Deutsche Dichtung*, p 621). The similarity and at the same time the dissimilarity between English and German academic terminologies make writing about these matters an extremely tricky affair. It should be understood that "Philolog" is not the equivalent of the English word philologist. The proper translation of the English word "philologist" into German is "*Linguist.*" "Philolog," derived as it is from Greek words meaning "lover of the word," may be exactly understood if it be read in the scriptural sense of "the letter which killeth and the spirit which giveth life." A "Philolog" is a scholar who of set purpose avoids paying attention to the spirit of the work he is criticising and who pays, on the other hand, an extremely minute and industrious attention not only to the philology of the work in its English sense, but to the biography of the producer, to the methods of production, to the punctuation, the syntax, the dialect variations, and to every possible department of fact connected with the work.

dramatic and dancing academy the casts have been selected and rehearsed) has introduced a number of dances and *ensembles*. The music is arranged by Miss Wright, the musical directress of the schools. The second piece is a romance

Miss Mary Austin's company, playing *The Cotton Spinner*, are paying their first visit to the south-eastern district of London this week, where at the Elephant and Castle they are meeting with a good recep-

Vint and McKenzie, Ltd.—Registered on November 26, with a capital of £1,000 in £1 shares, to carry on the business of music-hall, theatrical, opera house, etc., proprietors, etc. The subscribers are: L. Vint, 142, Long Acre, W.C., theatrical proprietor, 450 shares;

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BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9. One Penny.

...rts --- Hardy Acted --- The Dance

"THE DYNASTS" STAGED

MR. BARKER'S EXPERIMENT WITH HARDY'S EPIC

Fragments of the Poem Transformed in Tableaux Vivants with a Reader and a Figured Chorus—Episodes from Trafalgar, Waterloo and the Peninsular Wars —The Lame Impression Upon the Audience

TWO weeks ago at the Kingsway Theatre in London, Mr. Barker set on the stage for the first time parts of Mr. Hardy's epic of the Napoleonic wars, "The Dynasts," hitherto existent on the printed page only. The actor-manager made the venture because it was interesting in itself, like all efforts to bring to the footlights, what is seemingly impossible behind them and because it might minister to the temper of the times. For this latter end, indeed, Mr. Hardy wrote a short prologue in rhyme to be recited before the curtain rose. He wrote it, as the verse explained, and he had permitted Mr. Barker's experiment.

In these stern times of ours, when crimson strife
Throws shade on every thoroughfare of life,
To raise up visions of historic wars,
Which taxed the endurance of our ancestors,
That such reminders of the feats they did
May stouten hearts now strained by issues hid.

Most of the reviewers in the newspapers of London forget to describe the chosen fragments, the fashion in which they were brought to the stage and the impression that both made upon the audience. Instead, in the fashion of much writing about the arts in these days in England, they merely maunder through paragraphs of patriotic platitudes. The reviewer for The Daily Telegraph and his article gives a fairly clear impression of what Mr. Barker accomplished and his means and methods with poem and performance. "History in glimpses," he begins, "a set of colored illustrations to history. Such is the effect of Mr. Hardy's epic drama as Mr. Granville Barker puts it on the stage. The enterprise was indeed almost overwhelming. In the latest edition 'The Dynasts' packs close more than five hundred pages with heaven knows how many characters and scenes. This huge scope is essentially necessary to Mr. Hardy's method and purpose. He wanted to be cosmic. He meant to give you a sense of the universe and introduce you to fundamental principles of being.

"Nor is it to be denied that in some measure, and after his own fashion, Mr. Hardy succeeded. You may not like the sombre negations which go for so much in his philosophy. You may feel that even when his spiritual choruses raise the flag of hope they are only trying to give substance to abstractions. And as a mere matter of art you may think that the spirits are often rather stiff and stilted fellows, with an ear not very acute for humor. But however you choose to quarrel with it, you still rise from 'The Dynasts' with a keener sense of the mystery of things and the strange irony of human fate. You do feel in it at once the immensity of the world and the blindness and the agonies of men. Through its strange pages, in spite of their oddity and their recurring stiffness, 'all creation groaneth and travaileth in pain.'

"Of that you get upon Mr. Barker's stage almost nothing. Unless it was a fault to bring the book into the theatre at all we cannot blame him. A vast deal had to be cut out, and even Mr. Barker's speedy methods only enable him to give a fragment of the book. He has cut out his fragment very neatly, and the fragment which he has chosen was obviously the one to take. But inevitably the effect of it is something quite different from the effect of the whole. The cosmic quality of the drama is gone altogether. Instead of the universe we are thinking about Nelson and Wellington and Napoleon, at most of the national spirit of England. As for the ironies of fate or the ultimate mysteries of our being, they trouble us not at all.

"What Mr. Barker has taken may be easily described. He gives us Trafalgar, the Peninsula, and Waterloo. The struggle with Napoleon becomes merely England's affair. The continental dynasts are ruled out. As for the various spirits, very little indeed is left of them, and that little not wholly typical. They are represented by two gray-robed ladies seated on either side of the stage, who give us antiphonically from time to time the gentler and simpler poetry of the drama. In the middle, in front of the stage, and below, Mr. Henry Ainley sits at a reading-desk to expound to us the scheme of things and give us Mr. Hardy's elaborate stage directions, which are, of course, essentially a succinct history of the period.

"Upon the stage, with no more scenery than the simplest suggestion, we have a swift procession of animated pictures, almost all of real moments. After glimpses of the Wessex rustics at Weymouth we are at Trafalgar. To Villeneuve's quarter-deck succeeds Nelson's. We owe Mr. Barker many thanks, no doubt, for sparing us the old-fashioned stage battle, with its lurid colored fire and its headaches of bangs. But we do not know that the new style is much more impressive. If we are to leave so much to our imagination, if we can have no more illusion than actors made up after the portraits saying more or less, the historical things, as well abandon all attempts at illusion and take your battle from the printed page. When Trafalgar [illegible] smoke or sound, when [illegible]

long reading of the story. On the printed page these bits of compressed history are, at the worst, not disturbing. They detain you only a moment or not at all. But in the theatre they destroy all feeling. You seem again to be enduring that worst kind of university lecture, which need never be delivered if only the don, your enemy, would write a book."

In turn, the reviewer for The Morning Post adds a few interesting particulars: "Miss Lilla McCarthy and Mr. Granville Barker last night at the Kingsway Theatre made their contribution to the war drama of the day. It was not to be expected that they would be content to produce the war play of ordinary commerce. Theirs is an intellectual management; theirs, too, an intellectual public, and naturally they go for really big game. All honor to them for doing so, but the question remains whether 'The Dynasts' is within range of the theatre. The poem is no drama, and in attempting to stage some of it Mr. Barker has been influenced not so much by its dramatic possibilities as by the resemblance, dwelt on in prologue and epilogue, of Napoleonic times and conditions to our own.

"The result is a series of tableaux vivants in which the characters speak and move, interspersed with explanatory passages read by Mr. Henry Ainley, stationed about where the conductor of the orchestra might be, but facing the audience, or chanted by two women draped in drab robes enthroned on either side of the stage. The scenery is purely formal, neutral-tinted walls with apertures, local color being lent, however, by the introduction of a beacon when the scene is the Dorsetshire coast, a bivouac fire near Corunna, a settee in a village inn parlor, a taffrail on the Victory, and so on. Costumes are of course used, and to them much care appears to have been devoted. The result is sure to create different feelings, for while some will be intellectually entertained others will scarcely be at their ease with a show that suggests to the elderly an old Polytechnic entertainment taken in hand by the Elizabethan Stage Society. There is really very little to be said of the production. What can one say of a series of over twenty scenes connected only by a story more or less known to all? Here and there one gets a scene of some substance, as that of the death of Nelson in the Victory's cockpit; elsewhere merely a glimpse of the life of the day, as where a barrierful of citizens gathered to see the King and Pitt on their way to the Guildhall—the procession, like perhaps too much else, is imagined to pass in the Kingsway auditorium. Nor do the actors get the full play to which they are accustomed."

NEWS OF THE THEA...

Mr. [illegible] by Barker To... Entertainment—T... mouth Drama[illegible]

[Registered as a Newspaper.] PRICE 1d.

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the *Literary* 41,280.

...n to us and ...e revealed by ...y observer in ...d is dramatic ...s than when ...er conceived ...ho knew his ...men and the world in which they lived and moved and had their being, and for whom history was like a story of his own making, so that he could make it his own story when he wrote of it.

It is not easy to quote from *The Dynasts*. One sees more clearly in the theatre than in the study that the longest and most elaborate speeches are not the best. What tells most is such a short speech as that of Wellington when he is warned that he exposes himself too much at Waterloo :—

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Wellington is more emotional than he was in actual speech; but that is only because he is more expressive; and the aim of poetic drama is to express more than real men ever do. The Wellington of *The Dynasts* is the Wellington of Goya's portrait rather than the typical English gentleman admired by the English and disliked by foreigners. But we may believe that Goya, and Mr. Hardy, have understood him better than those who did not see beyond his exterior and those manners which he put on until the habit of them became second nature to him, so that he might protect himself against

of making his characters live and his events move the moment the scene begins. He always keeps to business, because he knows what his business is, because he has both knowledge and a clear design; and if he lacked these no beauty of words and no poetic ornament could make his drama live.

The Dynasts, then, is a great achievement; and this performance of it proves it greater even than we thought. So we are very grateful to Mr. Granville Barker for it; and not merely for what he has done, but also for the promise of what may be done in the future. For *The Dynasts*, though not written for the stage, may tell our poetic dramatists how they ought to write for the stage; how the essence of large poetic drama is not poetry or curtains, but revealing action and words to suit it. Mr. Hardy writes blank verse, which is supposed to be outworn, and often it is rhetorical blank verse which ought to be the most obsolete of all; but, because he says in it what reveals the minds of the speakers, it is as much alive as the dialogue of Ibsen. Therefore the business of the poetic dramatist is not to trouble too much about the kind of speech or verse that he will use—he must use the best he can find for his purpose—but to know his characters and their actions. Still less need he trouble to be theatrical or to produce a little-minded play. He is not likely to combine vividness and cumulative power as they are combined in *King Lear*. But he must remember that drama is action, and that poetic drama is momentous action; and he must see his drama as action and fit his speech to that. That is what Mr. Hardy has done, and that is why his drama acts even better than it reads.

The performance is rightly conceived throughout, with swiftness of succession, absence of realism, and a good choice of scenes. Mr. Henry Ainley, as the reader, sits in front of the stage and describes the background and the chain of events, using, whenever possible, the language of the author's scene-directions. Two ladies, as the chorus, sit one on each side of the stage, and say a selection of the poems written for the different spirits of the drama. This is a good way of presenting what was written only to be read, and yet what is necessary to express the mood and purpose and comment of the whole. But all this should be presented impersonally, as it is conceived impersonally, and the modern actor has no notion of saying anything impersonally. If he recites a lyric by Shelley he does it as if he were a character in a play. Thus both Mr. Ainley and the chorus are too emotional. Mr. Ainley sometimes shouts description as if he were a general on the field of battle shouting commands to his men. And the chorus are rigid and staring and tremulous when nothing is needed of them except to say their lines clearly and rhythmically. Nothing but that; yet it is just what actors are never taught to do, and until they learn it they will not be capable of beautiful speech. Before the poetic drama can be properly performed on our stage, whether it be Shakespeare's or any new poet's, actors must learn to say poetry as a good reader reads it in a small room and yet so that it may be heard all

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"Some such criticism applies to many of the scenes. When we behold by turns Napoleon and Wellington storming in the crisis of Waterloo we are not more but less impressed than when we read again the familiar story. If we have to hear from behind a curtain invisible actors repeating that supremely characteristic dialogue, Lord Uxbridge's 'I've lost my leg, by God,' and Wellington's 'Have you, by God!' we begin to ask why we should come to the theatre at all. Whose emotions are stirred by such a pretence of reality as this?

"What went best were the scenes which could simply and naturally pass upon the stage—Nelson's death in the cockpit, the women seeking their husbands through the outposts at Salamanca, or the ball before Waterloo. This missed, indeed, Bryon's melodramatic thrill, but was, we suspect, the more real, as it was certainly the more affecting. In the great battles sometimes a fine touch of acting, in Mr. Sydney Valentine's Napoleon, for example, might quicken the blood, but for the most part we were left restless and cavilling.

"There is another phase of this matter of illusion. Mr. Barker, who relies confidently on our imagination, has no opinion of our knowledge. The amount of historical explanation left to Mr. Ainley to read was enormous. These summaries of fact are not the strongest part of Mr. Hardy's work. It is not, for instance, to him, but to Napier that we owe our thrill over the grim glory of Albuera, and we are not much grateful for having to sit under a

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New York

The Jobless There Only a Third Their Number a Year Ago, a This in Unusually Slack Times

By Franklin Clarkin

New York, Dec.

So far this winter the army the workless, the "won't-wo and the "can't-works" in city is scarcely a third wha was last winter. Notwithsta ing war depressions and the presence stranded European reservists, idle fo have diminished to the extent of at l twelve army divisions. Pending an curate census Chamberlain Bruere e mates that the distressed workless present number 25,000, "though it ma later reach 100,000," and Superintendent Walter Sears (of Boston) who is setting up the new Free Municipal Employment Bureau, places the present number at "approaching 100,000"—which is to be compared with last winter's 350,000. Decrease may be due to better business, a lessened immigration, measures taken throughout the country to "connect the idle workmen with the vacant job," measures to diminish disabling accidents and to compensate for them, and to safeguard health and strength in laborers so they may not become "unemployable"—and thereby charges on the general public.

New Conference

Another national conference on furthering the "cure of unemployment" will be held between Christmas and New Year's, this time at Philadelphia. It will be recalled that last winter one city after another had come face to face with the unemployment problem, and as John B. Andrews puts it, "a wave of constructive effort swept the country, much of it made by private organizations such as the City Clubs of New York and Philadelphia, and Chambers of Commerce, notable among which was the Chamber of Commerce of Boston. At the crest of the wave came the first call in the United States for constructive action on a large scale—the call for the New York conference from the American Association for Labor Legislation in affiliation with the American Section of the International Association on Unemployment." He adds that since that conference, "these affiliated associations have been co-operating with the Boston Chamber of Commerce in an inquiry into possibilities of regularizing work inside the factory or shop, and of investigating the seasonal fluctuations. This inquiry has shown that many employers in Greater Boston have already accomplished things and the Massachusetts State Committee on Unemployment recently organized, under the auspices of our affiliated associations on unemployment, for an energetic campaign this winter to urge the necessity of adopting additional constructive measures for effecting a permanent cure rather than a temporary alleviation."

Enough Charity to Go Round

Cries have been raised that "the city's unemployed and unemployable" be looked after as well as wounded and refugees on foreign battlefields. They are going to be looked after, and the reasons for their plight candidly looked into, as never before. It is not necessary to interfere with any extraordinary giving to do so; anyway, it is recognized as dangerous to intercept in any degree the impulse of the "haves" to give to the "have nots." Especially at a time when the striving is for a less and not for a more selfish world. Never in a lifetime—perhaps not in history—have generous impulses been so stirred in New York as now. Doubtless it is the same all over the country. Totals in money rise hour by hour. At the opera, at concerts, at the play, even in suburban trains and the subway, women are knitting—knitting for a cause that has touched their hearts and fancy. Nothing like the same pity and industry is expected to be aroused for those who have been dropped out by private employers. If it may be insinuated that Germany is relieved when Americans feed the non-combatants Germany has subjugated, is it not likely to be insinuated that Powers who profit by labor are relieved when the general public takes care of their refugees, maimed and incapacitated? Such things could only be safely asked in Massachusetts, because all records show that "there she stands" in the forefront of re-

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Switzerland Wants More Guests

Of course, there are many foreigners still in Switzerland; but they are spending less, and this fact, together with their condition, has contributed to drive the meaning of war home to the French Swiss, where most of these foreigners are now collected. Some are people of means but of ill health, unable to travel. Others are the wives and children of French and Belgian officers. Others yet, are destitute refugees. And finally, just beyond the borders of Switzerland, in what is known as the Frank Zone of Upper Savoie, there are French wounded soldiers.

The refugees are mostly Belgian, or else French from the Belgian frontier. I was surprised at their choosing Geneva to come to. But the head of the Commission Belge de Secours, founded after their arrival, told me their one idea seemed to have been to take any train and go with it as far as it would go. Thus about two hundred refugees arrived all together, in Geneva, just because the train went no further; others went on and were put off at various points because they were allowed to go no further. They have been taken in by various families, and work is provided as rapidly as possible for those in a condition to work; but they are generally quite destitute, and some of them still stupefied by their experiences.

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black for Germany, to give some idea of the operations in the early days of the war, there is loud applause whenever France gains ground.

But apart from questions of sentiment, French Switzerland seems to have a deeper realization than German Switzerland of the very meaning of war. Life is supposed to be continuing normally; yet one perceives that it is not. Provisions are not yet short and money is still plentiful; but it is evident that the Swiss themselves are apprehensive as to their general economical condition. Were Italy to join the war, Switzerland would be hemmed in on every side by belligerents; and that there are fears in this new direction is proved by the fact that the great tunnels leading to Italy have been so mined that they could be rendered impassable at a few minutes' notice. But what Switzerland dreads most is that which is already beginning to come to her—a dearth of foreigners. No country in the world, probably, depends so entirely upon foreigners for its own national life as Switzerland; and now that the first scare and crush are over and the foreigners are discovering that they are better off at home in times of war unless they have actual work to do abroad, the Swiss are reacting under the altered conditions. Two months ago the Swiss sneered openly when they heard of the issue of paper equivalents for a dollar in France and Germany. But for some weeks now there have not only been five-franc Swiss notes, but there have been fewer large silver pieces to be seen in circulation there than in France.

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After the war Sir Wm. dent of the Textile Indus State to "leave them country and we will ma great." We know that

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"And the people bleed ways the people who Carpenter.

"By and by we shall Continental comrades are while let us remember France and Belgium ar with invasion, of which —Keir Hardie, "Daily C ber 4. Has Keir Hardi invasion of Belgium and gian and German comra

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"Organised charity, all
In the name of a
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"A principle is at certainly not an open s to be applied without pamphleteer."—Walter

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dramatic and dancing academy the casts have been selected and rehearsed) has introduced a number of dances and ensembles. The music is arranged by Miss Wright, the musical directress of the schools. The second piece is a romance

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modern audience until they had learnt to listen to the words as if they were music. But until actors have learnt to say, and the audience to hear, words as if they were music, it will be impossible for poetic drama to be properly presented on the English stage, any more than an opera of Mozart's could be properly presented by bad Wagnerian singers. When a poet writes poetry, he means it to sound like poetry; and the higher poetry it is the more it should master and possess the actor who has to say it. The actors at the Kingsway Theatre deserve great praise for the manner in which they all tried to forget themselves in the drama; but the fact remains that they had not learnt the right method of forgetting themselves, and they were not trained executants of the music of speech.

But in speaking of the music of speech we may be misunderstood. Speech always differs from pure music in that the sounds have sense, and that the music of it is only to be reached through the sense. The actor's first business is to give the sense, and if he does that thoroughly he will give the music too. Our complaint against actors is that they do not find their way to the music through the sense, that they are more occupied with their own acting than with what the words mean, and that they act with their voices when they ought to be executing the words of the poet with them. The actor sees that the words express some kind of emotion, and he tries to express that emotion with his voice so violently that he overpowers the sense of the words, and little reaches the audience beyond a vague storm of sound. That does not matter in a bad play of exciting situations, where the words are nothing. But in a play where the minds of the characters, and their emotions, are fully expressed through the words it means that the actor substitutes his own vague storming for the precise expression of the poet. Words are not words to him at all, but merely noises; and one set of words would suit him as well as another, provided that they made the audience aware, in a general way, what was going on. His method, in fact, is the method of a drama that is not literature, of a drama in which words convey information, but express nothing. So, if we are to have a drama that is literature, the actor's method must be altered to suit it. It must acquire the temperance that we find already in the setting of *The Dynasts*, a setting that leaves the stage empty to be filled by the poet. In time, we hope, the actors will be his orchestra and the drama will become a music for the mind. It begins to be that already at the Kingsway Theatre.

CHURCH AND DEMOCRACY.

Canon Carnegie has set himself a task which Christian teachers must always be prepared to face, and which they have again and again undertaken. His little book, DEMOCRACY AND CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE: An Essay in Reinterpretation, (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net) must be classed with a long series of works which Christian writers have provided in their different generations to meet the challenges or doubts of their contemporaries both within and without the Church. It is the fate of even the best of these works to have but a passing importance. The very success with which they meet the special problems of their own days gives them, except in the rarest cases, little more than an academical interest to men of other times and circumstances. Their value depends on the accuracy and force with which they deal with the conditions of life in which their authors live, and the effectiveness of their statements of Christian truth.

Judged by this text, Canon Carnegie's essay has a real importance. He writes from the point of view of an orthodox Anglican, and much of the book is a defence of historic Christianity with its creeds and ministry. The arguments are set out with sustained thought and vigour, but perhaps he shows the skill of the apologist more frequently than the insight of the interpreter. Those who are outside organized Christianity and who are looking elsewhere than through its agency for the forces which must shape the progress of the democracy will be less attracted by this book than those who are already members of the Church. Perhaps there is nothing to regret in this, for it is clear that if Christianity is to influence the democracy a commencement in this work must be made by an energetic and well-considered movement within its own borders. Canon Carnegie points out with earnestness that the Church is effective just so far as it achieves satisfactory results in the form of character, and only in this way can it take its true place in social and intellectual life. The chapters which deal with the doctrines of the Holy Trinity, the Resurrection, and the Real Presence have their chief interest in the fact that they reveal a frank attempt to be true to the guidance of experience as it has been formed by a hearty acceptance of Christianity interpreted by the claims of daily life. If they seem to show but little acquaintance with the problems of modern Biblical criticism, that may be because the author considers the difficulties it raises to be of only secondary importance for his purpose.

THREE AMERICANS ON THE WAR.

THE WAR IN EUROPE. By PROFESSOR HART. (Appleton. 2s. 6d. net.)

AN AMERICAN ON THE WAR. By J. M. BECK. (*The Times* Publishing Company. 1d.)

CAN GERMANY WIN? (Pearson. 1s. net.)

The outbreak of war has brought America much nearer to Europe. In face of the tremendous disturbance of international commerce and finance, it is no longer possible for any citizen of the United States to congratulate himself on living in a privileged continent, remote from European implications. This discovery has been a considerable shock to national sentiment. Apart from the interest taken by Americans in the war for other reasons, they are concerned for its bearing on their own future. Out of the Old World, which they thought they had done with, there threatens to arise before them a victor fresh from this huge struggle, armed with a might proportionate to the task already achieved, and intent on striding from the Straits of Dover to the Chesapeake. The more accurately Americans realize the ambition of Germany to rule the world, the more anxiously they must forecast the possible success of German arms.

So far as can be judged from "The War in Europe," Professor Hart, of Harvard, is not among those who have fully taken the measure of the German "will to power." There is no reference in this book to the national creed of aggression built up by Treitschke and popularized by General Bernhardi. Treitschke is only incidentally mentioned as "the apostle of Germanism against the Slav," and Bernhardi not at all. Yet even with this imperfect perception of the aims of German militarism, Professor Hart is uneasy about the future of America and its institutions. He warns his countrymen that "if European wars are to be as numerous in the future as they have been in the past, the United States will have to enlarge its Army." He regards the whole future of American democracy as imperilled. If the more democratic nations should prove in this struggle to be inferior in military organization, he sees no alternative for his country but the risk of conquest or the acceptance of a military dictatorship. He is also uneasy about the continued maintenance of the Monroe doctrine, lest his country should be invited to vindicate it "against a Power which had just beaten Great Britain, France, and Russia."

The rest of the book chiefly consists of historical, political, and statistical sketches of the contending nations, with an analysis of the steps which led up to the war. This is usually fair and accurate (though Mauritius is not a French colony), and is circumspectly devoid of conscious bias. But his statement that "the English public was delighted with war" is untrue, and must be emphatically repudiated; while it is incredible that the opinion that "it is altogether probable that Germany exercised a pacific influence" can have been based on any careful study of the respective official versions of the negotiations.

This is at any rate not the conclusion of Mr. James Beck, an eminent American lawyer who has applied the usual legal methods of estimating evidence to the official accounts. His conclusion is cast in the form of a legal judgment, with an analysis of the evidence, and appeared in the *New York Times*. Mr. Beck unravels the story with dexterous skill, and comes to the conclusion that Germany undoubtedly acted hand in hand with Austria in putting pressure on Serbia; while, although it is not clear that the two Powers meant to precipitate a European war, "their whole course of conduct suggests this as a possibility." Mr. Beck lays stress on the suppression in the two Germanic accounts of important documents known to be in existence. He further points out that, in spite of the German Emperor's statement to the Tsar that he was counselling peace to Vienna, no document of this tenor has been published; and he concludes that even if, as is possible, the German Emperor was sincere in this aim, "his attitude was not that of his Foreign Office." The German version is also self-contradictory in its claim that the Austrian demands on Serbia were neither known nor approved beforehand in Berlin.

The anonymous author of "Can Germany Win?" writes as an American man of business in close touch with Germany. His aim is to make Englishmen realize more fully the resources of the German nation and its implacable hatred for this country. He writes from accurate knowledge and with an earnest sense of responsibility. He urges that so far from the English people having been fully roused to the greatness of its task, it has only "stirred in its sleep"; and, although he believes in our ultimate victory, he thinks that we shall earn it hardly, and chiefly by our own exertions. He contends that we need to hate Germany more as she hates us—not with the same rage of malice, but with a fuller comprehension of the detestable nature of the German militarist creed. He declares that we are "still far from realizing the enormous power and unity of strength which these teachings have given to the German nation as a whole"; and he is shocked at the optimistic expectation of what he calls the "average Englishman" that Germany must soon collapse in this struggle from lack of men, of employment, and of food. It is true that the strength of German resources in these respects is still imperfectly realized, and the writer's sympathetic warnings are far from super-

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

LET me chronicle a most extraordinary fact: I received an invitation to the first performance of "The Dynasts" at the Kingsway Theatre. As I had not been invited to any of Mr. Granville Barker's productions since the first performance of "The Great Adventure," about 800 years ago, I was surprised. I have amused myself from time to time with the expression of my opinions of Mr. Barker; on the day that I received this invitation, my last article, wherein I abused his wife, was in print. I cannot suppose that the invitation was sent with the charitable intention of pouring coals of fire upon my head, because it was posted before my article was printed. Then why was it sent? I am aware that the season of goodwill is approaching, but I feel sure that Mr. Granville Barker is not susceptible to the spirit of Christmas; besides, to invite a dramatic critic to a theatrical performance is not an act of goodwill. I notice that the daily Press regards this production as a sop to patriotism and, I suppose, a stimulus to recruiting; was the invitation an appeal to my patriotism? Was Mr. Granville Barker saying: "We are all English now; come and see the march past of my stage army"? Anyhow, the editor said: "We don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go"; and I went. Now I think that I ought to be decorated "for valour."

Mr. Thomas Hardy declared, in his preface, that "'The Dynasts' is intended simply for mental performance, and not for the stage." That was written eleven years ago, before Mr. Granville Barker had perfected his means of staging "mental performances," or, in other words, of leaving things to the imagination of the audience. But the war now proceeding on the Continent (I believe that I am right in stating that there is a war, but one gets so confused by the newspapers; perhaps there is only a triumphal march by the Allies) introduced that enemy of Art known as Apropos. "The Dynasts" was not intended for the stage, but

> In these stern times of ours, when crimson strife
> Throws shade on every thoroughfare of life. . .
> We gather that it may not be amiss . . .
> To raise up visions of historic wars
> Which taxed the endurance of our ancestors.

Thus Time, and a prologue, and the selective powers of Mr. Granville Barker, overcome the merely technical difficulties of an artistic intention. It is possible to do anything on the modern stage except act or be dramatic; in fact, the stage is suffering from the evolution that is affecting all the arts. Pictures are painted that no one can look at, music is composed that cannot be played or heard, books are written that cannot be read (no new phenomenon this), and plays that are not written for performance on the stage are none the less produced there. Well, well, this is the twentieth century since the birth of Christ, so I suppose that it cannot be helped.

That the thing is a medley need hardly be said; but the outstanding fact that makes Mr. Barker such a danger to the stage is his constant aiming at merely pictorial effect. On the stage level, at each corner of the proscenium, sit Strophe and Anti-Strophe, looking as though they had been transported from Holborn Viaduct; below them on the floor level, in the dead waist and middle of the orchestra, sits a reader, a very mediæval reader. There they sit silently during the traffic of the stage, looking handsome (as in the case of the reader), and incongruous (as in the case of the chorus), and fill in the blanks with comments in prose and verse. Behind them, on the stage, is a white wall with three panels cut in it; and the action takes place in front of the wall, or in one of the panels. For example, a mere backcloth with the "N" monogram, a settee, placed against it, and a table to the left of the settee, seen through the centre panel, serves as the room at Fontainebleau wherein Napoleon signed his abdication; remove the backcloth, settee, and table, and the same scene serves for the hill at Waterloo wherefrom Napoleon witnessed his defeat; remove Napoleon, put a rail across the centre panel, and you have a street scene outside the Guildhall; and so on. You get a series of little peepshow pictures seen through a double frame, the proscenium with its posed figures forming the carved frame, the space between the proscenium and the panel forming what is called the "sight," I think, and the panel, of course, forming the second frame of the picture. It is all very interesting as an example of the art of the picture-frame maker.

But there is, as in all Mr. Barker's productions, a marked indecisiveness of effect. In the main, the production amounts to no more than a dramatic recitation of selected scenes from "The Dynasts"; but dramatic recitation does not require a built-up scene, nor does it permit of action. Dramatic recitation of the scene on the "Victory" at Trafalgar, for example, does not require the person representing Nelson to tramp up and down in front of a white wall with three panels, pretending that it is a quarter-deck, nor is it proper to dramatic recitation for him to fall forward on his face when he is supposed to be shot. The strange indecisiveness of Mr. Barker's methods is best illustrated by comparing this scene with the following one in the cockpit. The battle of Trafalgar is only a "mental performance," Nelson is apparently shot by an imaginary air-gun, for there is no report and no visible rifleman; and the unreality of the scene is continued to its conclusion, when a marine who is called forward to shoot the supposed rifleman who shot Nelson, points his rifle at the gallery, pulls the trigger, and solemnly declares that he has killed the fellow, although his rifle has only clicked. Of two things, one; either the scene is to be realised in imagination, in which case we do not need the marine with his unloaded rifle, or it is to be realised in apparent fact, in which case the rifle must not be unloaded, nor must Nelson fall to an inaudible shot. The scene in the cockpit leaves nothing to the imagination; it is a real coverlet that covers the dying Nelson, it is a real bandage that the doctor uses, the lamp is a real lamp, and the kiss that Hardy gives Nelson sounds like a real kiss. Either the thing must be presented "realistically," as it is termed, or it must be presented imaginatively, or, more correctly, literally; but to ask us to imagine the accessories in one scene, and to see them in the next, is to reveal only the indecisiveness of the producer.

All through the production it is possible to trace this indecisiveness; Mr. Granville Barker does not know what effect he wants to produce, and consequently does not know how to produce it. If we are to imagine the rifleman who shot Nelson, surely we can imagine the difference between the quarter-deck of the "Victory" and the poop of the "Bucentaure." But, no; Mr. Barker gives Nelson the whole width of the stage for his quarter-deck, with a low canvas screen in front to aid imagination; but coops the officers of the "Bucentaure" in a corner of the stage, behind a rail about two feet high. I have never witnessed, even at a Barker production, anything more absurd than this scene, unless it be all the other scenes of "The Dynasts." The total impression conveyed is of a mixture of dramatic recitation (by the reader and chorus) and grand charades. There are short passages of good acting (from such a big cast, not even Mr. Granville Barker could exclude actors), but before one can settle down to the development of one dramatic trend, one is hurried on to another scene with different actors and a different purpose. Mr. Hardy's original intention to illustrate the period by a succession of varied scenes, instead of demonstrating its significance by posing characters in conflict, was undramatic enough; but Mr. Barker, with his hesitation between the two methods of realisation and make-believe, between acting and recitation, has only realised the dramatic ineffectiveness of Mr. Hardy's work on the stage, and given us a raree-show for a drama.

Canine Aliens: Another Manifesto.

(*Reprinted from* "THE KENNEL NEWS.")

WE think it is time that we, the dogs of Great Britain and Ireland, from the noble hounds of ancient lineage and glorious pedigree down to the humblest mongrels and curs of low degree, raised an unanimous howl to express our horror and detestation of the continued licence, liberty and hospitality accorded in our midst to dogs of alien breed. Naturally, we do not refer to our gallant allies the French and Russian poodles, or to the dogs of neutral nationalities such as Chows, Pekingese, Great Danes, etc. There was a time, it is true, when we were rather apt to regard the poodle with his befrizzled and beribboned coiffure and his monkey tricks as somewhat of a decadent freak, but since the entente cordiale we have become reconciled to his outré appearance and never meet him without a cordial exchange of tailwagging courtesies. It is not the poodles, but the Pomeranians and the dachshunds whom we would venture to urge should be confined in concentration camps, or better still, dumped in a lethal chamber. The pampered Poms are indeed a mere "contemptible little army" of fussy, frivolous flibbertigibbets, too insignificant, except in their own and their infatuated owners' estimation, to do much harm beyond lacerating the air with their shrill and strident yaps. Still, the province from which they originally hail is unpleasantly associated with a saying of Bismarck about the bones of Pomeranian Grenadiers; and it is a grave scandal that the widows and orphans of our brave British soldiers should be stinted in the necessaries of life while the unsatiable appetite of these infinitesimal Molochs is gratified b all the expensive luxuries for which they clamour. We suggest that Poms should henceforth be put on a plain diet of water and dog biscuit, and that their ludicrous personal adornments should be limited to an eighth of patriotic ribbon at 2¾d. the yard. But the most serious menace to our peace and welfare is, without doubt, the presence amongst us of that greedy and arrogant Teuton breed, which boasts such an interminable length of body and such an unconscionable shortage of leg. We never could understand in what the beauty and charm of their deformity consists, nor why masters and mistresses should be so fatuous as to lavish on dachshunds affection that would be so much more worthily bestowed on good old English bulldogs and terriers like ourselves, of normal proportions and gentlemanly instincts. Because Matthew Arnold's muse was misguided enough to find inspiration in his malodorous "Geistis" "liquid melancholy eye," we have been "fed up" ever since with dachshunds as the crême de la crême of canine culture. No one will deny that they possess a profundity of cunning and "slimness" that renders them very dangerous wolves in sheep's clothing. During the present crisis they have been audacious enough to advertise themselves as naturalised British subjects, and to claim descent from the ancient English turnspit, attributing their bandy legs to the onerous duties their ancestors performed as scullions in the days of chivalry, when they were employed in feudal households to baste the roast beef of old England. But, of course, this plea won't wash, for their guttural growl would betray them anywhere. They even bark with a German accent, and their silhouette bears a distinct resemblance to the configuration of the German sausage—a comestible which we need not add is religiously tabooed by all dogs to-day with any pretensions to patriotism. Not the hungriest mongrel in our ranks would scavenge outside the boycotted establishments of Messrs. Appenrodt were he in a starving condition. This we most solemnly affirm to be a fact. Many of our comrades bitterly resent being still forced to meet these alien canine snakes-in-the-grass on a social footing at their master's golf clubs or in the portico of the Army and Navy Stores. We most sincerely condole with a well-bred, high-minded, unintellectual fox-terrier of our acquaintance who is compelled to share his hearth, home and mistress with a dachshund revelling in the offensive appellation of Nietzsche (that name which is so beastly hard to spell and which at the present hour stinks in the nostrils of every sane and respectable Philistine, whether he be dog or journalist. This dachshund, Nietzsche, lives up to his name, for he attacks the sacred gaiters of a bishop with the same undiscriminating violence as he worries the profaner trousers of the postman. He actually dares to enter churches, not skulking beneath his mistress's skirts as any well-conditioned dog would do, but, boldly and unashamed, swaggering up the middle aisle and discharging a volley of barking oaths at the pulpit, to the consternation of the S.P.C.A. members of the congregation and the overwhelming shame of his owner. He practises the gospel of egoism and brute force at home by calmly appropriating the best place in the sun and the most alluringly luxurious armshair. He outrages all the rules of warfare and civilisation in his conduct towards his housemate our fox-terrier acquaintance, who positively dare not approach the fire in winter to warm himself for fear of being instantly steam-rollered out of the fender and ousted from the hearth-rug by this intolerably bumptious super-dog, who regards the fire as his special monopoly, as he does all the tit-bits that fall from his people's dinner-table. He gets the lion share of these as a matter of course, because he and his mistress boast that he can sit up on his hind legs longer than any dog in creation. As if there were any merit in sitting up on such contemptibly short little legs as his!

And it is from this very race of alien enemies that the modern Attila's favourite canine pets are drawn.

It is with pain and reluctance that we find ourselves thus bound to give utterance to these furious sentiments, but we should be failing in our duty as patriots if we neglected any opportunity of foaming at the mouth in public, and inculcating and spreading the microbe of Germanophobia, which has of late so happily replaced another phobia once a scourge among us. The services of a Pasteur institute are not required in the case of this new disease, its promotion being so much more desirable than its cure. Animated by righteous rage and profoundest esteem for our own interests we subscribe ourselves:—

All the Literary Top-dogs of Old England, without exception, including

Mr. Arnold Bennett's Prize Bull-pup, "Potter's Thumb."

Mr. Thomas Hardy's tenacious-jawed centenarian mastiff, "Dorset Butter."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's pedantic pug, "Gawdless Frump."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's obese spaniel, "Belly."

Mr. Edmund Gosse's slender schipperke, "Skim Milk."

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's bounding basset hound, "Blatant Beast."

Miss May Sinclair's toy terrier, "Tiny Zola."

Mr. Wells' greedy fox terrier, "Scientific Scavenger."

Mr. William Watson's poodle, "Fatal Facility."

Mr. Kipling's pugnacious Airedale, "Snorty."

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's mongrel, "Grin."

Mr. Charles Garvice's sweet and wholesome Pekingese, "Ineffable."

Mr. Le Queux's mangy retriever, "The Limit."

Postscript.—To these illustrious names may also be added those of the nameless rag-tag and bobtail whom we were once wont to cold shoulder, but with whom at this crisis in the nation's history when all we hold most dear is at stake, we are only too proud to be on a footing of equality and to join in a "Delight to Bark, Bite and Fight League," formed for the canine defence of these realms and dedicated to the proud memory of that immortal old bore and canting hymnodist, Dr. Isaac Watts.

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

the Englishman's castle. Our ways are not to be understood, they say. We are the only people who understand how to make a good fire, a fire which can take the place of the sun, yet we will keep the windows open. We boast that we alone can make a "home." We hate a life lived in public, yet we all aspire to keep open house. We are the shyest nation in the world, so stiff and *gauche* that all foreigners laugh at us when they have no immediate reason to like us; but we alone have sufficient effrontery to invite third persons to witness our domestic life, and to go and look on at the domesticities of others. Have we no feeling for the privacy of the family? The immediate result is a certain ceremonialism, from which perhaps springs some of our stiffness, our high standard of comfort and cleanliness, our less admirable liking for show, and our strong house-pride. We are not unconscious of the witness who sleeps, or who may shortly come to sleep, in the spare bedroom, or of the witnesses who constantly come to tea or dinner. Moreover, we know what a great many other homes are like, and we feel the force of emulation. We all want our home and our habits to be as handsome and refined as those of other Englishmen of our class. The present writer will never forget having taken a French farmer—not a peasant—over an English farmhouse. When he saw the sitting-room of the ladies of the family he was dumbfounded, and kept muttering: "But they are well off here! We have nothing like this." The room was not a specially pretty one, as the sophisticated count prettiness. It was cram-full of furniture, ornaments, and flowers. It had a certain beauty, even a certain poetry, about it, because it was evidently a treasure-house, and evidently the joy and pride of its owners. We use the word "pride" advisedly. They were proud of it, and they wished that it should be seen and admired. There is too much said against "show," in the better sense of an abused word. What we love and admire and value we want to show—in this country at any rate—from our children to our hearth.

There is one obvious effect of the presence of the spare bedroom upon the English middle-class soul which may or may not be a good one, according to how you look at it. It does in a measure disintegrate the less close ties of blood. We do not mean that it divides parents and children, but it does militate against that family solidarity which keeps the Roman notion of patriarchal authority alive, for instance, in France. The expression "the head of the family" has no authoritative meaning here—unless among the great. If children are brought up to be intimate only with their relations, while in some instances they may come to hate them, they will as a rule choose their friends from amongst them. The only outside sorrows and joys into which they enter will be those of their grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts and cousins, and the slight, very slight, aroma of comicality which hangs here about the titles of these relations of the second blood will not exist. In England we bring our children up to admit outside influence into the very heart of the family. The spare bedroom is the symbol of this we have a guest we live exactly as we do when we have none. That is the conventional middle-class attitude, and it is a handsome one; but it is not quite the truth. In reality, we put our best foot forward, and the bills go up by considerably more than the price of what our guest may eat. A Continental housekeeper would not like this expenditure. She would rather plan her housekeeping differently, live a little better at all times, and not waste on guests or "show."

Quite apart from its larger uses, however, we in England could never give up the spare bedroom—whatever may be the final high-water mark of town rents—because without one we should have nowhere to put those household gods in which we have ceased to believe. "That detestable chair" which So-and-so gave us, though we admired it once, and it is still far too good to get rid of, finds a haven in the spare bedroom. Those ornaments that we thought so much of before they went out of fashion, those old novels that no one reads twice and are too well bound to throw away—all go into the spare room. Then there are various pictures—things we once liked, and now like less. We could not bear to see them every day, but they "fill a space" very conveniently in the spare room. We have perhaps a sentimental respect for them. We could not ask them to live in the kitchens. For instance, the family portraits that are not a source of artistic pride, the landscapes our relations have painted and given to us, pictures of dogs long dead, and photographs of places to which we once travelled, possibly during a honeymoon—all these things are really dear to us, and are "quite good," but we have replaced them. We feel that they have a right to honourable shelter—in fact, to the lodging which we offer to our guests, to whom, so far as comfort is concerned, we offer always the best we have. The mistress of the house is naturally not much in the spare room, but probably she spends ten very agreeable minutes there before the arrival of a new guest. Then, as she pokes a bright fire, or puts a few flowers on the dressing-table, or looks at the soap and the writing-paper, she finds a moment to pay her respects to *lares* and *penates* out of date. That is where our children will put half our treasures—in the spare room! We must not, however, become sentimental. It is, as we have said, an honourable asylum. It has helped to form our children's characters, perhaps it has had something to do with the founding of the Empire. The governing qualities seem to bear some relation to the custom of hospitality. All aristocracies keep the custom. It teaches something about liberty and something about conformity which can hardly be otherwise learned—and no inhospitable nation will ever discover the Englishman's secret of the easy yoke. An Englishman's house is his castle. It is never his prison. It is a haven, not a stronghold guarded by relations. Into it his friends come freely, and out of it he himself goes readily, yet seldom without looking back.

"THE DYNASTS" AT THE KINGSWAY.

THE theatre has become the most grasping of the arts. In the full flush of its renaissance it seems to feel that there is no field of activity over which it cannot stretch its fingers. The political debate and the propaganda lecture long ago found a refuge behind its curtain. It thinks nothing of giving us *Anna Karenina*—of rattling through a three-volume novel in three hours. We are no longer surprised at seeing the music of a Schumann *suite* materialized behind the footlights. We scarcely turn a hair when we hear of a Bach oratorio performed as a comic opera. We may soon hope to see the vortex theory of the ether and the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid footing it gaily upon the boards. But meanwhile Mr. Granville Barker has done something scarcely less enterprising in presenting *The Dynasts* at the Kingsway Theatre.

Every one has read *The Dynasts*, or at all events looked into it; and even those who have only read its title-page know that it is "an epic-drama of the war with Napoleon, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes." A glance at the list of *dramatis personæ* will also reveal two noticeable facts—first, that there are a very great number of them, since they include a large part of the inhabitants of Europe a hundred years ago, and, secondly, that besides these human personages there figure an indefinite series of "phantom intelligences." A further examination of the book will show

that among the scenes represented are, on the one hand, such events as the battle of Austerlitz, and, on the other hand, frequent revelations of the anatomy of the Immanent Will. "Readers will readily discern," in short, as Mr. Thomas Hardy remarks in his preface, "that *The Dynasts* is intended simply for mental performance, and not for the stage." It is "literary drama," and in a much more definite sense than such works as *Atalanta in Calydon* or *Prometheus Unbound*, for it is not merely unsuitable for stage production, but incapable of it. Mr. Hardy did no more than borrow the rudiments of the machinery of the theatre, and produced a work of a non-descript form whose interest is partly historical, partly poetical, but principally philosophical—for its author has seized the Napoleonic Wars as a pretext for the exposition of his views upon the folly of human endeavour, the vanity of human desires, the inevitability of human destiny, and the horrors of life generally. It is unnecessary here to enter upon any criticism of the work as it was written, but a word of protest may be allowed against Mr. Hardy's use of blank verse as his principal medium. It exhibits, to begin with, the author's total inability to control that supreme but most difficult of verse-forms; and more than that, not only is the verse ugly in itself, but it fails to give expression to the author's ideas, it seems to choke his imagination, and it is perhaps the main cause of the feebleness of the characterization of the chief characters. What object can conceivably be gained by making the Duke of Wellington exclaim during the battle of Waterloo:—

> "Hard pounding this, my men! I truly trust
> You'll pound the longest!"

"I truly trust"! Was there ever a more hideous phrase? Was there ever a phrase more completely inexpressive in its weakness of Wellington's character? And as a corollary it must be added that the non-blank-verse parts of the book often reach Mr. Hardy's highest level—and we can think of no greater praise. The prose "comic relief" scenes are full of satirical humour and sharp character-drawing. The lyrical odes are touched with splendid music, and show an almost Swinburnian command of metre. Best of all, perhaps, are the descriptive "stage directions," pictorial and imaginative, yet terse.

In preparing *The Dynasts* for the Kingsway stage, Mr. Barker had before him two tasks, which we may call roughly the spiritual and the practical. His first business was to convert the gloomy and bitter metaphysics of Mr. Hardy's pessimism into something that would harmonize with our feelings at the present time. This was not a very difficult thing to do, and it has been done with complete success. By selecting only those episodes from the story which are concerned with England, and by censoring, if we may say so, the comments made upon them by the Spirit Sinister and the Spirit Ironic, Mr. Barker has given us a spectacle which, in its content, cannot help moving us very deeply. There are strangely close parallels between England's position now and her position a hundred years ago, and even the mere events of that other great war, presented bleakly and with an economy of comment, would stir us to a sense of the great ideals for which England fought then and is fighting again to-day. It was Mr. Barker's aim to arrange a version of *The Dynasts* which would affect a contemporary audience with some such feelings as these, and, as we have said, he has succeeded as well as the original work would allow him in the preparation of his version. There remained, however, the far more difficult practical task of putting this version upon the stage. How, indeed, could the battle of Waterloo be put upon the stage at all? How could a heterogeneous collection of short scenes be presented in rapid succession, without bewildering the audience? Would it not be obviously impossible to preserve the admirable stage directions which we have mentioned? And would the lyrical choruses also necessarily vanish? These are some of the questions by which Mr. Barker was faced, and those who are familiar with his other work will be able to guess his answer to some of them. The use of the Elizabethan principle of back-and-front stages, and the abandonment of realistic scenery, at once make possible the most rapid changes of scene, and to these devices we have already grown accustomed. But Mr. Barker now adds another piece of machinery which solves his main problems at a blow. This new plan is to have a "reader," who sits apart from the stage, reads out descriptions of the scenes we have to visualize—so Mr. Hardy's stage directions can be used after all—narrates to us the connecting events that separate scene from scene, and in general acts the part of showman. (We spoke of the plan as new; but in reality it is borrowed in its essentials from the Moscow Art Theatre, where it was used for the performance of some dramatized scenes from Dostoevsky's novel, *The Brothers Karamazov*.) In addition to the "reader," Mr. Barker employs two unnamed allegorical figures on either side of the stage, who recite between them the choral odes and as much as remains of the comments of Mr. Hardy's "phantom intelligences." All of this is excellent in theory, and much of it in practice. It is a little spoilt by over-acting, due in this case to a misconception common upon the stage. Without going deeply into the interesting question of the psychology of acting, we may say that an actor who is playing the part of a person actually going through a violent experience on the stage rightly imitates closely a person going through the experience. When, however, an actor is merely describing the experience as having happened at some other time, whether to himself or to some one else, he ought to behave quite differently. This is often overlooked. Thus Mr. Ainley (the excellent "reader"), in describing a cavalry charge, actually behaves as though he were taking part in one before our very eyes—which only serves to make us remember we are at the Kingsway Theatre, and to make us feel rather hot and embarrassed. There is an important distinction between acting and declaiming, and the sooner this distinction is grasped the better. But in spite of this fault, the "reader" and his assistants did very well on the whole, their enunciation in particular being remarkably clear. If we turn now from these adjuncts of the action to the action itself, our satisfaction must be less. Some of the acting, especially in the comic parts, was good; but in the serious scenes there was an unfortunate tendency to staginess, and we even noticed the melodramatic "sh" for "s" ("Aha! 'tish well"). But there is a more fundamental difficulty raised by this production which Mr. Barker might perhaps consider more carefully. Is it possible to combine non-realistic scenery with realistic costumes? It may be denied that illusion is an essential of the theatre, but it must be admitted that *something* was jarred upon by the spectacle of Wellington's Staff dressed historically down to the last gaiter-button and standing up against Mr. Norman Wilkinson's purely formal background. Perhaps, with extraordinarily skilful lighting, the thing might be achieved. But some of us at least are inclined to ask for everything or nothing. Either get a revolving stage and set each scene realistically—and how, even so, could Waterloo be managed?—or turn down the lamps, give your characters masks and Post-Impressionist clothes, and, in short, treat *The Dynasts* frankly as a super-puppet-show. The risks from compromise upon the stage are terrible; and Mr. Barker's compromise has sometimes brought him perilously near to a series of *tableaux vivants* in aid of a deserving charity.

B.

The New Age.
12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.
ting from issue dated 24 Dec 1914

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

If this sort of thing continues, I shall be a fully qualified military correspondent in a few weeks. "The Dynasts" showed me the reality of war, with invisible armies, smokeless powder, and all the modern improvements. War is simply this: a number of not very benevolent looking gentlemen wear uniforms, look at nothing through telescopes, and say: "Damn it": or words to that effect. I saw it at the Kingsway Theatre in "The Dynasts," and I feel as fully qualified to write about war as does any cadet from Sandhurst; indeed, I am quite sure that I myself would be a very good general. "My Tim can swear like any man," said the old maid of her cat; and I think that my knowledge of profane language is more extensive than that of any character in "The Dynasts."

ter may make us naïve, but it does at least keep our feet on the ground. When we try to substitute energy for matter, we drift into the abstract formulæ of the school of energetics, and when we exalt the attribute electricity into a world-stuff we lapse into the transcendental symbolism of relativity. These substitutions are repugnant to our common-sense, and in the end the experience of our sensations will prevail in science. None but the specialist will be satisfied to wrench our world of matter and sensations to satisfy a mathematical formula. Bacon gave a permanent warning when he stated that the function of mathematics was to follow phenomena and not to create them.

The essay closes with a discussion of the modifications which must be made in Newtonian mechanics if the modern hypotheses of electricity and relativity are accepted. Mr. Broad maintains a conservative position. His opinion, that further experience may teach us that the Newtonian laws of mechanics are only approximations, might be assumed from the fixed belief of physicists, although we sometimes dislike to admit it, that all scientific laws are laws of probability or approximation, and not of certainty. His final conclusion is sane, and shows the value of the book, especially now when both science and philosophy are tending to turn back to mediæval metaphysics:

> But [these] more general laws will still be laws about positions and velocities of some extended quality or qualities, and, as such, will be capable of the same sort of defence that I have offered for the traditional mechanical physics; that, although its laws were deduced from experiments made with appearances, they are transcriptions of the laws that hold among the real causes of our perceptions of appearances, and among the relations of these real causes to each other in a real spatial counterpart.

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Last night's production had not far advanced before we realized that Mr. Barker's daring was more than justified. He had shown admirable tact and ingenuity in grappling with a problem with regard to which he had no precedents to guide him. Reducing Mr. Hardy's text to perhaps one-tenth of its whole bulk, he had given it a species of unity by selecting those scenes in which England and Englishmen are most directly concerned; and for the presentation of these episodes he had invented a new scenic framework and, as it were, a new organ of epic-dramatic expression. Never did producer more truly collaborate with his author than Mr. Barker with Mr. Hardy; yet he has done it without thrusting his own inventions into the foreground, after the fashion of those actor-managers who inflict their collaboration upon the defenceless Shakespeare.

When all is said and done, however, Mr. Barker's methods are not really new. They are as old as the Elizabethan stage on the one hand, and the Japanese stage on the other. I do not know how far Mr. Barker was conscious of following these models. Of the Japanese stage, at any rate, he had probably no thought whatever. Yet his treatment of the mythology of the "The Dynasts" was as Japanese as his treatment of the historic episodes was Elizabethan.

When we entered the theatre, we were confronted by a specially constructed proscenium of plain gray, filled in with gray curtains. Against each of the raking panels of the proscenium was placed an elevated throne; while from the narrow apron in front of the curtains converging flights of steps led down to a stone seat with a sort of stone lectern before it. The architectural proportions of the whole structure were very pleasing. Presently the curtains opened in the middle and through them came two stately muse-like ladies (Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Carrie Haase), who proceeded to occupy the two thrones, and Mr. Henry Ainley, in Georgian attire, with a gray academic gown, who stepped down and seated himself at the lectern, facing the audience. To these three personages, the dual chorus and the single reader, were assigned the lyrical, philosophical, and narrative portions of the production. The two Muses, as they naturally would, spoke in verse, while the Reader, speaking for the most part in prose, supplied what may be called the connective tissue for the episodes, or the thread on which they were strung. He read, in short, Mr. Hardy's elaborate and characteristic stage-directions, to some extent rewritten, I imagine, for the occasion.

Now these lyrical comments and spoken stage-directions are established institutions of the Japanese stage, though in Japan the performers are seated, not in front of the proscenium, but in the wing. And I take it that the reason for their employment is much the same in both cases—namely, that we have to deal with a form of drama imperfectly differentiated from the epic, like one of the modern statues which are left but hazily emergent from the marble block. It cannot be said that the Muses insisted unduly on Mr. Hardy's philosophy. Only once, towards the end, did we hear anything about the Immanent Will. Most of the interludes were, I think, selected from the utterances of the Spirit of the Pities, so that their general effect was simply to give voice to that intense compassion which is, indeed, the essence of Mr. Hardy's criticism of life. At the very end, one was astonished to hear the Muses break forth into a hymn of almost jubilant optimism, suggesting the song of the Archangels at the beginning of "Faust." On reference to the text, it appeared that this pæan of the Pities was hypothetical rather than affirmative—the hymn they would have liked to sing had the world been ordered otherwise. Chanted without this proviso, it seemed rather to contradict all that had gone before; yet most of us were willing to condone the inconsistency for the sake of a ray of light through the clouds.

So much for the supernatural marginalia, if I may so call them. When the curtains opened, they revealed a stage arranged in almost exact accordance with the most recent reconstructions of the Elizabethan theatre: two side-walls slanting backwards, an entrance-way in each, and between the two entrances a slightly raised inner stage, or alcove, to which the walls served as a

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There is an important distinction between acting and declaiming, and the sooner this distinction is grasped the better. But in spite of this fault, the "reader" and his assistants did very well on the whole, their enunciation in particular being remarkably clear. If we turn now from these adjuncts of the action to the action itself, our satisfaction must be less. Some of the acting, especially in the comic parts, was good; but in the serious scenes there was an unfortunate tendency to staginess, and we even noticed the melodramatic "sh" for "s" ("Aha! 'tish well"). But there is a more fundamental difficulty raised by this production which Mr. Barker might perhaps consider more carefully. Is it possible to combine non-realistic scenery with realistic costumes? It may be denied that illusion is an essential of the theatre, but it must be admitted that *something* was jarred upon by the spectacle of Wellington's Staff dressed historically down to the last gaiter-button and standing up against Mr. Norman Wilkinson's purely formal background. Perhaps, with extraordinarily skilful lighting, the thing might be achieved. But some of us at least are inclined to ask for everything or nothing. Either get a revolving stage and set each scene realistically—and how, even so, could Waterloo be managed?—or turn down the lamps, give your characters masks and Post-Impressionist clothes, and, in short, treat *The Dynasts* frankly as a super-puppet-show. The risks from compromise upon the stage are terrible; and Mr. Barker's compromise has sometimes brought him perilously near to a series of *tableaux vivants* in aid of a deserving charity.

B.

e. It can hardly be denied that some of
n, notably sight and touch, are so much
e definite that we instinctively refer the
lities of color and extension to the ob-
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rary, such sensations as taste and smell
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ted. For example, "Common-sense finds
almost impossible to conceive of an un-
elled smell or an untasted taste, but finds
le difficulty in an unseen color and none
an unseen figure."

Two chapters are then devoted to phe-
menalism and its causal theories. This
ctrine, which has become very popular
nce the time of Mach, Mr. Broad accounts
adequate for a philosophic basis of science,
nd he counsels us to preserve an attitude
f agnosticism towards the real causes of
our perceptions. Although Mr. Broad gives
good reasons for the advisability of this
agnosticism, he fails to emphasize what is
perhaps the best reason. For, however at-
tractive the philosophy of phenomenalism
may be because of the readiness with which
it lends itself to mathematical analysis, it
has the fatal tendency of projecting the
theory of science into metaphysical specu-
lation. The belief in the existence of mat-
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Drama

"THE DYNASTS" ON THE STAGE.

A NOTABLE COLLABORATION OF THOMAS HARDY AND GRANVILLE BARKER.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, November 26.

It was not without misgiving that even the warmest admirers of Thomas Hardy and of Mr. Granville Barker heard of the projected presentation at the Kingsway Theatre of an abridged version of "The Dynasts." It seemed too gigantic a task even for Mr. Barker's energy and scenic skill. As one re-read Mr. Hardy's text, with its nineteen acts, its 130 scenes, and its two or three hundred speaking characters, to say nothing of crowds, parliaments, and armies, one was much more impressed by the scenic impossibilities than by the dramatic possibilities of the great epic in dialogue. It was magnificent, but it was not drama. And then there was the supernatural machinery: that hovering chorus of "Phantom Intelligences"—the Spirit of the Years, the Spirit of the Pities, the Spirits Sinister and Ironic, the Recording Angels, and other fearful wildfowl, to whom the poet has assigned the task of shedding upon the world-historic spectacle the searchlights of his pessimistic philosophy. How were these aerial phantasms to be treated? It might have been possible, no doubt, simply to omit them; but to this Mr. Hardy would scarcely have consented; and, besides, the action without its lyric accompaniments would have been like a libretto without its music.

Last night's production had not far advanced before we realized that Mr. Barker's daring was more than justified. He had shown admirable tact and ingenuity in grappling with a problem with regard to which he had no precedents to guide him. Reducing Mr. Hardy's text to perhaps one-tenth of its whole bulk, he had given it a species of unity by selecting those scenes in which England and Englishmen are most directly concerned; and for the presentation of these episodes he had invented a new scenic framework and, as it were, a new organ of epic-dramatic expression. Never did producer more truly collaborate with his author than Mr. Barker with Mr. Hardy; yet he has done it without thrusting his own inventions into the foreground, after the fashion of those actor-managers who inflict their collaboration upon the defenceless Shakespeare.

When all is said and done, however, Mr. Barker's methods are not really new. They are as old as the Elizabethan stage on the one hand, and the Japanese stage on the other. I do not know how far Mr. Barker was conscious of following these models. Of the Japanese stage, at any rate, he had probably no thought whatever. Yet his treatment of the mythology of the "The Dynasts" was as Japanese as his treatment of the historic episodes was Elizabethan.

When we entered the theatre, we were confronted by a specially constructed proscenium of plain gray, filled in with gray curtains. Against each of the raking panels of the proscenium was placed an elevated throne; while from the narrow apron in front of the curtains converging flights of steps led down to a stone seat with a sort of stone lectern before it. The architectural proportions of the whole structure were very pleasing. Presently the curtains opened in the middle and through them came two stately muse-like ladies (Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Carrie Haase), who proceeded to occupy the two thrones, and Mr. Henry Ainley, in Georgian attire, with a gray academic gown, who stepped down and seated himself at the lectern, facing the audience. To these three personages, the dual chorus and the single reader, were assigned the lyrical, philosophical, and narrative portions of the production. The two Muses, as they naturally would, spoke in verse, while the Reader, speaking for the most part in prose, supplied what may be called the connective tissue for the episodes, or the thread on which they were strung. He read, in short, Mr. Hardy's elaborate and characteristic stage-directions, to some extent rewritten, I imagine, for the occasion.

Now these lyrical comments and spoken stage-directions are established institutions of the Japanese stage, though in Japan the performers are seated, not in front of the proscenium, but in the wing. And I take it that the reason for their employment is much the same in both cases—namely, that we have to deal with a form of drama imperfectly differentiated from the epic, like one of the modern statues which are left but hazily emergent from the marble block. It cannot be said that the Muses insisted unduly on Mr. Hardy's philosophy. Only once, towards the end, did we hear anything about the Immanent Will. Most of the interludes were, I think, selected from the utterances of the Spirit of the Pities, so that their general effect was simply to give voice to that intense compassion which is, indeed, the essence of Mr. Hardy's criticism of life. At the very end, one was astonished to hear the Muses break forth into a hymn of almost jubilant optimism, suggesting the song of the Archangels at the beginning of "Faust." On reference to the text, it appeared that this pæan of the Pities was hypothetical rather than affirmative—the hymn they would have liked to sing had the world been ordered otherwise. Chanted without this proviso, it seemed rather to contradict all that had gone before; yet most of us were willing to condone the inconsistency for the sake of a ray of light through the clouds.

So much for the supernatural marginalia, if I may so call them. When the curtains opened, they revealed a stage arranged in almost exact accordance with the most recent reconstructions of the Elizabethan theatre: two side-walls slanting backwards, an entrance-way in each, and between the two entrances a slightly raised inner stage, or alcove, to which the walls served as a

proscenium-frame. The only feature of the Elizabethan stage that was lacking was the upper gallery or balcony over the inner stage; and there were one or two passages where one felt that Mr. Barker might have employed this feature, too, with excellent effect. Furthermore, he used his two stages quite in the Elizabethan fashion. On the front stage he placed no scenery, but only properties; while the back stage, by the simplest appliances, was occasionally converted into what we moderns call a scene, figuring, for instance, the cockpit of the Victory, or the antercom at Fontainebleau, where Napoleon signed his abdication. By this means an admirable rapidity of action was attained. The short interspaces between the episodes were filled by the Chorus and the Reader, so that the attention was always agreeably occupied—a point of no small moment where there was no inner cohesion between the episodes, and no interest of plot to carry the mind forward. Or, rather, the interest of plot lay in that great historic movement which it was precisely the business of the lyric and narrative interludes to suggest. One very stirring episode, by the way—the Battle of Albuera—was treated entirely as a recitation by the three Presenters, as they would have been called in Shakespeare's time.

Whether by reflection or by instinct, Mr. Barker certainly did exactly the right thing in giving "The Dynasts" an Elizabethan setting. For, apart from its philosophic marginalia, the poem is nothing but a gigantic chronicle-play. We can trace its ancestry right back, through "Sejanus" and "Catiline," through "Henry IV" and "Henry V," to "Edward II" and "Tamburlaine the Great." Its curiously bombastic style, which has probably frightened off a good many impatient readers, is a remarkable testimony to the enduring influence of the Elizabethan tradition—an influence both for good and ill; certainly not for good when it leads to Napoleon's talking like this:

> Tiptoed Assassination haunting round
> In unthought thoroughfares, the near success
> Of Staps the madman, argue to forbid
> The riskful blood of my previsioned line
> And potence for dynastic empery
> To linger vialled in my veins alone.

There perhaps never was a great poet—for a great poet Thomas Hardy surely is—who was so helpless and lumbering in his use of language. Yet, take it all in all, performance tends to justify the Elizabethan form. Even though the verse be sometimes nothing but prose denaturalized and cut into lengths, we feel that it is possible to do in verse things which could not be done in prose. The verse reminds us that it is not the actual scene, but its highly-compressed essence which the poet is presenting. It puts realism out of court and gives atmosphere to what might otherwise seem little better than a cinematographic panorama. It enables us, for instance, to see Nelson pacing the quarterdeck of the Victory at Trafalgar, and scarcely to notice that, though broadsides and musketry are freely talked of, they are not represented to the ear by so much as a drum-tap or the popping of a child's pistol. And, even when the matter is most prosaic, a certain "use in measured language lies." It lends crispness, precision, and weight to dialogue. It brings out the true dignity of events which the commonplace associations of prose would tend to obscure.

The stage version, like the complete text, falls into three parts: "Trafalgar," "The Peninsula," and "Waterloo." The first part, of course, culminates in the death of Nelson, presented pictorially on the inner stage, with admirable simplicity and dignity. In the second part we have the death and burial of Sir John Moore, the Battle of Salamanca, and the scene of Napoleon's abdication. The third part shows us the Duchess of Richmond's ball, the departure of the troops from Brussels, and the crucial passages of the most dramatic battle in history. It seems to me that, in his complete text, Mr. Hardy achieves a unique imaginative feat—he makes you live through the battle with a sort of breathless suspense, as though you were really in doubt as to its issue. Something of this effect is lost in the stage abbreviation, which remains, however, intensely interesting. Mr. Sydney Valentine, an actor well known in America, gives a very strong and clear-cut portraiture of Napoleon. In the other parts there is not sufficient continuity to allow much scope for distinction, but the performance as a whole was more than competent. I must not omit to mention that Mr. Barker had wisely retained several of those interludes of Wessex rusticity in which Mr. Hardy is so peculiarly at home. They afforded the sort of relief which the Falstaff scenes give to "Henry IV" and the humors of Pistol, Bardolph, and Fluellen to "Henry V."

Perhaps the reader may question whether it is really opportune in war-time to revive the memory of

> Old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

Well, it is certainly a mixed pleasure to have the horrors of war brought home to us in imagination while the cold reality of them is every day haunting our minds. But, apart from the æsthetic satisfaction to be derived from so bold and original an effort of stagecraft, it is wholesome to be reminded that our fathers, in their day, lived through anxieties no less tense and terrible than those we are undergoing. As Mr. Hardy says in his Prologue, the production is designed

> To raise up visions of historic wars
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Yes, we are too apt to forget that Trafalgar and Waterloo were "issues hid" while the Immanent Will was slowly working itself out, and that the dash of Sir John Moore into Spain, which we now see to have been almost the turning-point of Napoleon's fortunes, seemed, to the men of that day, something not very far from a disaster.

"THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

Pleasure at seeing an old favorite successfully revived is somewhat tempered by the fact that audiences appear inclined to accord this piece a good deal warmer welcome than was vouchsafed to a far better play in the répertoire of the same company. "Mary Goes First," a comedy of notable constructive skill, struggled on with no overwhelming success for a few weeks; "The Marriage of Kitty," a farce of excellent good humor but of little outstanding dramatic merit, seems likely, one may judge from its reception by a crowded lighted audience on the second night, to repeat in some degree the vogue that it enjoyed on its original production.

The laugh in "The Marriage of Kitty" is easily raised; the fun is broad and obvious. When Madame de Semiano is revived from a fit of hysterics by a clapping of the hands on the part of Sir Reginald Belsize and John Travers, the effect is undeniably mirth-provoking and quite legitimate to farce, but it cannot be pretended that it is difficult to produce or that it makes any strenuous demand on the artistic intelligence of the players. The characters in "Mary Goes First," with the exception of Mary herself, who, as portrayed by Miss Tempest, was delightful, were played passably well, but not by any means as well as they might have been. "The Marriage of Kitty" is a far easier play to interpret, and the general level of the performance is consequently a great deal higher.

The plot of this amusing piece of foolery, adapted by Cosmo Gordon Lennox from the French of Fred de Grésac and François de Croisset, being familiar, need not be recapitulated. In addition to the Kitty of Miss Marie Tempest, which is as sprightly as ever, we may mention for commendation the Sir Reginald Belsize of W. Graham Browne, the Madame de Semiano of Miss Katharine Kaelred, and the John Travers of Herbert Ross.

"The Marriage of Kitty" was preceded at the Comedy Theatre by a one-act play by Harold Chapin, entitled "The Dumb and the Blind," which might easily with a little ingenuity have been made into something of real dramatic merit, but which in its present form consists merely of a character study of a bargee, admirably rendered by W. Graham Browne, and violates the canons of dramatic composition as laid down by Aristotle in not having a beginning, a middle, or an end.

S. W.

"DRIVEN."

"What it means to a woman"—that formula which is supposed to mean so much—receives attention yet again in E. Temple Thurston's new drama, "Driven," which is played at the Empire Theatre. In this incarnation the meaning gets a special setting from the fact that the woman has only two years to live, owing to some ailment to which no name is given. That in such circumstances her husband, who is engrossed in his work as an M.P., should have little or no time to devote to the frivolity which she craves, is of course tragic enough; and it was possible, with this situation, to make the impulse which she has to love and be loved in an irregular way seem cogent. But the play, as it stands, is poorly constructed and poorly elaborated. Certainly if the piece is to

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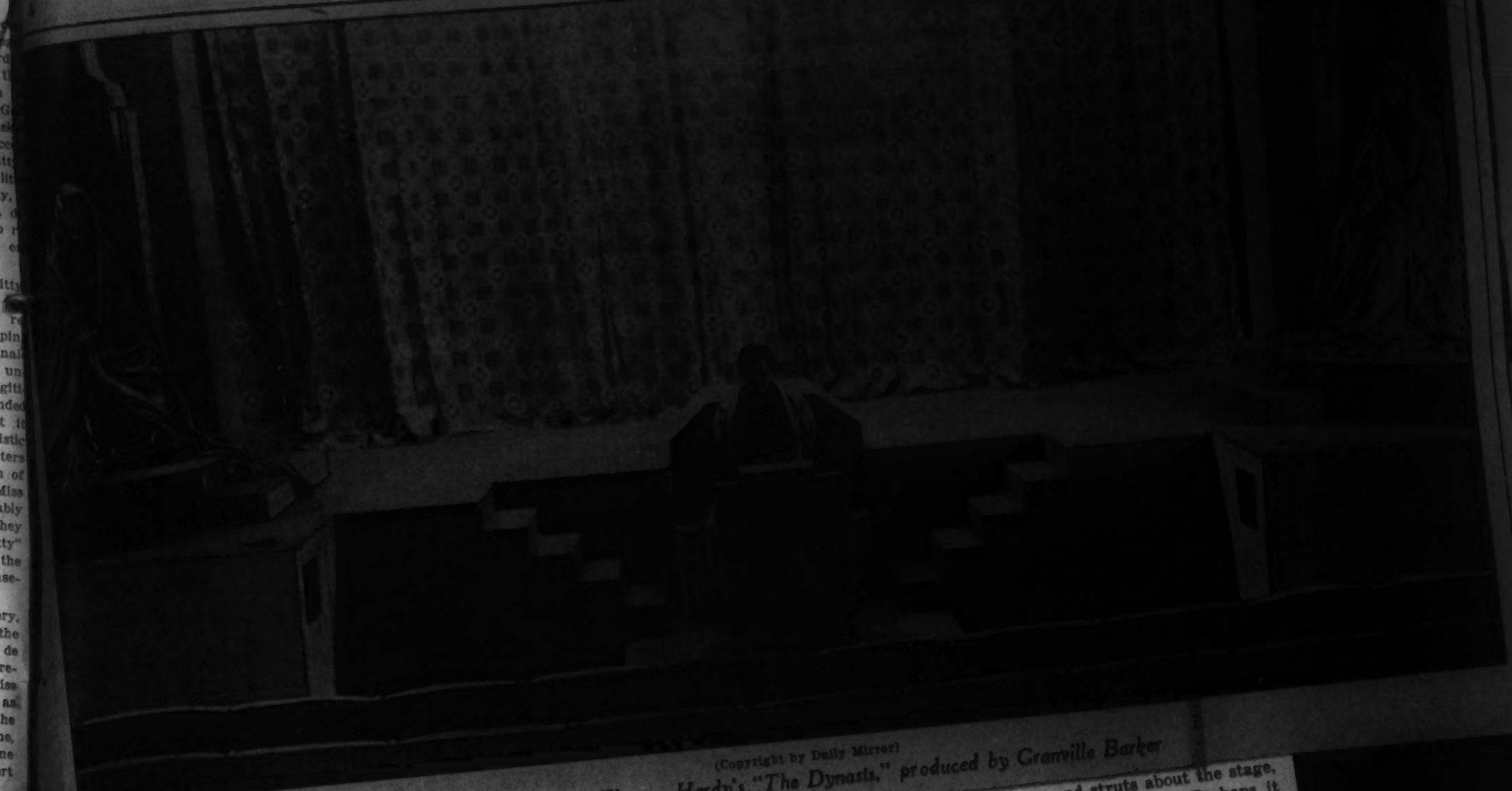

(Copyright by Daily Mirror)

Mr. Ainley as the Reader in Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts," produced by Granville Barker

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WAR has its startling changes, most startling this latest to Germany. When Germany encouraged Austria to invade Serbia she did not anticipate that the hemisphere would be ranged against her, and least did she suspect that in five months she would be forced by threatened starvation to seize the Empire's whole food supply and dole it out to rich and poor till a new harvest is reaped.

The danger must be extreme to require so drastic a resource. There will be enough corn and wheat, says the edict, if carefully husbanded and distributed, so that none may go hungry, but no more must grain be fed to cattle or horses; then there will be enough for

enters of Eastern Hemisphere

WAR'S EFFECT ON BRITISH SUGAR TRADE RELATED

Wisdom of Government's Action in Taking Hold of Situation Said to Be Shown in Reductions in Prices Since Opening

(Special to the Monitor)

LIVERPOOL, England—The far-reaching effect of the war on the sugar trade was mentioned recently at the twelfth annual meeting of Henry Tate & Sons, Ltd. Edwin Tate, vice-president, who presided, said that the result of last year's working had been exceptionally profitable owing to the considerable advance in the price of sugar at the outbreak of the war.

The first half of the year was of quite normal character, but the effect of the war was to cause an advance of something like £15 a ton, and had the government not stepped in as they very wisely did the rise would have been far greater.

Early in August contracts for thousands of tons of German and Austrian beet sugar were canceled, and it was only possible to secure supplies of cane sugar as a substitute by buying "free on board" in Cuba, Java and other places. Sugar was usually bought afloat and paid for on arrival in the United

TASMANIA PLANS ADVANCES ON ORE

(Special to the Monitor)

HOBART, Tasmania—During September the state mining engineer put into practical operation a scheme of government advances against ores. The use of a large locomotive shed was obtained from the railway department and after minor alterations made a suitable building for ore storage.

To Oct. 12, 25 parcels of tributors' ore have been sampled and assayed, weight of parcels 175 tons 5 cwts., advances made £1863 2s. Fifteen parcels of companies' ores have also been treated; weight 275 tons 12 cwts., advances made £2357 9s.

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Tiptoed Assassination haunting round
In unthought thoroughfares, the near success
Of Staps the madman, argue to forbid
The riskful blood of my previsioned line
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drama; but we [illegible]. It, for instance, we had never heard story. of the Duke of Brunswick, his black figure and pale face at the Brussels Ball would seem to us only an irrelevant bit of melo-

Mr. Hardy has never been a great lord of

troduced a number of ensembles. The music is arranged by Miss Wright, the musical directress of the schools. The second piece is a romance

Sir FREDERICK ADAIR, Mrs. BATLEY, and Mr. ALAN MACKINNON.

Front Seats (Reserved and Numbered), 3s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Admission, 1s.

this week, where at the Castle they are meeting with

industry is expected to be aroused for those who have been dropped out by private employers. If it may be insinuated that Germany is relieved when Americans feed the non-combatants Germany has subjugated, is it not likely to be insinuated that Powers who profit by labor are relieved when the general public takes care of their refugees, maimed and incapacitated? Such

SHAFTESBURY.

SAMOYEDE DOGS.—Beautiful White, house-trained Dog, [illegible]. Major Richardson, 2 Ed. Grove End. Harrow. Telephone 423.

The Independent

FOR SIXTY-SIX YEARS THE FORWARD-LOOKING WEEKLY OF AMERICA

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

Merged with The Independent June 1, 1914

Monday, February 8, 1915

THE CLOSET DRAMA ON THE STAGE

TEN years ago in reviewing the first volume of Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts* we recognized its greatness as a poem, but assumed, as did the author himself, that its presentation in the theater was out of the question. What else could have been said of a drama of five hundred pages in three parts, nineteen acts, one hundred and thirty scenes with several hundred thousand characters including angels and spirits and the action set in various parts of the earth as well as ethereal space?

But in characterizing it as purely closet drama we did not allow for the new development of stagecraft in the direction of gigantic spectacle and what is more important the eruption of a war on so stupendous a scale as to raise the sensibilities of men to a hight where they could appreciate and indeed demand an epic of such magnitude for the echoing of their emotions. *The Dynasts* has now actually been performed on the London stage, or should we say recited? Both terms are correct, for it was an ingenious combination of reading, spectacle and play arranged by Granville Barker. The descriptive and connecting passages were given by a reader, Henry Ainley, sitting in front, and two ladies, enthroned at the sides of the stage, recited the parts of the "Spirit Sinister," "Spirit Ironic," "Spirit of the Pities," "Spirit of the Years" and other choral comment. Then from time to time the stage between them presented a series of scenes from the drama, either as tableaux, pantomime or act in which the historic characters speak the lines the poet has put into their mouths, such scenes for instance as the battle of Austerlitz with Napoleon triumphant, the battle of Waterloo with Napoleon crushed, Nelson on the deck of the "Victory," Pitt on his deathbed, and the burial of Sir John Moore. This unique combination of acting and recitation is reported to have been quite effective and suggests the possibility that the poetic drama, so often announced and so slow in coming, is to make its advent on the modern stage in some such form as this. Perhaps the motion picture, when it outgrows its childishness and gets over its crudeness, may be used to reinforce and visualize recited verse. It has already been so employed in Germany in presenting the Second Part of *Faust*, which is as written impossible to be staged in the ordinary way.

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pessimistic to the point of cynicism and instead of exaggerating the deeds of historic personages he belittles them by making them the puppets of a blind and impersonal fatality. He views the world from some stellar standpoint and sees the strife of nations as the swarming of ants or bees. His version of Bergson's *élan vital* is "Life's impulsion by Incognizance."

Very curiously this attitude of aloofness and this view of life as a puppet play is the same as that of Gerhardt Hauptmann in his *Festspiel* which created such a scandal a year ago when it was presented at Breslau on the centenary of the gaining of the independence of Germany thru the overthrow of Napoleon. What a change since then! We see Breslau in danger from a Russian invasion. The Crown Prince, who caused the suppression of the play because of its pacificism, has now on his hands the war for which he has longed and is getting more of it than he wants. And Hauptmann the author, condemned then for his lack of patriotism, is defending his country in the fiercest of polemic language in the letters exchanged with Romain Rolland.

One of the reasons why the Festival Play gave such offense to the powers that be was the scene where John Bull is represented as trying to persuade or bribe Germany into joining with him in an alliance against Napoleon, but the Germans respond in chorus "We remain neutral! We remain neutral!" The final scene of the play was the Temple of Love, into which Athena-Germania leads the procession of the Arts and Industries. She proclaims the dawning of the new era of peace and says:

> Strange speech does not divide, nor sea nor streams,
> We are not kept apart by jealous gods,
> For in each heart there dwells the Unknown God.
> What sunders us is error, which alone
> Engenders human hate, is ignorance,
> Is hunger's naked need; not the divine
> In mankind, Eros, who renews the world.

But it will be remembered that Hauptmann did not end on this high note, but with a sardonic touch. For as the Director of the show is packing up his puppets, the liveliest of them, Blücher, known as *Marschall Vorwärts*, gets away from him and struts about the stage, a pathetic figure of antiquated militarism. Perhaps it was because the Crown Prince saw in this, as in a concave mirror, a diminufied caricature of himself that he left his seat at the Breslau theater in such high dudgeon. But neither Hauptmann nor Hardy, keen satirists as they are, could equal what the irony of fate is now revealing to the world.

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up their lives for their country. It accused the Germans of faithlessness to solemn treaties, and declared that it would have been poltroonery if Belgium had not resisted invasion; and it stirred up the citizens to patriotism to death. Of course the German rulers, having assumed the rule, having essayed to annex Belgium, could not allow such a public, such an official assault upon their authority. They have treated the cardinal as gently as they could; they could do no less. They did not think it prudent to do more. Austria is a Catholic country, and they must be tender to Austrian sensibilities, just as they are courtiers to the Moslem feelings of their Turkish allies.

Greatly to be admired is the courageous patriotism of the Belgian cardinal. Tho in the power of German militarism he minced no words; with fulness and at great length he exprest himself as to the crime of Germany in breaking her treaty oath, in invading a peaceful country, in destroying cities and towns, in slaughtering helpless and unresisting priests, men, women and children; and this arraignment of the invaders he bade read in every church. For far less offense citizens lost their lives. When Belgium is herself again the memory of her brave archbishop will stand with that of her heroic King and that of her stout army, enrolled forever in historic fame.

As Senator Williams figures it the speeches made by the Republican senators in their filibustering fight against the shipping bill have cost the Government over $500,000 in printing bills and stenographers' fees. Senator Burton's speech of thirteen hours is reckoned at $250,000. Would it not be well to give each member of Congress a speech allowance of, say, $100,000? Then if he overran the limit it would be at his own expense, to be charged at cost, and if he did not use up the allowance he could put the balance in his own pocket as he does his excess mileage? Such a rule would have a good effect in reducing surplus verbiage and saving session time. Speech is silver and we have always opposed its free and unlimited coinage.

The "Chant of Hate Against England" by Ernst Lissauer, which we published November 2 in the admirable translation of Mrs. Henderson, has brought to its author the decoration of the Order of the Red Eagle, fourth class. We are sorry to see the Kaiser thus publicly approve of such vindictiveness, but we must admit that considered purely as poetry it would be hard to find its equal anywhere in the literature of the war.

The formal opening of the Canal is postponed till July. Well, it matters little just when the brave procession of warships and excursion boats makes it spectacular progress. The Canal has been open enough for business quite a while already.

It was a British bishop, real or mythical, who met the query, "Who will win the war?" with the pregnant counter query, "Who won the San Francisco earthquake?" It is good enough to have been said by an archbishop.

Why not put Mexico under the commission form of government with all of the presidents on the board?

The Ind

VOLUME 81 MONDAY, F

THE GREAT

THE danger of assuming that things identic in name are identical in fact is more than ac demic in the case of the great Foundation which the Commission on Industrial Relation is now bringing under scrutiny and criticism.

No one who is acquainted with the history of mortmain and with the evolution of the law of charitable uses will deny that the world has been at a good deal of trouble to prevent great benefactions from becoming great nuisances, or even a menace to liberty, or an obstacle to progress. There is a good deal of popular knowledge also on this subject, and it is therefore not difficult to awaken suspicion that a huge charitable trust of any kind is a dangerous factor in a democracy.

This suspicion is by no means warranted. There are trusts and trusts, foundations and other foundations. Discrimination is called for, and at the present time it is important that the true function of such benefactions as are associated with the names of Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller should be understood.

THE struggle on the continent of Europe and in England over mortmain, that is, the inalienable holding of property by ecclesiastical, charitable or other philanthropic corporations, was an incident of the rival claims of Church and State to sovereignty and supremacy. Incidentally also, mortmain became a device for evading feudal obligations. The latter fact arrayed many of the more powerful feudal lords against it, thereby strengthening the cause of a relatively liberal central government. Frederick Barbarossa as early as 1156 prohibited conveyances of real property to church corporations. Magna Charta (chapter 43) forbade transfers of land to church corporations by a tenant without the consent of his lord; but the provision was evaded by conveyances to officers of corporations instead of to the corporations as such. To meet the evasion, the act known as *De Religiosis* (7, Edward I, Statute II, ch. 13, in 1279), made all alienations in mortmain unlawful, and the legislation of 51-52 (Victoria, ch. 42) consolidated the English statutes on the subject and made mortmain in general unlawful.

The nearest approach that we in the United States have experienced to the sort of struggle which English legislation records is found in the activity of the Federal Government against the Mormon church. The Edmunds legislation was aimed, as the English mortmain acts were aimed, at an institution which threatened to become *imperium in imperio*.

Plainly, unless there are reasons to expect that the Carnegie Institution, the Rockefeller Foundation, the

London Charged English Prices.

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aracter study of by W. Graham ons of dramatic Aristotle in not or an end.

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his main problems at a blow. This new plan is to have a "reader," who sits apart from the stage, reads out

Mr. Hardy has never been a great lord of

this week, where at the Castle they are meeting wi

Sir FREDERICK ADAIR, Mrs. HATLEY, and Mr. ALAN MACKINNON.

who have been dropped out by private employers. If it may be insinuated that Germany is relieved when Americans feed the

THE TIMES, FRIDAY,

JUNE 23, 1916.

"THE DYNASTS."

WESSEX PLAYERS AT WEYMOUTH.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

At the Pavilion Theatre, Weymouth, yesterday afternoon, a peculiarly interesting performance was given in aid of the British Red Cross Hospitals in Weymouth and of the Russian wounded. Mr. Thomas Hardy had himself arranged a selection of scenes from his epic-drama, *The Dynasts*, and these were performed by members of the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society, which has in former years given its own dramatic versions of some of Mr. Hardy's novels. But this was the first time that it had played any of *The Dynasts*, and this was the first play that Mr. Hardy himself had arranged for the stage. The interest of the occasion had drawn visitors from all the countryside. The theatre was crowded with people, among them many naval and military officers, wounded soldiers, and Red Cross nurses; and before the play was over there were loud cries for the author, who, instead of appearing in person, paid by deputy a compliment to his actors and his stage-manager.

The event took place in Weymouth; and Weymouth and its immediate neighbourhood figure largely in *The Dynasts*. The first scene of all was laid outside a house which most of the audience had passed on their way to the theatre—an hotel now, but presenting the very same front to the sea which it did more than a century ago when it was the Weymouth residence of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, that homely pair so familiar to the public of "the King's watering-place." It was the scenes in and around Weymouth which Mr. Hardy had chosen for performance—scenes of rural and country-town interest, racy with local character and humour, and showing how the common folk of the land were affected by the tremendous events of the time. The first three scenes were dated 1805. We saw the Weymouth folk under the instant threat of invasion, and agitated by the failure of the obstinate Monarch to get back in good time from his afternoon cruise. Then the second part took us to 1815. Napoleon was safe in Elba; but through the eyes of the company at "The Old Rooms" we saw the soldiers round Weymouth suddenly striking camp, and heard from the lips of a recruiting sergeant the news of the tyrant's escape. The last scene took us to Durnover Green, where, just as Boney's effigy was to be burned, the London coach arrived with the news of Waterloo, bringing with it a young soldier who had actually been present at the engagement and had come home in attendance on Henry Percy, the officer who brought the news to the Regent while he was at Mrs. Boehm's ball in St. James's-square.

That young soldier will be new to readers of *The Dynasts*. He is the hero of a very pretty little love story, which is part of Mr. Hardy's device for making a play out of a number of detached scenes. Historical events are used for the same purpose. Narrated by those who had seen them or heard of them, they link the action together and help to give 10 years of great doings in a two-hours' play, with the interest concentrated on the thoughts and fortunes of the humble folk. And the famous humour of these Wessex scenes from the great poem has been enriched by episodes and characters akin to some that appear in the novels and tales. There is an apple-woman who is a hearty joy; we meet the men who saw Boney himself land on the Dorset shore by night to choose his spot for invasion. And while we laugh at the rich fun and character of it all and enjoy the old ballads, the old dance-tunes of the incidental music, the old-fashioned costumes, and the mellow softness of the sometimes rather puzzling Dorset speech, we cannot help contrasting those times with these and realizing how different they are, yet how alike. Were, for instance, the rumours of 1805-1815 really more absurd than the rumours of 1914-1916?

As to the performance, under the care of the author and the able stage-management of Mr. T. H. Tilley, who himself played Private Cantle with much skill, the players gave a lively and convincing representation of these rustics and townsfolk.

The performance is to be repeated, in aid of the same cause, at Dorchester and Poole or Parkstone, and possibly before the Society of Dorset Men in London.

up their lives for their country. It accused the Germans of faithlessness to solemn treaties, and declared that it would have been poltroonery if Belgium had not resisted invasion; and it stirred up the citizens to patriotism to death. Of course the German rulers, having assumed the rule, having essayed to annex Belgium, could not allow such a public, such an official assault upon their authority. They have treated the cardinal as gently as they could; they could do no less. They did not think it prudent to do more. Austria is a Catholic country, and they must be tender to Austrian sensibilities, just as they are courtiers to the Moslem feelings of their Turkish allies.

Greatly to be admired is the courageous patriotism of the Belgian cardinal. Tho in the power of German militarism he minced no words; with fulness and at great length he exprest himself as to the crime of Germany in breaking her treaty oath, in invading a peaceful country, in destroying cities and towns, in slaughtering helpless and unresisting priests, men, women and children; and this arraignment of the invaders he bade read in every church. For far less offense citizens lost their lives. When Belgium is herself again the memory of her brave archbishop will stand with that of her heroic King and that of her stout army, enrolled forever in historic fame.

As Senator Williams figures it the speeches made by the Republican senators in their filibustering fight against the shipping bill have cost the Government over $500,000 in printing bills and stenographers' fees. Senator Burton's speech of thirteen hours is reckoned at $250,000. Would it not be well to give each member of Congress a speech allowance of, say, $100,000? Then if he overran the limit it would be at his own expense, to be charged at cost, and if he did not use up the allowance he could put the balance in his own pocket as he does his excess mileage? Such a rule would have a good effect in reducing surplus verbiage and saving session time. Speech is silver and we have always opposed its free and unlimited coinage.

The "Chant of Hate Against England" by Ernst Lissauer, which we published November 2 in the admirable translation of Mrs. Henderson, has brought to its author the decoration of the Order of the Red Eagle, fourth class. We are sorry to see the Kaiser thus publicly approve of such vindictiveness, but we must admit that considered purely as poetry it would be hard to find its equal anywhere in the literature of the war.

The formal opening of the Canal is postponed till July. Well, it matters little just when the brave procession of warships and excursion boats makes it spectacular progress. The Canal has been open enough for business quite a while already.

It was a British bishop, real or mythical, who met the query, "Who will win the war?" with the pregnant counter query, "Who won the San Francisco earthquake?" It is good enough to have been said by an archbishop.

Why not put Mexico under the commission form of government with all of the presidents on the board?

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THE TIMES,
DAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1918.

"THE MELLSTOCK QUIRE."

THE HARDY PLAYERS AT DORCHESTER.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

A mile or so along the valley, just above the river-meads, is the little grey church where the "Mellstock quire" praised God with bass-viol and fiddles on the bygone Sundays of a simpler age. Their graves, or some of them, lie round the tiny churchyard. The west gallery, from which sounded their "deep rich notes," and occasionally their twangs and wheezes, is unhappily no more; the vocalists of to-day make music conventionally in the chancel. But the ghosts of their predecessors came to life again before their eyes in Dorchester on Thursday evening. The shades of the "group of local hearts and heads" under the turf there had flitted "into town" for a few hours, to be re-incarnated in the persons of certain sympathetic townsmen. And though Mr. Hardy describes them in a well-known poem as being glad to have their sleep out, they will not have minded this re-awakening, for their impersonators were playing not merely for our pleasure, but for the benefit of the sons of Wessex who are now under arms across the sea. Let it be said at once that the two audiences which crowded the Dorchester Corn Exchange showed this generous purpose to be well fulfilled.

One need not tell readers of Mr. Hardy that "The Mellstock Quire" is the *alias* of "Under the Greenwood Tree," that charming early work of his, which shows its author in a mood frankly enjoyable and enjoying. The name given to the play is also the sub-title of the novel, and Mr. Hardy has told us that he meant it originally to be the sole title. The version just played was staged some years ago by its adapter, Mr. A. H. Evans, but this time he has recast and added to it, while Mr. Hardy himself, with his usual kindness and the endless care he takes about things of this kind, has looked out some of the old carols and dances which were in vogue at "Mellstock" 80 years ago. Mr. Evans clings hard to giving us every vital bit of the story he can and every gem of quaint anecdote—a feeling we heartily sympathize with—and very ingeniously has he worked them together. The result is long—a captious critic would say it was too long—but there were no signs of flagging enjoyment among the audience. It might be suggested, however, that the first act had too heavy a burden to carry, though not for an instant would we have parted with the carols. And what of the novel itself, seen dramatically? Simple, vivid, appealing as it is, its simplicity is perhaps delusive. Drama it has none, this slender, quiet tale; and no Greek idyl or Vergilian eclogue could be more innocent of the quality. It is itself an eclogue, a romantic idyl of nature, a tender masque of the four seasons played by human mimes whose action is never so tempestuous as to blot out the fields and woods around them. This evanescent kind of poetry carries with difficulty across the footlights. Yet it gives the unprofessional player who has a hold on the reality of these things just a chance to outdo his professional rival, for whom they are a part of his art's business.

THE TRANTER'S HAND.

It is Christmas Eve, and we are with the choir as, with instruments and overcoats, they make their way through snowy fields on their round of carols. Reuben Dewy, the "tranter"—a dull stranger would say carrier—leads them, and we see the beginnings of a love affair between his son Dick and the pretty new schoolmistress Fancy Day, whom they serenade. And also a tragic doom for the choir when the new vicar—very precise and complete, the new vicar—pronounces that their strings will have to give way to an organ. It was a pity this had to be done out of doors and in the dark, so that we missed the ineffable scene in the study when the vicar is found to have cut himself while shaving. On the other hand, there was the electric intervention, in his night-cap, of Farmer Shiner, who is even more anxious than the vicar to see Miss Fancy as an organist. The vocal duel between hostile farmer and defiant choir closed the act, which was dragging a little, with a lively snap. The second act, a jolly dance at the tranter's, is a good pendant to the first. We watch them dance the historic "Triumph," with a thrill to think this figure came in in fatal '93—"Quatre-vingt-treize"—when the French King's head fell in January, and the French Queen's in October, and we entered on the great French war of 20 years. *Absit omen!* Hardly less eagerly we note the delicate diamond-patterning of the tranter's trousers. We are as glad as Mrs. Dewy that he got a good cut of them, and plenty to spare; a nobler pair was never seen.

The third act takes us to the schoolmistress's house, where the vicar is making himself useful with hammer and nails, and drinking tea out of a saucer; and then returns Dick, who is by this time Fancy's accepted lover, but at this very moment, alas! the rejected of her father. Fancy, the bright and gifted, must wed higher. Elizabeth, the old vicarage servant, comes to the rescue with a plan of strangely modern flavour. Fancy must turn butcher and baker from the door and pine and wither till her father relents. So the day of [illegible] she answers as sensitive yourself to "the least possible marcel" is very moving, and we are thrilled when Fancy and Dick sit down to their last plate of bread and butter. Of course the plan works. On the pleasant sward outside his house, in the last act, Fancy's father the headkeeper sits visibly with a problem; the problem is pretty Fancy, pining inside. He is weak enough to relent, and she is well enough to make her *début* as organist on Whit Sunday. So we see the fallen quire, mourning their lost estate of gallery and fiddles; it is cider instead of church this morning, but very solemn they look in their tall Victorian stovepipes. Nor have they fallen alone; the young vicar is now at Fancy's feet with the offer of a cultured home. She, as the reader knows, yields for a minute, dazzled by the dream of refinement; but it is only for a minute. The last scene is Dick's marriage morning, and for us that meant chiefly the last and brightest of the country dances, "Haste to the Wedding," which the performers were still executing with lively grace and fire as the curtain fell.

THE PLAYERS.

One hesitates to individualize the performers; the "Hardy Players" are so obviously a band of people who have set themselves with a self-effacing enthusiasm to interpret what they admire, and have quietly and intelligently carried it through. The pillar of it all was the tranter (Mr. Bawler), always adequate and convincing, and well supported by old Dan'l for William (Mr. Feaney). These two were the sound, hard core of the Mellstock Quire, and among lesser parts Mr. Parham gave an amusing little study of Michael Mail, and Mr. Martin was always competent as Farmer Shiner. Of the lovers, Dick (Mr. Stevens) showed too much assurance to meet our idea of his young prototype, but he improved [illegible] and so did his rival, the

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